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THE READER

*AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY
MAGAZINE*

VOLUME TEN

JUNE, 1907—NOVEMBER, 1907

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY : INDIANAPOLIS

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TO

THE READER MAGAZINE

VOLUME TEN

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**T H E J U N I
R E A D E R**
T W E N T Y F I V E C E N T S

Painting by Will Vanter

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NOON-TIME AN' JUNE-TIME. DOWN AROUND THE RIVER! . . .
TIRE*D*, YOU KNOW, BUT *LOVIN'* IT, AN' SMILIN' JES' TO THINK 'AT
ANY *SWEETER* TIREDNESS YOU'D FAIRLY WANT TO *DRINK* IT!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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SOCIAL SERVICE IN BUSINESS

By MARY R. CRANSTON

Of the American Institute of Social Service

IN or fifteen years ago an employer who gave the slightest thought to the welfare of his employes was rare; he was regarded by his contemporaries as a crank with vagaries which might in time prove to be mischievous, if not positively harmful. After a while it became evident that work in his factory went on with little or no friction, that the output had improved both in quality and in quantity, and that consideration for his working people had produced an alert, conscientious force instead of a company of lazy incompetents, as the wiseacres had prophesied. Naturally, other business men followed in his footsteps and adopted various forms of social service, with modifications to suit the exigencies of individual needs.

Industrial betterment made slow progress, however, until the American Institute of Social Service was organized in New York City in 1898, with a

department for the exchange of ideas and experiences between the pioneers and those desiring to make a beginning in factory improvement. By collecting information upon labor conditions all over the world, and thus being in a position to know the comparative value of social undertakings, the Institute has done and is doing a useful work by suggesting to manufacturers practical ideas for factory and workshop betterment. By means of photographs, printed matter and other data on file in its library, the early believers in the principle of humanitarian methods in business have served as models for others; by pointing the way to a higher and far more comfortable business life they have demonstrated the fact that it pays to do the right thing; that aside from all humanitarian motives and as a cold business proposition, industrial betterment is desirable because it pays in dollars and cents. And so to-day, as new factories are built or old ones remodeled, particular attention is given to ventilation, lighting, sanitation, the installation of proper lavatory conveniences, and individual lockers for hats and coats, as a foundation for the gradual extension of social service.

As the problems which arise in each factory differ from those in every other,

so must each work out its own salvation, bearing in mind always that the factories most successfully socialized are those in which employes are perfectly free to make suggestions, and where social institutions are established directly in response to a need, or an expressed desire, for them. There is a certain resemblance between all industrial betterment factories, yet no two are precisely alike. Very distinct dissimilarity exists between those of different countries, owing to racial characteristics and local conditions.

is but natural when social, political and economic conditions are taken into consideration. Germany's development has been along the line of compulsory insurance; mutual benefit associations and thrift societies are most popular in France, while in British factories recreation is the prevalent form of social service. As for the United States, American adaptability has enabled our manufacturers to adopt every form of industrial betterment to be found elsewhere, without specializing upon any of them, unless it may be in educational classes, which are rather more numerous in factories of this country than abroad.

Economically speaking, the most valuable feature of industrial betterment is the encouragement of thrift through mutual benefit associations, savings funds, penny provident banks, and provision for old age or disability through insurance and pensions.

The amount of money a workingman can save is too small to seem "worth while," yet large enough to amount to quite a respectable sum at the end of the year. The great thing is to substitute a habit of saving for wasteful expenditure, and this is done through associations which receive small deposits. These are usually managed by the men themselves, but in many cases the bookkeeping is done by the company's clerical force in working hours, free of charge. Sometimes the money is deposited with the firm, which pays a fair rate of interest; sometimes it is merely a fund laid by for the rainy day, and is entirely in the hands of the members.

Sick or mutual benefit associations follow a uniform plan—that of allowing certain weekly sums of money, in proportion to deposits, during illness, and a lump sum in case of death.

The larger corporations and many American railroad companies pension employes after a term of service, generally twenty years, and, by refusing to take on a man over forty years old, make

CONVALESCENTS IN A HOSPITAL CONDUCTED BY A GERMAN STEEL-WORKS COMPANY

In the United States, England, France, Germany, Sweden, Japan, and even in Russia, in spite of that country's political troubles, there are innumerable establishments, as well as industrial towns, ideal in their provision for the health, happiness and general welfare of the people who work and live in them.

In Japan and Sweden, where the simple life has so far preserved industrial peace, there is, comparatively, little social work for employes, for little is needed. In England and the continental countries industrial betterment takes on an aspect decidedly paternalistic, which

sixty years or less the usual age for retirement.

In Germany a workingman is required by law to deposit for his pension a certain amount of his wages; his employer must add an equal sum, and a certain proportion is paid by the government. In this way a German worker is compelled to provide for his old age. The opponents of compulsory insurance claim that it tends to make men careless and thriftless, since they are sure of

taking on of a man or woman is equivalent to lifetime employment. With the coming of old age or ill health a comfortable home awaits them in the company's almshouse, a building so cheery and homelike that all suggestion of charity is eliminated by an atmosphere of reward for work well done.

Under the present industrial system work has to be done at such high pressure that a few years' employment is apt to wear out the constitution of a man or

GARDENS MAINTAINED BY A LARGE FACTORY FOR THE CHILDREN OF ITS EMPLOYEES

state aid in old age. While this may be true in isolated cases, the German insurance system is nevertheless a good thing, for, even if men are sure of state aid, they get it in the form of pensions which they have helped to create, and not as a dole of charity.

English factories, as a rule, have no old-age pensions, but many of them pay annuities to those who are incapacitated through accident while in their service or have contracted disease through employment. In one British factory the

woman unless great care is exercised to overcome the harmful effects of undue physical and mental strain. The firm loses time and the employé usually loses pay during illness. If prospective loss of wages, and perhaps position, does not aggravate the case, it certainly does not accelerate recovery. To prevent such a situation the better class of iron and steel foundries, factories and department stores have emergency closets, in addition to excellent medical service. The larger corporations build fine hospitals

for the sole use of their employés, equip them with the latest appliances, and see that the best physicians to be had are in constant attendance. The service equals that in the best hospitals, with the difference that the patient has the satisfaction of knowing that his illness is not entailing extra expense upon his family, and, even if his wages are withdrawn for the time being, he at least is not a burden upon them. In the smaller as well as in the larger establishments there are classes in first aid to the injured, ambulance service, resident physicians and trained nurses. Generally no charge is made for either doctor or prescriptions; sometimes the privilege of being visited by the company's doctor is extended to members of the employé's family at the expense of a nominal fee. The trained nurse of a Western factory visits employés in their homes for ten and fifteen cents an hour. An American pickle factory, with hundreds of girls, places a carriage at the disposal of convalescent employés, which gives them a breath of fresh air in the park.

For many years a German steel and iron foundry, one of the world's largest industries, in addition to a good hospital, has maintained convalescent homes which are comfortable and pleasant places in which to recover from an illness. Mild indoor and outdoor games, with regular medical attendance at a time when caution is apt to be neglected, assist a patient to quick recovery.

From the standpoint of both master and man, nothing is more important than safeguarded machinery and adequate fire protection; the former reduces the probability of damage suits, and both insure safety in employment to the worker.

To our shame be it said that European manufacturers are far ahead of those in this country in care for life and limb of employés. The latest, most improved methods for the prevention of accidents are to be found in the average European

factory, while the Museums of Security in Berlin and Amsterdam are daily visited by industrialists in search of the best devices for safeguarding machinery.

As a precaution against fire there are efficient fire brigades. A British factory, known the world over, has a fire department which costs \$10,000 a year to keep up, but the expenditure is considered far less expensive than would be a fire so disastrous as the one which led to the formation of the brigade. There are fire drills at frequent but unexpected times, which empty large buildings within a few seconds. In a factory where young girls are employed, at the sound of the fire alarm each girl quickly but quietly rises from her seat and takes her place behind the one in front of her, as close as possible without touching her. When the signal is given the girls march out in perfect order, the rule which forbids personal contact preventing the danger of a stampede.

The fire brigade is usually in charge of an experienced chief or a man who has had especial training for his position; he either receives extra pay during fire service or is given special privileges as to hours of vacation.

A Philadelphia department store was the first business house to place educational opportunities within reach of employés by conducting a school for cash boys, where they were taught elementary studies and given lessons in good manners. To-day, in various parts of the United States, there are such schools for both boys and girls, as well as classes in salesmanship and arithmetic for men, cooking and dressmaking for women.

A number of firms provide lecture rooms and employ the best speakers to give lectures to the staff, their friends and families during the winter season. In a Southern and a middle Western city a factory kindergarten was the means of having such schools incorporated into the public school system.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF VACANT LOTS INTO ATTRACTIVE PARKS
How industrial betterment enhances the value of property in a New England factory town

Scholarships are offered, correspondence classes encouraged, and in every way employés are stimulated to study and read.

Many factories have excellent libraries of well-selected books, read and enjoyed by hundreds of working people who would otherwise have to depend upon sensational penny papers for reading matter. Public libraries are rarely, if ever, located near factories, consequently the very people who need books and ought to have them are absolutely deprived of them; so the factory library fills a real need. Not yet are there trained librarians in factories, and this is a loss to both factory and librarian, for scarcely anywhere else are there such opportunities for the personal service which the genuine librarian is glad to give and considers a privilege. Public libraries have, in a few instances, opened stations in factories, but they are in charge of a volunteer librarian, who merely keeps account of the books. In

New York the free traveling libraries of the New York Public Library have been placed wherever they are asked for, and may be had by any firm in that state which desires them. Sometimes the firm will give several hundred volumes as a nucleus, the employés and their friends adding to the number from time to time. A library for women and girls is quite different from one for men; the former care for love stories and novels about lords and ladies of high degree, while men read technical journals and trade papers. Whether for amusement or instruction, the factory library is deservedly popular.

In the American factory, where social work was first undertaken upon a large scale, a luncheon room was the initial institution, whose establishment came about in a very human but rather unusual way. A member of the firm happened to pass through the building one day just before the noon hour. Observing a girl place a tin can on the radiator,

NOON-HOUR AT THE AVERAGE OLD-TIME FACTORY

and supposing that it contained glue, he said to her: "Why do you heat the glue like that?" "It is not glue," she replied, "it is coffee." As he walked away the man thought it a pity for the girls to drink warmed-over, tepid coffee at noon. He said to himself: "There's no reason why we can't fix up a place where fresh tea or coffee can be made; those girls would undoubtedly do better work after a cup of something hot with their cold luncheon, and it will pay us to see that they have it." With this as a beginning, in the years that have followed many social features have been added, one by one, until that factory has to-day the most complete and elaborate system of industrial betterment to be found in America.

Nowadays luncheon rooms are considered almost as necessary as an office for the manager, and are conducted in various ways. One of the following methods is generally chosen: First, luncheons served at cost; second, some dishes free of charge, such as bread, butter, soup, coffee, with others at cost price; third, no charge for anything. The first is the most popular plan, the last not often met with, since employés

very properly resent anything which savors of charity, and prefer to pay a reasonable price for what they get.

It is but natural that the rest room should have complemented the luncheon room. For rest and recreation solely, they are simply but attractively furnished, and are provided with games, papers and periodicals. In many instances employés have so deeply appreciated the rest room that they have subscribed among themselves money for the purchase of pictures and magazines. The girls in a Brooklyn laundry have rented a good piano for their pretty rest room.

Turning from the more substantial features of industrial betterment to what may be called its lighter, though not less important side, there are all sorts of opportunities for recreation. A large factory or department store has a social life all its own; there are clubs, athletic, social, literary and musical. The sensible outdoor life of the English leads to open-air match games, tennis, bowling, cricket and swimming for the men, croquet and tennis for the women. Compulsory gymnastic exercises are given in the company's time by physical directors.

A large business just outside of London has recently bought an old house in spacious grounds, formerly a gentleman's residence, and has turned it over to the employés for a club house. The parlors, with wide windows opening on the lawn, adjoin a game room with a fine

LUNCHEON IN A MODERN FACTORY

A FACTORY ROOF-GARDEN: THIS SHOWS ONLY ONE END OF A LONG ROOF

billiard room just beyond. There are baths, a few sleeping rooms for those of the London force who go down from time to time to spend the week-end there, a library, an inexpensive restaurant, in fact, everything which goes to make up the sum total of comfort in a gentleman's club, although on a simple rather than an elaborate plan. A tiny stream winds in and out through the grounds, and there are rowboats for those who wish to spend a quiet hour upon the little river in the shade of the overhanging trees.

Music is popular wherever there are enough musically inclined persons to form a club or band. In a certain factory, in departments where it does not interfere with work, the girls sing at stated hours, their busy hands keeping time to the music. An excellent musical director trains them. In the beginning they taught themselves, and so well that, after accidentally hearing them sing, a member of the firm offered to pay the salary of a trained teacher. A brass

band, composed of men in the same factory, took the prize in a contest with twenty competing bands. Where there is a piano in the recreation room a dance or concert brightens the noon hour. Picnics and vacation camping parties in summer take the place of dances and match ball games in winter. The saloons have found a powerful rival in the latter, for practice at noon leaves little time and less inclination for beer or other stimulants.

Dublin, Ireland, Pittsburg and New York may boast the distinction of roof gardens for employes. It is queer that roofs are not more frequently used in cities where it is so difficult to make any kind of improvement without great expense. For very little the roof of the average factory could be made a joy forever and a great safeguard by keeping young people from idling in the streets at noon.

Where a business is of sufficient magnitude to require a force of hundreds of

employés, a firm will buy acreage property accessible to a large city, which becomes an outlet for its product, and build a town outright, erecting factory buildings, cottage homes, schools, churches, stores, in fact, making every provision for a self-contained community.

One of the oldest, most attractive industrial towns is in England. Architecturally beautiful, with well-paved streets shaded by grand old trees, having its own churches, schools, public baths, swimming pool, theater, restaurant, postoffice, shops, but no saloons, it is as pleasant a place to live as can be found anywhere in the world. Wages are equal to those paid in other factories of its class, while rents are much lower, ranging from seventy-five cents to one

dollar and seventy-five cents a week for a cottage of four to six rooms, with improvements. A man and his family may live here and find all that is needed for support, health and happiness right at his door.

American industrial towns are neither so large nor quite so attractive as those across the water, but there are more of them. They have been built from Massachusetts to Texas, in greater numbers, however, in the Eastern and Southern states. The largest single industrial betterment enterprise, nevertheless, is a coal and iron company whose camps are scattered through more than one Western state, each camp forming an independent village.

And how is it possible for business men, engrossed in managerial affairs,

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN THE PRIZE-VEGETABLE GROWING OF THE BOYS' GARDEN MAINTAINED
BY ONE LARGE INDUSTRIAL CORPORATION

The tanned faces and bodies made healthy by out-door work are witnesses to the value of the plan

personally to engage in social service on such a gigantic scale? The answer is: they don't. Long ago it was found desirable to place the work of factory improvement in the hands of a salaried official called the social secretary. This person, a man where men are employed, a woman where girls are in question, serves as a point of contact between the firm and the workers, supervising what may be called the domestic department of factory life to see that abuses which arise because of carelessness or other causes are corrected; that the man or woman has every chance for doing work in such a way as to deserve advancement and to see that it comes; to protect the firm from the wastefulness of keeping on the pay roll those who fail to give a day's work for a day's pay, in some cases adjusting salaries according to capacity. Not in the least in the nature of a spy, the social secretary is concerned purely with the business of insuring fair play for both sides, more particularly from the employés' viewpoint.

Firms which employ such a person find the social secretary worth every cent of the good salary commanded.

It is easy to see the advantage of industrial betterment to the individual; it is equally beneficial to the community. Whereas the old-time factory was an eyesore, depreciating the value of adjacent property, the modern manufac-

turing plant is a decided gain for the neighborhood. With buildings covered with vines, harsh outlines hidden by shrubbery and beds of bright flowers, surrounded by smooth, well-kept lawns, such a factory is a triumph of the landscape gardener's art, an unconscious influence upon those within its walls and the chance passer-by along the street.

Even children of the workers are included in plans for social service; playgrounds for their use and for the children of the neighborhood are not uncommon, and boys' gardens are a never-failing delight to the small gardeners privileged to claim them as their own. In order that lessons learned from the garden teachers may bear fruit in everyday life, prizes are given for the best kept front and back yards, at home.

Wage-earners are better off to-day than they have ever been since the world began, for, in spite of many evils the factory has brought in its train, it is far and away ahead of the old-time system of home work. It is true that factory workers have suffered in the past, and some do still, for it takes a long time for humankind to see that unselfishness pays and that selfishness never does. The most successful men now realize this truth, and every day new names are added to the long list of those who not only profess, but practise, social service in business.

THE SECRET CHAMPIONS

By LILY A. LONG

Author of "A Squire of Low Degree," etc.

THERE is more wickedness in this world than good people like to believe, and there is more hidden power working for good than wicked people ever guess. Sometimes, though not often, the fight between the two forces comes out in the open, and then mortals, if they are not struck blind by the sight, may learn what puppets they are in the great battle which has been raged since the world began.

In the year 1874 the Merry Anne Mine, which lies in Montana, near the Black Butte, was tied up by as desperate a strike as any in the desperate history of that tumultuous region. "Shorter hours and more pay" was the official claim; but the real trouble—and all knew it—was the bad blood between Superintendent Kennedy and the men. Kennedy was mean with the meanness of a petty soul which by the accident of events has been placed in a position of authority, and he was too shortsighted to realize that such meanness would not pay—even in the coin of authority. So he browbeat and bullied the men, and the men cheated when they could and sulked when they couldn't, and the bitterness grew till when a strike was called it came as a welcome relief. It gave vent to the seething hate on both sides.

It was therefore with a very ill-humor that on the tenth day of the strike Kennedy received, by a special messenger from the owners, a letter directing him peremptorily to make certain concessions to the strikers which would have the effect of bringing them all back. He wanted to see them punished. To announce to them that they were to have their own way, after he had sworn for ten days that the company would not

yield an inch, was so bitter a pill that he shut himself into his office with the letter, and cursed the strikers and the owners equally. He even reflected that if the letter had come by mail he could have suppressed it, or at least delayed it until the strikers had been provoked into some act of violence which would count against them. But it had been brought by the son of the president,—a calm-eyed boy of nineteen or twenty, with a face so girlishly fair that it had won him at college the nickname of "Blossom." He had been at the mine before, in vacation time, but that was before Kennedy's rule, and the new superintendent knew nothing of him except that he had no muscle, and that his face was like a Christmas-card angel. Still, he was the personal representative of the president—and Kennedy sat and swore till the air crinkled.

What broke in upon him was the sound of an explosion. The air about him shivered as in fear and then crashed into splinters, and the building rocked beneath him, and the windows crumpled up and fell in. Kennedy was on his feet in an instant, and a fierce joy was in his heart, even while the startled oaths were rolling from his lips. At last they had done it! Dynamiting the company's buildings! This would give him all the handle he needed. Now they should see! But as he was rushing from the room his son Tim came in—white and shaking, but laughing, too, and with a look on his face that made Kennedy stop.

"They've got what's good for them now," said Tim, shaking and laughing.

"What d'ye mean?" asked his father.

"Look," said Tim.

Kennedy looked from the window.

Men were coming on the run from all sides, and the point they were running for was an old disused shop which was drooping to one side with one wall blown clean out and a cloud of dust so thick about it that it was hard to tell what was there. Then one man after another rushed or stumbled out of the dust till there were seven outside, alive, but so dazed that they could hardly answer the shouted questions of their mates.

"There were twelve in there when it went off," said Tim, in a queer voice. "They've been going there to smoke and chin, the beggars."

Kennedy turned and looked at him. "You fool!" he said hoarsely, and he laid his hands upon the boy's shoulders as though he would crush him in his grasp. "Oh, you fool!"

At that moment the door burst open and "Blossom" rushed in, his face white with horror.

"He did it," he cried, pointing an accusing finger at Tim. "He pulled a string from his window, and something fell and exploded. I saw him."

"You lie," said Kennedy roughly. Yet he knew it was the truth, and as he looked in a baffled rage from one boy to the other, so nearly the same in age and height, yet so different, his anger with Tim for his mad folly rose to a bitterness of hate against the accusing stranger. "How dare you bring me such a lie?"

"I do not lie," said "Blossom" proudly. "I shall swear to what I saw."

Kennedy looked at him darkly, and then turned again to the window. They had carried out the five remaining men. Two were only hurt, by the way their mates lifted them; but three were limp with the limpness that means only one thing and that no one who has seen it can misunderstand. And a great groan burst out from the gathered group of miners, and above it all a woman's shrill scream, over and over again.

"Come from the window," said Kennedy sharply.

There were heavy wooden shutters on the office to be closed at night, and these he swung shut and bolted. He sprang to the door and gave some rapid orders to the two men in the hall who had come hurrying from their work, and in a moment the company's offices were barred to resist a rush. It was none too soon. There was an angry roar outside, and the crowd flung itself against the door. It shouted and battered and yelled, while Tim shrank into a corner of the darkened room with the look of a frightened animal coming on his face.

Then Kennedy went to an upper window, and spoke to them, and because he was a man whom his worst enemy had never called a coward they listened.

"Men, I will not parley with a mob. Go back to your quarters, and if you have anything to say to me, send a delegation of three men to say it, and I will open the door to them."

"Give up Tim to us! Give him up, or we will tear down the house," shouted the leader, Shea.

"I would not give up a yellow cur to you. And if you lift your hand against the company's property, I will fire into the crowd of you," said Kennedy. And they knew he would.

So they drew off, muttering, for as yet they were only mad with anger and sorrow, but had no plans. But at a little distance they stopped, and Shea talked fiercely to them, and then Kennedy, who had watched closely, saw that pickets were placed at points where the house could be watched on all sides. Then he came from the window, for he knew all that he wanted to know.

When night fell, Kennedy sent for "Blossom." All afternoon he had sat by himself at his desk, making meaningless marks on a scratch-block that lay there, and thinking, thinking. Tim had gone to the other part of the house—for the superintendent lived in the same build-

ing with the offices—and "Blossom," who was after all but a boy, had spent the hours in the room set apart for him, shivering with a nervous inward shaking that was new in his unimpassioned existence. It was with a sense of relief that he sprang up in answer to the message that the superintendent wished to see him.

"I want to send some one to Black Butte," Kennedy said slowly and carefully, without looking at "Blossom." "I must get a message to the governor that we need a company of militia here to prevent an outbreak. And I must send a message to your father about the situation. Also,"—here he raised his eyes and looked at "Blossom,"—"also, I must notify the sheriff to come here and get Tim. The men are dangerous. I don't want him to fall into the hands of a mob,—and I guess you don't either."

"Of course not," cried "Blossom." "I'll go, of course. Give me the messages."

Kennedy handed him three telegraph blanks already filled in.

"Give these to the operator at Black Butte. Now, do you think you can follow the back trail down the mountain? It's barely three miles, while by the road it's ten. There's a good moon."

"Oh, yes," said "Blossom" quickly. "I know that foot-path very well. Then, what shall I do next? Come back, or wait for the answers?"

Kennedy gave him a quick look.

"Wait," he said shortly. His superstitious mind shrank from asking the man who, if his plan worked, would be dead within the hour, to "come back."

"Blossom" went into the outer room with a step eager to be gone.

"Where's my coat,—and hat?" he demanded in surprise, turning to the empty wall where he had hung them.

They were at that moment safely locked up in Kennedy's own room, but he glanced at the empty hooks with a show of annoyance.

"Some of the men must have worn them off," he said impatiently. "Here, take mine. We mustn't lose time." He took down an overcoat and a slouch hat from behind the door in his office, where he had hung them half an hour before, and "Blossom" put them on without further words. No thought came to him that they were not Kennedy's own, or that, in fact, every miner on the place knew them for Tim's.

"Go quickly and secretly," said Kennedy. "Do not answer if you are spoken to, but run for it. Now I'll let you out the back way."

He threw open the back door, and as "Blossom" stepped out, Kennedy stopped him a moment in the very doorway.

"Remember," he said (and the lamp he held in his hand threw the outline of Tim's hat and coat sharply out into the night), "remember not to say a word if any one tries to stop you. Keep mum, and go fast—and may the journey you take to-night have no ending at all," he added to himself, as he shut the boy out into the night.

He put out his lamp, and threw up a window. The sentry who had been watching that side of the house for hours had disappeared.

"Sure it is death we are all walking toward," said Kennedy, as he closed the window. "If they kill him by mistake for Tim, there will be no one else to play informer and swear Tim's life away. And if the president's son is killed by the strikers, it's little the company will yield to them then. And if Big Shea is in it, it's nothing less than killing will satisfy them." He pulled his watch from his pocket, and for the next hour he looked at nothing in the world but the hands creeping slowly, slowly, past the minute marks.

Big Shea *was* in it, and so were two of his mates, Hazen and Garrigan. When the sentry brought the word for which they had waited, that Tim had left the back door secretly and taken the

"MAY THE JOURNEY YOU TAKE TO-NIGHT HAVE NO ENDING AT ALL,"
HE ADDED TO HIMSELF, AS HE SHUT THE BOY OUT INTO THE NIGHT

foot-trail down the mountain, the three men dropped down by a cross-cut over the rocks and hid themselves in the bushes by the side of the path. Shea was on one side, Hazen and Garrigan close together on the other. The moon was near its full, and where it fell the path lay white and eerie, and where the low trees overhung it was black as blackness. But where the men lay hidden, the path itself was open and the moonlight struck it fair. They knew it would not take many minutes for the boy to reach this point, and when they heard some pebbles rattle down under a hurrying foot, they straightened up and took a firmer grip of what their right hands held.

Then Hazen, who lay highest up, laughed a little to himself, for what he saw was no hulking boy, sneaking off to save a forfeited life, but a little lamb that stepped daintily and joyously down the path. It was the strangest sight that he had ever seen in the mountains, where there were no sheep at all. And there was a little silver bell around its neck that tinkled sweetly and made him think of the days when, as a child in Connaught, he had watched the sheep feed on the hills. The heavy stick slipped from his right hand, and his chin fell on his breast as he thought of the boy who had played on the hills of Connaught.

Garrigan lay on the same side of the path as Hazen, and he, too, had heard the rolling pebbles, and had drawn close into his clump of shadow watching the path. Then he saw something white and misty in the moonlight, and at first he thought it was a wisp of white cloud caught on the trees and then he thought it was a woman and then he saw that it was the image of St. Bridget that he had prayed to in the old church in Dublin the day before he left for America, and that was thirty years ago. She came down the path toward him, and he saw the moon shine on the book she carried in her hand and on the jewels of

her blue gown that he had forgotten, and when she came near she turned her head and looked at him as he crouched among the shadows, and then he remembered the prayer that he had said in the Dublin church when there was no thought of murder in his heart. And his heart was melted in his breast and he hid his face among the shadows, and what had come there for was all forgotten.

But Shea had not forgotten, and his heart was too cold for his eyes to be misled by visions. He saw well enough the boy who hurried down the path, with the moonlight full on the old slouch hat they all knew, but when, in his wonder that no sign came from his mates, he would have sprung out alone, he found that he was held. Two firm hands had closed upon his wrists, drawing them down to his sides. And when he would have shouted to his companions, a firm hand was laid upon his mouth. So, held and silenced, he saw the boy pass by, unhindered and unharmed; and when he turned to look about him and saw that there was no one near him, nor could have been, he would have sworn aloud, but his voice came stammeringly and broken from his throat, and when in his amazement and anger he would have shaken his clenched fists at heaven, his arms from the elbow down hung at his side without power, soft and weak as a child's.

When the three men came back and told their tale to the grim group who were waiting for other report, some who listened would have laughed but for Shea's stammering speech and withered arms, and some said plainly that it was all a concerted lie. But while they stared and wrangled, a man came running swiftly from the buildings.

"What—what have you done?" he gasped, as he came up to the group.

"Done? Nothing! Slept sweet and dreamed soft," cried one, with a noisy curse, and the others laughed.

"Tim is in the house,—has never been out of it," cried the other, whose breath came hard from his running. "It was the other,—it was 'Blossom'—that went down the path. I was afeard—"

The men cursed softly when he told how he had seen Tim at an upper window and then had learned of "Blossom's" journey from the watchman of the building, but they said little. Instead, they scattered quietly to their own quarters, and when the militia came the next day the Merry Anne Mine was as still as a frightened child.

Of the three men who had watched by the trail that night, Garrigan went to a priest and confessed, and through the interest of Father Kelly he left the mine later and got work to care for a church in Denver, seeming to think that there was more safety for his soul in cleaning the floors that men had made foul than in digging out the gold which God had laid away in his clean earth. Hazen, feeling that something was required of

him, took the pledge, but perhaps it would not be the part of friendship to ask if he kept it. Shea, who had been the hardest man in the mine, and the fiercest in quarrels, turned his back on his mates when he found the strength did not come back to his arms, and before the month was out he was dead; though that the fret alone can kill a strong man may seem strange.

But here now is the point that has come to seem queerest of all to the few of us who know the truth of this old story. "Blossom" is alive to-day, and if I were to tell you his real name it would not be your first hearing of it. There are not many in the land to-day to whom that name is unknown. Now, if the boy "Blossom" had not carried this future down the mountain trail that night, would the unseen powers that fight for good have come out into the open to protect him? A life is but a little thing; but a great soul is precious to all the worlds.

THE SHY HEART

By EDITH M. THOMAS

Have you not known of hermits—not so rude
But that the heart of hairy Solitude
Did soften toward them, sometimes, and provide
Strange and dear friends vouchsafed to none beside—
Rare singing-birds that one might seek to hear
(And seek in vain) through all the sylvan year—
Blithe pensioners, to feed from out the palm,
To hymn the daybreak in, to waft the evening calm?

'Tis thus I make my plea: if, now, some heart
Keeps ever in its wilderment apart,
Yet is not all uncouth—not loveless all—
Unto that heart its destined boon must fall!
A god of loneliness there is, who sends,
For birds, some winged songs to be the friends
That make their nests above the very door.
And set the whole small house to music, evermore!

Drawing by E. M. Ashe

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MISS SMITH WAS HOLDING THE WATCH WHICH HAD PLAYED SO IMPORTANT
A PART IN THE BATTLE

THE LION'S SHARE

By OCTAVE THANET

Author of "The Man of the Hour," etc.

CHAPTER III

THE TRAIN ROBBERS.

WHEN the colonel awoke next morning the train was running smoothly over the Iowa prairies, while low hills and brick factory chimneys announced Council Bluffs. The landscape was wide and monotonous; a sweep of illimitable cornfields in their winter disarray; or bleakly fresh from the plow, all painted with a palette holding only drabs and browns; here and there a dab of red in a barn or of white in windmill or house; but these livelier tints so scattered that they were no more than pin spots on the picture. The very sky was as dimly colored as the earth, lighter, yet of no brighter hue than the fog which smoked up from the ground. Later in the spring this same landscape would be of a delicate and charming beauty; in summer or autumn it would make the beholder's pulses throb with its glorious fertility; but on a blurred March morning it was as dreary as the reveries of an aging man who has failed.

Nevertheless, Rupert Winter's first conscious sensation was not depression, only a little tingle of interest and excitement, such as sting pleasantly one who rises to a prospect of conflict in which he has the confidence of his own strength. "By Jove!" he wondered, "whatever makes me feel so kiddish?"

His first impulse was to peep through his curtains into the car. It wore its early morning aspect of muffled berths and stuffy curtains, among which Miss Smith's trig, carefully finished presence in a fresh white shirt waist, attended by the pleasant whiffs of cologne water, gave the beholder a certain refreshing

surprise. One hand (white and firm and beautifully cared for) held a wicker bottle, source of the pleasant whiffs; her sleek back braids were coiled about her comely head and the hair grew very prettily in a blunted point on the creamy nape of her neck. It was really dark brown hair, but it looked black against the whiteness of her skin. She had very capable-looking shoulders, the colonel noted, and a flat back; perhaps she wasn't pretty, but in a long while he had not seen a more attractive-looking woman. She made him think of a Bonne Celine rose, somehow. He could hear her talking to some one behind the berth's curtains. Could those doleful moans emerge from Archie? could a Winter boy be whimpering about the jar of the train in that fashion? Immediately he was aware that the sufferer was Randall, for Miss Smith spoke—"Drink the tea, and lie down again, I'll attend to Mrs. Winter. Don't you worry!"

"Getting solid with Randall," commented the colonel, "which is she—kind hearted or an accomplished villainess? Well, it's interesting, anyhow."

By the time he had made his toilet the train was slacking speed ready to halt in Council Bluffs, and all his suspicions rushed on deck again at the sight of Miss Smith and Archie walking outside.

He joined them, and he had to admit that Miss Smith looked as pleased as Archie at his appearance. Nor did she send a single furtive glance, slanting or backward, while they walked in the crisp, clean air. Once the train had

started and Miss Smith was in the drawing-room, breakfasting with Mrs. Winter and Archie, he politely attended Mrs. Millicent through the morning meal in the dining car. It was so good a meal that he naturally, although illogically, thought better of Miss Smith's prospects of innocence; and cheerily he sought Haley. He found him in the smoking compartment of the observation car, having for companions no less personages than the magnate and a distinguished-looking New Englander, who, Rupert Winter made no doubt, was a Harvard professor of rank and renown among his learned kind. He knew the ear marks of the species. The New Englander's pencil was flying over a little improvised pad of telegraph blanks, while he listened with absorbed interest to Haley's rich Irish tones. There was a little sidewise lunge of Haley's mouth, a faint twinkle of Haley's frank and simple eyes which the colonel appraised at very nearly their real value. He knew that it isn't in Irish-American nature to perceive a wide-open ear and not put something worth hearing into it. Besides, his sharp hearing had brought him a key to the discourse, a sorrowful remark of the sergeant's as he entered: "Yes, sor, thim wather torchures is *terrible!*"

He glanced suspiciously from one of Haley's audience to the other. The newspaper cartoonist had pictured on all kinds of bodies of preying creatures, whether of the earth or air, the high brows, the round head, the delicate features, the thin cheeks, the straight line of mouth, and the mild, inexpressive eyes of the man before him. He had been extolled as a far-sighted benefactor of the world, and execrated picturesquely, as the king of pirates who would scuttle the business of his country without a qualm.

Winter, amid his own questionings and problems, could not help a scrutiny of a man whose power was greater than

that of medieval kings. He sat consuming a cigarette, more between his fingers than his lips; and glancing under drooping eyelids from questioner to narrator. At the colonel's entrance he looked up, as did Haley, who rose to his feet with an unconscious salute. "I'd be glad to spake wid youse a minnit, if I might, General!" said Haley, "about where I put your dress shute-case, sor."

The colonel, of course, did not expect any remarks about a suit-case when he got Haley by himself at the observation end of the car; but what he did get was of sufficient import to drive out of his mind a curt lecture about blackening the reputation of the army with lies about the Philippines." Haley told him that he had seen the man with the two moles on his face jump out of his own car at Council Bluffs. He had simply stood on the platform, looking to right and left for a moment; then he had swung himself back to the car. Haley had watched him walk down the aisle to the drawing-room and enter the drawing-room. He did not come out; Haley had found out that the drawing-room belonged to Edwin S. Keatcham, the richest man in the West. "It doesn't seem likely that *he* would be an accomplice of a kidnapper," mused the colonel. "The man might have gone in there while he was out."

"Sure, he might, sor; 'twas mesilf thinking that same; and I wint beyant to the observation car, and there the ould gentleman was smoking."

"And you stopped to tell yarns to that other gentleman instead of getting back and following—"

"No, sor, I beg your pardon, sor; I was kaping me eyes open and on him; for himsilf was in the observation car where you are now, sor, until we come in, and thin he walked back, careless like, to his own car. Will I be afther following him?"

"Yes; don't lose him."

They did not lose him; they both saw

him enter the drawing-room and almost immediately come out and sit down in one of the open sections.

"See if you can find out from the conductor where he is going," the colonel proposed to Haley; and he frowned over his thoughts for a bad quarter of an hour at the window. The precipitate of all this mental ferment was a determination to stick close to the boy, saying nothing. He hoped that when they stopped (according to Aunt Rebecca's plan) at Salt Lake City overnight that they might shake off the "brother's" company. The day passed uneventfully. He played bridge with Mrs. Millicent and Miss Smith and Archie, while Aunt Rebecca kept up her French with one of Th. Bentzon's novels.

Afterward she said grimly to him: "I think you must have been converted out in the Philippines; you never so much as winced that last hand; no, you sat there smiling over your ruin as sweetly as if you enjoyed it."

The colonel smiled again. "Ah, but, you see, I did enjoy it; didn't you notice the hand? No? Well, it was worth watching. It was the rubber game; they were twenty-four and we were twenty-six and we were on the seventh round; Miss Smith had made it hearts. She sat on my left, dummy on my right. Millicent had the lead. She had four little spades, a little club, the queen of hearts and a trey; dummy had the queen, the ten and the nine of spades, it had the king of hearts and three clubs with the jack at the top. I had a lovely diamond suit which I hadn't had a chance to touch, top sequence, ace, king, queen; I had the jack of trumps and the jack of spades; and the queen and a little club. I hadn't had a lead, you understand; Millicent had taken five tricks and they had taken one; they needed six to win the game, we needed two; see? Well, Millicent hadn't any diamonds to lead me, and unhappily she didn't think to lead trumps through dummy, which

would have made a world of difference. She led a club; dummy put on the jack. I knew Miss Smith had the ace and one low heart; no clubs, a lot of low diamonds, and she might or might not have a spade. I figured that she had the ace and a little one; if she would trump in with the little one, as ninety-nine out of a hundred women would have done, her ace and her partner's king would fall together; or, at worst, he would have to trump her diamond lead, after she had led out her king of spades, and lead spades, which I could trump and bring in all my diamonds. Do you take in the situation?"

"You mean that Janet had the king of spades alone, the ace and a little trump and four worthless diamonds? I see. It is a chance for the grand coup; I reckon she played it."

"She *did*!" cried the colonel with unction. "She slapped that ace on the trick, she modestly led her king of spades, gathered in my jack, then 'she stole, she stole my child away,' my little jack of trumps; it fell on dummy's king, and dummy led out his spades and I had to see that whole diamond suit slaughtered. They made their six tricks, the game and the rubber; and I wanted to clap my hands over the neatness of it."

"She is a good player," agreed Aunt Rebecca, "and a very pleasant person. You remember the epitaph, don't you, Bertie? 'She was so pleasant.' Yet Janet has had a heap of trouble; but, after all, happiness is not a condition but a temperament; I suppose Janet has the temperament. She's a good loser, too; and she never takes advantage of the rules."

"She certainly loves a straight game," reflected the colonel. "I confess. I don't like the kind of woman that is always grabbing a trick if some one plays out of the wrong hand."

He said something of the kind to Millicent; obtaining but scant sympathy in that quarter. "She's deep, Bertie; I told

you that," was the only reply, "but I'm watching. I have reason for my feeling."

"Maybe you have been misinformed," ventured her brother-in-law with proper meekness.

"Not at all," retorted she sharply, "I happen to know that she worked against me with the Daughters."

"Daughters," the colonel repeated inanely, "your daughters?"

"Certainly not! The Daughters of the Revolution."

"It's a mighty fine society, that; did a lot during the Spanish war. And you are the state president, aren't you?"

"No, Rupert," returned Mrs. Melville with dignity, "I am no longer state regent. By methods that would shame the most hardened men politicians I was defeated; why! didn't you read about it?"

"You know I only came back from the Philippines in December."

"It was in all the Chicago papers. I was interviewed myself. I assure you the other candidates (there were two) tried the very *lowest* political methods. Melville said it was scandalous. There were at least three luncheons given against me. It wasn't the congress, it was the lobby defeated me. And their methods! I would not believe that gentlewomen could stoop to such infamy of misrepresentation." The colonel chewed his mustache; he felt for that reporter of the Chicago paper, he was evidently getting a phonographic record now; he made an inarticulate rumble of sympathy in his throat which was as is the clucking of the driver to the mettled horses. Mrs. Melville gesticulated with Delsartian grace, as she poured forth her woes.

"They accused me of domineering spirit; they said I was trying to set up a machine. // I worked for them, many a night, half the night, at my desk; never was a letter unanswered; I did half the work of the corresponding sec-

retary; yet at the crucial moment *she betrayed me!* I learned more in that two days of the petty jealousy, the pitiless malevolence of *some* women than I had known all my life before; but at the same time to the faithful band of friends"—the colonel had the sensation of listening to the record again—"whose fidelity was proof against ridicule and cruel misrepresentation, I return a gratitude that will never wane. Rupert—"

She turned herself in the seat and waved the open palm of her hand in a graceful and dramatic gesture. "Those women not only stooped to malignant falsehoods, they not only trampled parliamentary law under foot, but they circulated through the hall a cartoon called the 'Making of the Slate.' Of course, we had our headquarters at a hotel, and after the evening meeting, after I had retired, in fact, a bellboy brought me a message; it was necessary to have a meeting at once, to decide for the secretaryship, as we had found out Mrs. Elennere was false. The ladies in the adjoining rooms and the others of us on the board who were loyal came into my chamber—Rupert, will you believe it, those women had a grotesque picture of *us*, with faces cut out of the newspapers—of course, all our pictures were in the papers—and they had the audacity and the meanness to picture me in—in the garments of night."

"That was pretty tough. But where does Miss Smith come in?"

"She was at the convention. She is a Daughter. I've always said we were too lax in our admissions."

"Who drew the picture?"

"It may not be Miss Smith, but—she does draw. I'm *sure* that she worked against me; she covered up her footprints so that I have no proof; but I suspect her. She's deep, Bertie, she's deep. But she can't hoodwink *me*. I'll find her out."

The colonel experienced the embarrassment that is the portion of a rash

man trying to defend one woman against another; he retreated because he perceived defense was in vain; but he did not feel his growing opinion of Miss Smith's innocence menaced by Mrs. Melville's convictions.

She played too square a game for a kidnapper—and Smith was the commonest of names. No, there must be some explanation; Rupert Winter had lived too long not to distrust the plausible surface explanation. "It is the improbable that always happens, and the impossible most of the time," Aunt Rebecca had said that once. He quite agreed with her whimsical phrase.

Nothing happened to arouse his suspicions that day. Haley reported that Cary Mercer was going on to San Francisco. The conductor did not know his name; he seemed to know Mr. Keatcham, and was with him in his drawing-room most of the time. Had the great man a secretary with him? Yes, he seemed to have, a little fellow who had not much to say for himself, and jumped whenever his boss spoke to him. There was also a valet, an Englishman, who did not respond properly to conversational overtures. They were all going to get off at Denver.

Haley was not misinformed, as the colonel perceived with his own eyes—and he saw Cary Mercer bowing in parting to the great man, who requited a low salute with a gruff nod. Here was an opportunity for a nearer glimpse of Mercer, possibly for that explanation in which Winter still had a lurking hope. He caught Mercer just in the car doorway, and politely greeted him: "Mr. Mercer, I think? You may not remember me. Colonel Winter, I met you in Cambridge, two years ago—"

It seemed a brutal thing to do, to recall a meeting under such circumstances; but if Mercer could give the explanation he would excuse him; it was better than suspecting an innocent man. But there was no opportunity for explana-

tion. Mercer turned a blank and coldly suspicious face toward him; "I beg pardon," he said, "I think you have made a mistake in the person."

"And are you *not* Mr. Cary Mercer?" The colonel felt a disagreeable resemblance about his own speeches to those made in newspaper stories by the gentleman who wishes his old friend to change a fifty-dollar bill or to engage in an amusing game with a thimble. Mercer saw it as well as he. "Try some one from the country," he remarked with an unpleasant smile, brushing past, while the color mounted to the colonel's tanned cheek. "The *next* time you meet me," Rupert Winter vowed, "you'll know me."

A new porter had come on at Denver; a light brown, chubby, bald man with a face that radiated friendliness. He was filled with the desire for conversation, and he had worked on the road for eight years, hence could supplement Over the Range and the other guide books with personal gossip. He showed marked deference to the colonel, which that unassuming and direct man could not quite fathom, until Archie enlightened him. Archie smiled, a queer, chewed-up smile which the colonel hailed with:

"Why are you making 'fun of me, young man?"

"It's Lewis, the porter; he follows you round and listens to you in such an awe-struck way."

"But why?"

"Why, Sergeant Haley told him about you; and I told him a *little*, and he says he wishes you'd been on the train when they had the holdups. This is an awful road for holdups, he says. He's been at five holdups."

"And what does he advise?"

"Oh, he says, hold up your hands and they won't hurt you."

"Well, I reckon his advice is sound," laughed the colonel. "See you follow it, Archie."

"Shall you hold up your hands, Uncle Bertie?" asked Archie.

"Much the wisest course; these fellows shoot."

Archie looked disappointed; "I suppose so," he sighed. "I'm afraid I'd want to, if they were pointing pistols at them. Lewis was on the train once when a man showed fight. He wouldn't put up his hands, and the bandit plugged him, like a flash; he fell crosswise over the seat and the blood spurted across Lewis' wrist; he said it was like a hot jet of water."

The homely and bizarre horror of the picture had evidently struck home to Archie; he half shivered.

"Too much imagination," grumbled the colonel to himself. "A Winter ought to take to fighting like a duck to water!" He betook himself to Miss Smith; and he was uneasily conscious that he was going to her for consoling. But he felt better after a little talk about Archie with her. Plainly she thought Archie had plenty of spirit; although, of course, he hadn't told her about the bandits. The nigger was kidding the passengers; and women shouldn't be disturbed by such nonsense. The colonel had old-fashioned views of guarding his womankind from the harsh ways of the world. Curious, he reflected, what sense Miss Smith seemed to have; and how she understood things. He felt better acquainted with her than a year's garrison intercourse would have made him with any other woman he knew.

That afternoon, they two sat watching the fantastic cliffs which took grotesque semblance of ruined castles crowning their barren hillsides; or of deserted amphitheaters left by some vanished race to crumble. They had talked of many things. She had told him of the sleepy old South Carolinian town where she was born, and the plantation and the distant cousin who was like her mother, and the hospital where she had been taught, and the little sisters who had died. Such a

narrow, laborious, innocent existence as she described! How cheerfully, too, she had shouldered her burdens! They talked of the South and the Philippines; a little they talked of Archie and his sorrow and of the eternal problems that have troubled the soul of man since first death entered the world. As they talked, the colonel's suspicions faded into grotesque shadows. "Millicent is ridiculous," quoth he. Then he fell to wondering whether there had been a romance in Miss Smith's past life. "Such a handsome woman would look high," he sighed. Only twenty-four hours ago he had called Miss Smith "nice looking," with a careless criticism. He was quite unconscious of his change of view. That night he felt lonely, of a sudden; the old wound in his heart ached; his future looked as bleak as the mountain-walled plains through which he was speeding. After a long time the train stopped. He raised the curtain to catch the flash of the electric lights at Glenwood. Out of the deep defile they glittered like diamonds in a pool of water. Why should he think of Miss Smith's eyes? With an impatient sigh, he pulled down the curtain and turned over to sleep.

His thoughts drifted, floated, were submerged in a wavering procession of pictures; he was back in the Philippines; they had surprised the fort; how could that be when he was on guard? But they were there— He sat up in his berth. Instinctively he slipped the revolver out of his bag and held it in one hand, as he peeped through the crevice of the curtains. There was no motion, no sound of moving; but heads were emerging between the curtains in every direction; and Archie was standing, his hands shaking above his tumbled brown head and pale face. A man in a brown soft hat held two revolvers while another man was pounding on the drawing-room door, gruffly commanding those inside to come out. "No, we shall not come out," responded Aunt Rebecca's composed,

well-bred accents, her neat enunciation not disturbed by a quiver. "If you want to kill an old woman, you will have to break down the door."

"Let them alone, Shay, it takes too long; let's finish here, first," called the man with the revolver; "they'll come soon enough when we want them. Here, young fellow, fish out! Nobody'll get hurt if you keep quiet; if you don't you'll get a dose like the man in No. 6, two years ago. Hustle, young fellow!"

The colonel was eying every motion, every shifting from one foot to the other. Let them once get by Archie—

The boy handed over his pocketbook.

"Now your watch," commanded the brigand; "take it, Shay!"

"Won't you please let me keep that watch?" faltered Archie; "that was papa's watch."

The childish name from the tall lad made the robber laugh. "And mama's little pet wants to keep it, does he? Well, he can't. Get a move on you!"

The colonel had the sensation of an electric shock; as the second robber grabbed at the fob in the boy's belt, Archie struck him with the edge of his open hand so swiftly and so fiercely under the jaw that he reeled back against his companion. The colonel's surprise did not disturb the automatic aim of an old fighter of the plains; his revolver barked; and he sprang out, on the man he shot. "Get back in the berths, all of you," he shouted; "give me a chance to shoot!"

The voice of the porter, whose hands had been turning up the lights not quite steadily, now pealed out with camp-meeting power, "Dat's it; give de colonel a chance to do some killing!"

Both bandits were sprawling on the floor of the aisle, one limp and moaning; but the other got one hand up to shoot; only to have Archie kick the revolver out of it, while at the same instant an umbrella handle fell with a wicked whack on the man's shoulder. The New

England professor was out of his berth. He had been a baseball man in his own college days; his bat was a frail one, but he hit with a will; and a groan told of his success. Nevertheless, the fellow scrambled to his feet. Mrs. Melville was also out of her berth, thanks to which circumstance he was able to escape; as the colonel (who had grappled with the other man and prevented his rising) must needs have shot through his sister-in-law to hit the fleeing form.

"What is the matter?" demanded Mrs. Melville, while the New Englander used an expression which, no doubt, as a good church member, he regretted, later, and the colonel thundered: "All the women back into their berths. Don't anybody shoot but me! You, professor, look after that fellow on the floor." He was obeyed; instinctively, the master of the hour is obeyed. The porter came forward joyously and helped the New Englander bind the prostrate outlaw, with two silk handkerchiefs and a pair of pajamas, guard mount being supplied by three men in very startling costumes; and a kind of seraglio audience behind the curtains of the berth being acted by all the women in the car, only excepting Aunt Rebecca and Miss Smith. Aunt Rebecca, in her admirable traveling costume of a soft gray silk wrapper, looked as undisturbed as if midnight alarms were an every-night feature of journeys. Miss Smith's black hair was loosely knotted; and her face looked pale, while her dark eyes shone brilliantly. They all heard the colonel's revolver; they all saw the two men who had met him at the car door spring off the platform into the dark. The robbers had horses waiting. The colonel got one shot; he saw the man fall over his horse's neck; but the horse galloped on; and the night, beyond the little splash of light, swallowed them completely.

After the conductor and the engineer had both consulted him; and the express messenger had appeared, armed to the

teeth, a little too late for the fray, but not too late for lucid argument, Winter made his way back to the car. Miss Smith was sitting beside Archie; she was holding the watch, which had played so important a part in the battle, up under the electric light to examine an inscription. The loose black sleeves of her blouse fell back, revealing her arms; they were white and softly rounded. She looked up; and the soldier felt the sudden rush of an emotion that he had not known for years; it caught at his throat almost like an invisible hand.

"Well, Archie," he said, foolishly, "good for jiu-jitsu!"

Archie flushed up to his eyes.

"Why didn't you obey orders, young man, and hold up your hands? You're as bad as poor Haley, who is nearly weeping that he had no chance, but only broke away from Mrs. Haley in time to see the robbers make off."

"I—I did at first; but I got so mad I forgot," stammered Archie happily. "Afterward you were my superior officer and I had to do what you said."

All the while he chaffed the boy he was watching for that beautiful look in Janet Smith's eyes; and wondering when he could get her off by herself to brag to her of the boy's courage. When his chance at a few words did come he chuckled: "Regular fool Winter! I knew he would act in just that absurd, reckless way." Then he caught the look he wanted; it surely was a lovely, womanly look; and it meant—what in thunder *did* it mean? As he puzzled, his pulses gave the same unaccountable, smothering leap; and he felt as the boy of twenty had felt, coming back from his first battle to his first love.

CHAPTER IV

THE VANISHING OF ARCHIE

"In my opinion," said Aunt Rebecca, critically eying her new drawing-room

on the train to San Francisco; "the object of our legal methods seems to be to defend the criminal. And a very efficient means to this end is to make it so uncomfortable and costly and inconvenient for any witness of a crime, that he runs away rather than endure it. Here we have had to stay over so long in Salt Lake we nearly lost our drawing-room. But, never mind, you got your man committed. Did you find out anything about his gang?"

The colonel shook his head. "No, he's a tough country boy; he has the rural distrust of lawyers and of sweat-boxes. He does absolutely nothing but groan and swear, pretending his wound hurts him. But I've a notion there are bigger people back of him. It's most awfully good of you, Aunt Rebecca, to stick to me this way."

"Of course, I stick to you; I'm too old to be fickle. Did you ever know a Winter who wouldn't stand by his friends? I belong to the old regime, Bertie; we had our faults—glaring ones, I daresay—but if we condoned sin too readily, we never condoned meanness; such a trick as that upstart Keatcham is doing would have been impossible to my contemporaries. You saw the morning papers; you know he means to eat up the Midland?"

"Yes, I know," mused the colonel; "and turn Tracy, the president, down—the one who gave him his start on his buccaneering career. Tracy declines to be his tool, being, I understand, a very decent sort of a man, who has always run his road for the stockholders and not for the stock market. A capital crime, that, in these days. So Keatcham has, somehow, by one trick or another, got enough directors since Baneleigh died to give him the control; though he couldn't get enough of the stock; and now he means to grab the road to use for himself. Poor Tracy, who loves the road as his child, they say, will have to stand by and see it turned into a Wall

Street football; and the equipment run down as fast as its reputation. I think I'm sorry for Tracy. Besides, it's a bad lookout, the power of such fellows; men who are not captains of industry, not a little bit; only inspired gamblers. Yet they are running the country. I wonder where is the class that will save us; that to which our New England friends belong, do you reckon?"

"I don't know. I don't admire the present century, Bertie. We had people of quality in my day; we have only people of culture in this. I confess I prefer the quality. They had robuster nerves and really asked less of people, although they may have appeared to ask more. *We* used to be contented with respect from our inferiors and courtesy from our equals—"

"And what from your betters, Aunt Rebecca?" drawled the colonel.

"We had no betters, Rupert; we were the best. I think partly it was our assurance of our position, which nobody else doubted any more than we, that kept us so mannerly. Nowadays, nobody has a real position. He may have wealth and a servile following, who expect to make something out of him, but he hasn't position. The newspapers can make fun of him. Common people watch him drive by and never think of removing their caps. Nobody takes him seriously except his toadies and himself. And as for the sentiments of reverence and loyalty, very useful sentiments in running a world, they seem to have clean disappeared, except"—she smiled a half reluctant smile—"except with youngsters like Archie, who would find it agreeable to be chopped into bits for *you*, and women who have not lived in the world, like Janet, who makes a heroine out of *me*—upon my word, Bertie, *je t'ai fait rougir!*"

"Not at all," said the colonel; "an illusion of the sunset; but what do you mean when you say people of quality require less than people of culture?"

"Oh, simply this; all *we* demanded was deference; but your cultivated gang wants admiration and submission, and will not let us possess our secret souls, even, in peace. And, then, the quality despised no one; but the cultivated despise every one. Ah, well—

*'Those good old times are past and gone,
I sigh for them in vain,—'*

Janet, I wish Archie would fish his mandolin out and you would sing to me; I like to hear the songs of my youth. Not rag time, or coon songs, but dear old Foster's melodies; 'Old Kentucky Home,' and 'Massa's in the Col' Ground,' and 'Nellie Was a Lady'—what makes that so sad, I wonder?—'Nellie was a lady, las' night she died;' it's all in that single line; I think it is because it represents the pathetic idealization of love; Nellie was that black lover's ideal of all that was lovely, and she was dead. Is the orchestra ready—and the choir? Yes, shut the door; we are for art's sake only, not for the applause of the cold world in the car."

Afterward, when he was angry over his own folly, his own blind, dogged trustfulness against all the odds of evidence, Rupert Winter laid his weakness to that hour to a woman's sweet, untrained, tender voice singing the simple melodies of his youth. They sang one song after another while the sun sank lower and stained the western sky. Through the snowsheds they could catch glimpses of a wild and strange nature; austere, yet not repelling; vistas of foothills bathed in the evening glow; rank on rank of firs, tall, straight, beautiful, not wind tortured and maimed, like the woful dwarfs of Colorado; and wonderful snow-capped mountain peaks, with violet shadows and glinting streaks of silver. Snow everywhere; on the hillsides; on the close thatch of the firs; on the ice-locked rivers; snow freshly fallen; softly tinted, infinitely, awesomely pure.

Presently they came out into a lumber country where the mills huddled in the hollows, over the streams. Huge fires were blazing on the river banks. Their tawny red glare dyed the snow for a long distance, making entrancing tints of rose and yellow; and the dark green of the pines, against this background, looked strangely fresh. And then, without warning, they plunged into the dimness of another long wooden tunnel and emerged into lovely spring. The trees were in leaf, and not alone the trees; the undulating swells of pasture land and roadside by the mountains were covered with a tender verdure; and there were innumerable vines and low glossy shrubs with faintly colored flowers.

"This is like the South," said Miss Smith.

Archie was devouring the scene. "Doesn't it just somehow make you feel as if you couldn't breathe, Miss Janet?" said he.

"Are you troubled with the high altitude?" asked Millicent, anxiously; "I have prepared a little vial of spirits of ammonia; I'll fetch it for you."

The colonel had some ado to rescue Archie; but he was aided by the porter, who was now passing through the car proclaiming: "You all have seen Dutch Flat Mr. Bret Hahte wrote 'bout; nex' station is Shady Run; and everybody look and see the greatest scenic 'traction of dis or any odder railroad, Cape Hohn."

Instantly, Mrs. Melville fished her guide book and began to read:

"There are few mountain passes more famous than that known to the world as Cape Horn. The approach to it is picturesque, the north fork of the American River raging and foaming in its rocky bed, fifteen hundred feet below and parallel with the track—"

"Do you mind, Millicent, if we look instead of listen?" Aunt Rebecca interrupted, and Mrs. Melville elapsed into an injured muteness.

Truly, Cape Horn has a poignant grandeur that strikes speech from the lips. One can not look down that sheer height to the lustrous ghost of a river below without a thrill. If to pass along the cliff is a shivering experience, what must the actual execution of the stupendous bit of engineering have been to the workmen who hewed the road out of the rock, suspended over the abyss? Their dangling black figures seem to sway still as one swings around the curve.

They sat in silence, until the "Cape" was passed and again they could see their roadbed on the side. Then Mrs. Melville made a polite excuse for departure; she had promised a "Daughter" whom she had met at various "biennials" that she would have a little talk with her. Thus she escaped. They did not miss her. Hardly speaking, the four sat in the dimly lighted, tiny room, while mountains and fields and star-sown skies drifted by. Unconsciously, Archie drew closer to his uncle, and the older man threw an arm about the young shoulders. He looked up to meet Janet's eyes shining and sweet in the flash of a passing station light. Mrs. Winter smiled, her wise old smile.

With the next morning came another shift of scene; they were in the fertile valleys of California. At every turn the landscape became more softly tinted, more gracious. Aunt Rebecca was in the best of humor and announced herself as having the journey of her life. The golden green of the grain fields, the towering palms, the pepper trees with their fascinating grace, the round tops of the live oaks, the gloss of the orange groves, the calla lily hedges and the heliotrope and geranium trees which climbed to the second story of the stucco houses, filled her with the enthusiasm of a child. She drank in the cries of the enterprising young liar who cried "Fresh figs," months out of season, and she ate fruit, withered in cold storage,

with a trustful zest. No less than three books about the flora of California came out of her bag. A certain vine called the Bougainvillea, she was trying to find, if only the cars would not go so fast; as for poinsettias, she certainly should raise her own for Christmas. She was learned in gardens and she discoursed with Miss Smith on the different kinds of the trumpet vine, and whether the white jasmine trailing among the gaudy clusters was of the same family as that jasmine which they knew in the pine forests. But she disparaged the roses; they looked shop-worn. The colonel watched her in amazement.

"Bertie, I make you think of that little dwarf of Dickens, don't I?" she cried, "Miss Muffins, Muggins? what *was* her name? you are expecting me to exclaim, 'Ain't I volatile?' Thank Heaven, I am. I could always take an interest in trifles. It has been my salvation to cultivate an interest in trifles, Bertie; there are a great many more trifles than crises in life. Where has Janet gone? Oh, to give the porter the collodion for his cut thumb. People with troubles, big or little, are always making straight for Janet. Bertie, have you made your mind up about her?"

"Only that she is charming," replied the colonel. He did not change color, but he was uneasily conscious that he winced, and that the shrewd old critic of life and manners perceived it. But she was mercifully blind to all appearance; she went on with the little frown of the solver of a psychological enigma. "Yes, Janet is charming; and why? She is the stillest creature. Have you noticed? Yet you never have the sense that she hasn't answered you? She's the best listener in the world; and there's one thing about her unusual in most listeners—her eyes never grow vacant?"

Rupert had noticed; he called himself a doddering old donkey silently, because he had assumed that there was anything personal in the interest of

those eyes when he had spoken. Of course not; it was her way with every one, even Millicent, no doubt. His aunt's next words were lost, but a sentence caught his ear, directly: "For all she's so gentle, she has plenty of spirit. Bertie, did I ever tell you about the time our precious cousin threw our great-great-grandfather's gold snuff-box at her? No? It was funny. She flew into one of her towering rages, and shrieking, "*Take that!*" hurled the snuff-box at Janet. Janet wasn't used to having things thrown at her. She caught the box, then she rang the bell. 'Thank you very much,' says Janet; and when old Aunt Phrosie came, she handed the snuff-box to her, saying it had just been given to her as a present. But she sent it that same day to one of the sisters. There was never anything else thrown at her, I can tell you."

They found a wonderful sunset on the bay when San Francisco was reached. Still in her golden humor, as they rattled over the cobblestones of the picturesque streets to the Palace Hotel, Mrs. Winter told anecdotes of Robert Louis Stevenson, obtained from a friend who had known his mother. Mrs. Winter had chosen the Palace in preference to the St. Francis, to Mrs. Melville's high disgust. "She thinks it more typical," sneered Millicent; "myself, I prefer cleanliness and comfort to types."

Their rooms were waiting for them and two bellboys ushered Mrs. Winter into her suite. Randall was lodged on the same floor, and Mrs. Melville, who was to spend a few days with her aunt on the latter's invitation, was on a lower floor. The colonel had begged to have Archie next to him; and he examined the quarters with approbation. His own room was the last of the suite; to the right hand, between his room and Archie's, was their bath; then the parlor of Mrs. Winter's suite next her room and bath, and last, to the right, Miss Smith's room. The colonel not only

tried the lock, but shot the bolt on his outer door. Archie was sitting by the window looking out on the street; only the oval of his soft boyish cheek showed. The colonel went by him to the parlor beyond, where he encountered his aunt, her hands full of gay postal cards.

"*Souvenirs de voyage*," she answered his glance; "I am going to post them."

"Can't I take them for you?"

"No, thanks, I want the exercise."

"May I go with you?"

"Indeed, no. My dear Bertie, I'm only aged, I'm not infirm."

"You will *never* be aged," responded the colonel gallantly. He turned away and walked along the loggia which looked down into the great court of the hotel. Millicent was approaching him; Millicent in something of a temper. Her room was hideously draughty and she could not get any one, although she had rung and telephoned to the office

and tried every device which was effectual in a well-conducted hotel; but this, she concluded, bitterly, was not well conducted; it was only typical.

"There's a lovely fire in Aunt Rebecca's parlor," soothed the colonel; "come in there."

Afterward it seemed to him that this whole interview with Millicent could not have occupied more than four minutes; that it was not more than seven minutes since he had seen Archie's shapely curly head against the curtain fall of the window.

But when he opened the door, Miss Smith came towards them. "Is Archie with Aunt Rebecca?" said she.

The colonel answered that he had left him in the parlor; perhaps he had stepped into his own room.

But neither in Archie's nor the colonel's nor in any room of the party could they find the boy.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

IN THE WAGON SHOPS

By JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING

Clank upon clank, the sledges' might,
The flutter of an oily flame,
A floor of earth as black as night—
A sorry place to cage and tame
This sullen 'prentice-lad, new-caught
From the fields, and sickened at the thought
Of their clean charm, so foul he finds his trade!
Yet some fair thing has made
His dogged hammer slip,
A whistle crimp his lip—
Mayhap the sky, through some blank frame
A blue no country-blue could shame;
Or, reared against the stone,
A thread of vine, new-grown,
That lifts three cool pink faces to his own.

THE BLAZE AT BEESON'S

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

THE case may be stated briefly as follows:

Abe Beeson had a country store in Arkansas.

Abe Beeson carried insurance to the amount of three thousand dollars, divided equally among three companies.

Abe Beeson's idea of insurance was that, in case of fire from any cause, he was entitled to three thousand dollars cash at once, but that insurance companies would always try to beat a man out of what was due him.

Abe Beeson's business was so poor that he several times mentioned his determination to "pull up and move on."

Abe Beeson's store burned.

Abe Beeson made immediate demand for the payment of three thousand dollars, and incidentally remarked that he was not to be "bluffed out of anything that was coming to him."

This being the situation, according to report, it was only natural that each of the three companies should send a man to investigate.

But Abe Beeson did not recognize the right of anybody to investigate his acts, and this was one of his acts. He merely wanted the money.

Abe met the first man to arrive.

The store had been in a little cluster of houses, some miles from any railroad, and Abe's home was a short distance beyond the cluster. The man thought he would drive to the home first and see Abe, but Abe, seeing him coming, walked down the road to meet him.

"Lookin' foh me?" asked Abe softly.

"Are you Mr. Beeson?"

"No," replied Abe, "I ain't Misteh Beeson; I'm Abe Beeson."

Abe had a soft southern accent that was very deceptive; it gave an impression of mildness and tractability. The

adjuster decided that he would get right out of his buggy and talk the matter over.

"Don't reckon I'd do that," Abe remarked.

"Do what?"

"Git outen the buggy."

"Why not?"

"Yeh may want to git along in a hurry. What yeh down heah foh?"

"I was sent down to see about the fire."

"It's seen about a'ready," said Abe. "Yeh want to go back, 'less yeh got the cash."

"Cash? Certainly not. I came to investigate."

"Yeh want to go back," repeated Abe, and he shifted the gun he was carrying so that the adjuster found himself looking into the muzzle. It was done carelessly, the gun resting easily across one arm, but, accompanied by a slight turn of the body, it had the effect of putting the adjuster directly in front of it.

"Don't do that!" he exclaimed, startled.

"Yeh want to go back—quick," said Abe.

Something in the tone led the adjuster to turn his horse without further question. It was menacing without being loud or angry.

"I'll be sittin' heah," said Abe, taking a seat on a stone beside the road. "If yeh stop, I'll plunk yeh. If yeh come back, I'll plunk yeh. When yeh get the money ready let me know."

The adjuster went by the scene of the fire without stopping. Abe was sitting back there in the road with the gun across his knees.

The second adjuster to arrive, having no knowledge of the experience of the first, stopped at the site of the store.

No sooner had he done so, however, than he saw a man come loping down the road, carrying a gun. Still, his quick eye caught conclusive evidences of arson. Kerosene had been used beyond question, and a pile of charred rags showed where the fire had started.

"I don't reckon I'd do that," said the man with the gun.

"Why, I came down to adjust the loss on this," explained the insurance man.

"The a'justin' has all been done," said Abe, he being the man with the gun. "I done it myself."

"But we—"

"Git out!" ordered Abe, with a sharpness unusual, and the adjuster hastily retired from the ruins.

"But, my dear sir—"

"Don't reckon yeh need stop," interrupted Abe. "I know yeh, an' I know what yeh want. Yeh want to fix things so yeh needn't pay the money, but yeh can't. I'll watch yeh go down the road."

With his rifle across his knees he watched this man disappear as he had the other.

Just what Abe's ideas and plans were no one but Abe knew. He acted as if he expected some one to come waving three thousand dollars in cash over his head as a guarantee of good faith. Or possibly he expected a check to be sent without question. Abe's store-keeping had not been of a nature to give him much to do with checks, but he knew what they were and how to use them. In any event, he was suspicious of insurance men, he would permit no investigation, and he himself was the only law he recognized.

The third man to arrive discovered this. The third man made some inquiries of neighbors.

"Yes," said one of these, with sublime simplicity, "I reckon Abe burned the store. He was goin' to move, an' he needed the money. He'll git it, too. Abe al'ays does."

So far as the neighbor was concerned, there never was a suspicion of anything

wrong in this; it was the most natural thing in the world that a man should burn his house or store when it would be to his advantage. Abe was the only man in the vicinity who even thought of carrying insurance, so ideas on the subject were rather hazy.

Abe met this third adjuster about as he had met the other two. The third happened to be on horseback.

"We don't reckon to have strangehs prowlin' round heah," said Abe, taking the horse by the bridle and turning it back.

"I came to see about the fire," explained the adjuster.

"It's seen about," returned Abe. "All yeh got to do is to send the money. I'm waitin' foh it." Then he added plaintively: "I'm 'most tired sendin' you all back foh the cash. I'm goin' to plunk the next man right off, 'less he has the cash ready. Yeh want to keep goin' now, or yeh'll git plunked anyhow."

Holding the gun in the crook of his left arm, he hit the horse a resounding whack with his right hand, and the adjuster found himself holding to the pommel of his saddle as the horse raced down the road. He looked back once and saw Abe in the road, with his gun ready for action. Then he decided to keep on going.

There was some discussion in Chicago as to the best method of handling this case. Investigation proved that Abe Beeson was a dangerous man. He was not quarrelsome; he did not fight for the love of fighting, but he settled all questions relating to him in his own way. And shooting was that way. Everything indicated that the three insurance men had saved their lives by obeying instructions implicitly when he ordered them to leave. Indeed, some surprise was expressed that he had been so lenient with them.

About a week after the return of the last man word was received that Abe Beeson intended to sue on his three poli-

cies. Now, a suit is always an annoyance and an expense, and it was likely to be unusually troublesome in this case. The evidence would have to be collected at the scene of the fire, and there were three men who were quick to assert that the scene of the fire was unhealthy. These men were not cowards, but not one of them cared to work up a case against Abe Beeson in the vicinity of Abe Beeson's home.

Then it was that the three companies decided to combine on one good man, to represent all their interests, and leave the settlement of the case in his hands. Gifford Oakes was the man chosen.

Oakes was a man of wide experience as an insurance adjuster, and he had frequently demonstrated the possession of courage, tact and strategical ability, all of which were essential to success in his calling. His appearance was deceptive. He was tall, rather gaunt, and usually slow and deliberate in his movements; no one would size him up as a particularly active man, and yet, in emergencies, he could be amazingly quick of mind and body.

"You must be prepared for trouble," cautioned Deckler, the general manager of the company that employed Oakes. "The man is ignorant, suspicious and mad. He has been walking ten miles to an express office, to see if his money has come, every day or so since he drove the last adjuster away. He seems to think an adjuster's business is to cheat a man out of his money, and he says he'll shoot the next one that shows up."

"If he's honest," said Oakes thoughtfully, "he's dangerous; if he's dishonest, he's a bluff."

"It's an interesting case, anyhow," said Deckler.

"It certainly is," admitted Oakes. "What's the easiest way to get to this place?"

Deckler told him where to leave the train, and explained that he would have to ride or drive from there.

"That's the way the other three went?" inquired Oakes.

"Yes. It's about the only quick and practicable way."

"Well, I think I'll try a slow and impracticable way, then," said Oakes. "A man never knows all the moves in a game like this until the play is started, but it seems to me the first move is to come from a direction that he is not expecting."

After studying map and time-table, Oakes decided on a town that was beyond his objective point, and from this he rode twenty miles back to Abe Beeson's. Furthermore, Oakes timed himself to arrive at dusk, dismounted and tied his horse some distance away, and made a circuit to approach the house from the rear. To come in that stealthy way was a risk, but there was also a risk in any other plan.

The first that Beeson knew of the presence of his visitor the latter stood in the doorway. Beeson instinctively reached for his gun, which leaned against the wall, but Oakes was prepared for that, and covered him with a pistol.

"What yeh want?" asked Beeson in the soft voice that had deceived so many.

"I want to talk to you," Oakes replied. "I'm told you have a habit of discouraging discussion, so I thought I'd make sure of your attention."

"Yeh got it," said Beeson, without the least trace of discomfiture or fear. At all events, he was not a bully cowed; he was a man. He recognized the advantage of the other and submitted quietly, even pleasantly. "Won't yeh sit down?" he asked.

"Thank you, no," returned Oakes. "I prefer to have you seated while I stand." Oakes knew that Beeson was a widower and lived alone, but there might be another in the house, and he commanded the only other door from where he stood. The structure was little more than a cabin, anyhow, having only two rooms on the first floor and, presumably, two

above. Besides, the standing man always has an advantage in such circumstances.

"Yeh seem to be some put out," suggested Beeson.

"Not at all," answered Oakes. "I merely want to have a friendly chat with you—that is, if you're Mr. Beeson."

"Not Misteh Beeson," came the gentle protest; "jest Abe Beeson, mostly called Abe. I'll take it kindly if yeh'll call me Abe; I answeh to it betteh. I 'most fo'get Beeson."

"All right, Abe," said Oakes, still watchful, but a little more at ease, for the man did not seem to be as dangerous as he was painted. "I came to see you about your insurance."

"I thought yeh was one of them damn skunks," remarked Abe pleasantly.

"Better go slow," cautioned Oakes. "That's no way to get the matter adjusted."

"A'justed," repeated Abe. "I got the insurance papehs, ain't I?"

"I suppose so."

"An' ever'thing's gone, ain't it?"

"I guess there's no doubt about that."

"Then pay me."

"Please keep still, Mr. Beeson," cautioned Oakes, detecting a movement that seemed like a preparation to spring for the gun.

"Abe," corrected Beeson.

"Well, Abe, then. After what I've heard of you I can't afford to take any chances." Still, the man's soft manner of speech and the entire absence of braggadoccio had its effect, and Oakes was really less cautious than when he entered. "Now, Abe," he added, with an abruptness that he hoped would prove disconcerting, "you burned that store yourself."

"Well?" said Abe inquiringly, as if it were a matter of no moment.

"But you can't do that," asserted Oakes.

"Yeh said I did," remarked Abe. "If I did, I could, couldn't I?"

Oakes found that he was the disconcerted one.

"I mean," he explained, "that you can't collect insurance on a building that you burn yourself."

"Can't?"

"Certainly not."

"Then what yeh take my money foh? What do I git? What's the use of insurin' at all?"

The man was in earnest, and Oakes decided then that it was a case of ignorance and not of attempted fraud. He believed he had a right to burn his building and get the money for it, and this doubtless led in a measure to his suspicion of the investigators. There was nothing to investigate. Consequently Oakes was considerate enough to explain the matter carefully—going over the terms and showing how impossible it would be for companies to do business on the basis suggested.

"Arson is a crime," he said in conclusion, "and a man may not profit by his own criminal act."

"Then yeh don't pay me at all?" asked Abe, seemingly bewildered.

"Well, I'll give you a dollar apiece for the policies and a receipt in full," replied Oakes. "That will pay you for your trouble in signing a release. But I want those policies, and I want them now."

"Will yeh show me where it says all yeh've talked?" inquired Abe, humbly. "I ain't never read all it says. I read hard."

"Certainly, I'll show you," returned Oakes. "I want you to understand that we're perfectly straight in this matter."

Abe reached slowly into his inside pocket, and Oakes was instantly alert. His revolver covered Abe, and his eyes followed every motion.

"Don't reach for anything else," he cautioned. "I'll shoot at the first false motion."

"I know yeh will," returned Abe. "That's why I'm goin' slow."

Very deliberately he drew out the

three policies and dropped them on the table beside which he had been sitting.

"Show me," he said.

Holding his revolver in his right hand, Oakes opened one of the policies with his left and put his finger on a clause. Abe bent over it, knitted his brows and slowly spelled out the words.

"I read hard," he said.

One word seemed to stick him, and he went over it twice. Oakes, impatient, finally leaned over to help him. The next moment he discovered a cold, steel barrel between his face and the paper, and a calm, even voice was saying, "Move an' I plunk yeh. Drop yeh pistol." Oakes, his revolver momentarily turned away, knew that he was helpless, and he obeyed. "Yeh betteh move back a little," was the next suggestion, and Oakes straightened up and backed away, being careful to keep his hands in sight. "I 'most al'ays have this, too," Abe added, referring to the revolver he was holding, "but it wasn't handy to get it while yeh was lookin'. Yeh betteh not move yeh hands any."

Oakes's revolver had fallen on the table, and Abe let it lie there, but, alert and watchful, he got his gun from its place against the wall. Then he searched Oakes for other weapons, and, finding none, placed his own pistol and gun on the table and resumed his seat. Oakes had backed out of reach of the table, but the gun—a short rifle—was pointed directly at him and lay close to the hand of Abe.

"I know the gun betteh than the pistol," the latter explained, and then he added: "I reckon yeh don't want them papehs now, do yeh?"

"I don't believe I do," Oakes replied, "but they won't do you any good."

"It seemed like yeh prized them a mighty lot yehself," remarked Abe. "Don't think yeh'd want them so bad, 'less there was money in them. Looks to me like yeh oveh-played yehself."

"That was to avoid annoyance," ex-

plained Oakes. "What can you do with them?"

"Well," said Abe, "I reckon yeh might write an ordeh fo' the money an' somethin' to say that ever'thing's all right, an' then yeh can go."

Oakes's mind had been busy, and his eyes, too. Almost directly behind Beeson was a window, and Oakes had finally fixed his eyes on that. He now glanced away quickly, glanced back, and nodded slightly. The pantomime was not lost on Abe, who turned instantly to prevent an attack from the rear. He had thought of the possibility that Oakes was not alone. He swung back with equal haste, but he had given Oakes time to jump for his pistol and overturn the table.

"That was pretty well done, wasn't it, Abe?" asked Oakes, covering his discomfited opponent.

"I call yeh a good man," was Abe's tribute.

"Well, I'll just make sure of those policies this time," said Oakes, gathering them up with one hand. "You don't need them, for they'd only lead you into an expensive and useless lawsuit. Now, if you care to give me a receipt in full for all claims on each policy, I'll still pay you a dollar apiece for them. But you needn't do it, if you don't want to."

"Don't seem like I betteh let three dollehs get away," remarked Abe; "but I write slow. Tell me what."

Oakes pushed Abe's gun and pistol away with his foot, and then dictated the receipts. He put them in his pocket, dropped three silver dollars on the table, picked up Abe's weapons and backed to the door.

"I'll leave your things down the road a bit," he said, "but it won't be safe to come after them right away."

"Will yeh do me a faveh?" asked Abe humbly.

"What is it?"

"Don't tell folks heah that yeh did it."

"I won't," laughed Oakes.

And he didn't.

TRUSTS AND THEIR TREATMENT

THE FOURTH IN THE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON

THE PROBLEMS OF THE PEOPLE

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

In this number Mr. Bryan answers Senator Beveridge on "Regulation, Not Extermination," and the Senator replies to Mr. Bryan's "Dissolution and Prevention"

MR. BRYAN'S REPLY

SENATOR Beveridge's article in last month's *READER* is not satisfactory, and yet, by his failure to meet the situation, he vindicates the contention of those who believe that there can be no effective remedy for the trust that does not strike at the principle of private monopoly. In the course of his article the Senator gives splendid play to his rhetorical ability, exhibits a wide acquaintance with industrial corporations, and furnishes evidence of his own sincere interest in the public welfare, but he concludes, as he began, with a confused idea of the trust problem and an almost hopeless view of the future. A considerable part of his article has no special connection with the subject, and he employs more words in exaggerating the blessings brought by the trusts than in an enumeration of the evils to be remedied. His references to his early farm life awaken a sympathetic interest in my own breast, for I can recall a similar experience with one of the early self-binders, and he does not go beyond me in appreciating the advantages which improved machinery has brought to the farmer, to the tradesman and to the public generally; but improved machinery has no necessary connection with the trust question. To protect the people

against private monopolies, it is not necessary to go back from the modern harvester to the cradle or the sickle; it is not necessary to abandon the mold-board plow and return to the crooked stick; nor is it necessary to prohibit the use of steam, abolish the railroad, and rely upon the ox-team for transportation. The principle of private monopoly is not a new one. It was employed long before steam was utilized or the electric current was imprisoned in the copper wire. Josephus tells how one known to history as John of Gischala secured a monopoly in olive oil some seventeen centuries ago and sold the oil for ten times what it cost him. They had no railroads then, but the aforesaid John, carrying the oil in two goat-skins thrown across the back of a donkey, was able to corner the market. There is no evidence that he built up his trade by the securing of rebates, or that he used his surplus funds in the endowment of colleges, but he employed the same principle that has been employed for the injury of society by other Johns engaged in the oil business and by other monopolists engaged in the sale of other necessities of life.

At various times in the history of other nations, we have found the private

monopoly appearing, always as an odious institution and always as an outlaw, if the rulers gave any heed to the welfare of their subjects.

THREE FALLACIES

Senator Beveridge does not seem to catch the distinction between an industry carried on on a large scale and a monopoly. Those who oppose private monopolies have no desire to interfere with production on a large scale. On the contrary, they desire to encourage inventive genius and economy in production, but they deny (first) that a monopoly is an economic development, and (second) that its benefits are equal to the evils which grow out of it. It is often assumed that because a mill can produce a million yards of cloth at a lower price per yard than it could produce one thousand yards, therefore there would be greater economy in producing all the cloth in one factory or under one management. There are three fallacies hidden in this assumption. First. This assumption overlooks the fact that when production is on so large a scale that the operative is removed many degrees from the superintendent, the leak at each transfer of authority finally overcomes the economy in production. So long as the superintendent can be closely identified with every branch of production, organization may increase efficiency, but when the organization becomes so large that the man at the head has to give directions to a handful of superintendents, and they instruct a still larger number, and these oversee a still greater group, and these direct the workmen, there is a waste of energy which at last overcomes the gain. Second. When a monopoly is really secured, inventive genius is retarded instead of encouraged, and deterioration in the quality of goods is almost sure to accompany an increase in the price. The selfishness that inspires one to desire a monopoly is

not cured when the monopoly is secured. On the contrary, the possession of the power which the monopoly gives is more likely to increase the selfishness, and this selfishness manifests itself in the tendency to put forth an inferior product and charge more for it. Senator Beveridge has eulogized the meat trust, and expresses regret that my "state's rights doctrines" prevented my suggesting the pure food law, to the passage of which the Senator gave so much valuable assistance. My attention had not been called to the packing-house abuses until the bill was introduced, but I have been glad to commend the bill and the principle upon which it is based. The Senator is so fearful of the doctrine of state's rights that he reads it into the speech of every opponent, and goes beyond the friends of that doctrine in extending its application. The trouble about the attempt to regulate the packing-houses is that we are treating the symptom rather than the disease. It will be difficult to prevent deterioration in the product as long as we permit a monopoly; for when effective competition is stifled regulation becomes not only more necessary but more difficult. While the pure food law is good as far as it goes, the people will find a hundred times more protection in the elimination of the monopoly principle than they can find in any system which first permits a monopoly to exist and then attempts to regulate it. The third fallacy in the assumption that a monopoly is an economic development is found in the fact that individual initiative is discouraged. There is a wide difference between a manufacturing establishment which a man has built up by his own exertions and which he regards and guards as his own creation—a great deal of difference between this and a great corporation presided over by some man whose interest is measured by his salary and who recognizes that he may be at any time replaced by the son or the son-

in-law of the controlling stockholder. Competition compels the employment of the best men, while monopoly permits the employment of favorites, though inferior; for when a corporation has control of the market, it can wait for trade to come to it. No one can estimate the widespread demoralization which monopolies would bring if permitted to exist, for in depriving the ambitious worker of the hope of an independent position in the industrial world, they would paralyze effort and largely reduce the productive power of the American workmen.

A PRACTICE OF TRUST-DEFENDERS

It is not necessary that one corporation, or a group of corporations, should pack all the meat in order to have good meat furnished to the country; neither is a monopoly necessary in order to invade foreign markets. In a country with eighty millions of people, it is not necessary that one corporation should manufacture for the entire population in order to reduce the cost of production to a minimum. The market is large enough to support a number of packing plants, each large enough to introduce every possible economy in production and yet controlled and regulated by competition among themselves. It is a common practice of trust-defenders to attribute every reduction in price and every improvement in method to the trust, and yet examination will show that reduction in price and improvement in method have been greater in competing industries than in monopolies.

As I shall deal with the railroad question in a later article, I need not now refer to what he says on that subject.

NATURAL LAWS TOO SLOW

There is a suggestion in the Senator's article that natural laws will, in the end, protect the consumer, and he suggests

the case of a wire-nail pool which raised the price of nails from \$1.45 to \$2.85, and then to \$3.15 per hundredweight. He assures us, however, that "in eighteen months this foolish business management compelled the formation of immense rival companies," and that "in robbing the people it destroyed itself." It is probably true that the trust may, in the long run, break down of its own weight, but there is little consolation in this fact to the short-winded man who can not stand a long run. The small competitor who has been bankrupted by a trust will find no comfort in the confident expectation that some years after he has gone out of business natural laws will break up the trust. The farmer and builder who have to pay a double price for nails for eighteen months may be glad to believe that the trust will after a while die; but ought we to permit such practices and leave the purchasers unprotected? There are a great many trusts to-day, and while a trust dies occasionally, the birth rate is greater than the death rate, and it is criminal folly to postpone effective legislation in the hope that the trust will at last find that it is unwise to charge more than a fair profit.

EARNINGS OF THE STEEL TRUST

One of the trusts which seems to have impressed the Senator favorably is the steel trust. He has much to say of its usefulness and nothing to say of its abuse of power. The steel trust is selling abroad cheaper than at home, and we have seen its stock so manipulated by a coterie of insiders that the small stockholders lost many millions in the fluctuations of the stock. The recent annual statement of the steel company shows that its gross sales amounted to nearly seven hundred million dollars, that its net earnings amounted to one hundred and fifty-six million dollars, and that the wages paid amounted to one hundred and forty-seven million dollars.

The net earnings were about twenty-three per cent. of the gross sales—nearly five times the percentage that the boot and shoe industry of Massachusetts realizes. There being competition among the manufacturers of boots and shoes, it is impossible for them to convert into net earnings twenty-three per cent. of their gross sales. It will be noticed that the net earnings of the steel company exceed the entire amount paid in wages—that is, each employé earns, on an average, not only his own wages, but more than one hundred per cent. profit on his wages for his employer. This is an extraordinary profit, and only possible under a monopoly. In most of our large industries the amount paid in wages is several times as great as the net earnings. In the remedies suggested, Senator Beveridge does not mention a reduction of the tariff, although he tells of one of the beneficiaries of the tariff who turned his property into a trust “at a figure so much above its value as to stagger belief,” and yet this steel trust, which receives from him only words of praise, has a protection of something like twice the per cent. paid to employés as wages, or more than forty per cent., while the employés received only twenty-one per cent. of the gross sales.

PUNISH ALL OFFENDERS

The steel trust has such a complete control of several branches of the iron business that it can fix the terms and conditions of sale—its smaller competitors being compelled to acquiesce in any terms that it fixes. The Senator has given President Roosevelt credit for having prosecuted a number of trusts, and I am glad to commend him where he has enforced the law, but it is not sufficient to enforce the law against a few trusts. Other criminal laws are enforced against *all* offenders who can be found. Why should we draw a distinction between the horse-thief who vio-

lates the law against horse stealing and the trust magnate who violates the law against the trust? The Senator complains because I have said that the principle of private monopoly must be eliminated—that the trust must be destroyed, root and branch. That is my position, and that position set forth in the Democratic national platform of 1900 was indorsed by more than six million voters. There is no question that the people understand the trust better to-day than they did six years ago last fall, and there can be no doubt that they are prepared to enforce more radical remedies than the Senator's party then proposed. Are they not ready to lay the ax at the root of the tree and say that no man, or group of men, shall be permitted to monopolize any branch of business or the production of any article of merchandise?

Senator Beveridge enumerates seven evils of the trusts. First, rebates, which he says “we have ended.” Let us hope that these have been ended, although the tenderness with which the public deals with the Standard Oil Company, after it has been convicted of violating the law in twelve hundred different cases, is not encouraging. Many of our college presidents are still anxious to secure from Mr. Rockefeller a part of the money that he has made by violating the law. Would they be as willing to solicit from the professional safe-breaker or from the ordinary highwayman? Why should grand larceny be regarded as a less heinous crime than petty larceny?

CAMPAIGN FUNDS AND CORRUPTION

The second evil is “contributions,” and he assures us that “we have ended them.” Not yet. It is not sufficient to prevent contributions from corporations, for where there is a great temptation to aid in campaigns, the officers will find ways of contributing that will not bring the corporation within the letter of the

law. It is necessary that the contributions of individuals shall be made public where those contributions are to any considerable amount, and it is also necessary that the publication shall be made in advance of the election in order that the voter may know what influences are at work in the campaign. One of the Washington correspondents has reported the president as considering a law which will provide all the parties with necessary campaign funds to be paid out of the public treasury. I do not know whether this statement is authoritative, but it is a suggestion worthy of consideration. If each party was furnished with a moderate campaign fund in proportion to the votes which it cast at the preceding election, and then all other contributions were prohibited by law, corruption in politics might be reduced to a minimum. And why should not the reasonable and necessary expenses of a campaign be paid by the public, if the campaign is carried on in the interest of the public? At present, in any controversy between predatory wealth and the masses of the people, the corporations which are seeking special privileges and favors are able to furnish enormous campaign funds to the party subservient to them, and no one can doubt that these campaign funds are furnished upon an understanding, expressed or implied, that they shall be allowed to reimburse themselves out of the pockets of the people.

GOOD INTENTIONS, BUT NO PLAN

The third trust evil enumerated by Senator Beveridge is found in bad meats and impure foods, and these, he assures us, "we have ended." That remains to be seen. The pure food law is not yet perfected, and it has not yet been tested by experience, but assuming that our present law is sufficient, or will be made sufficient, and assuming that its enforcement will be all that could be desired, it

will not settle the trust question. There are many other trusts.

Secrecy is the fourth evil, and this, too, "we have ended," if the Senator's language can be accepted at par. Publicity is not an end in itself; it is only a means to an end. The collecting of proof is a necessary part of a prosecution, but it is not the only part. We could not safely repeal the law against theft and simply require an accurate record to be made of the goods stolen. It is of little value to know how much we have lost unless this knowledge enables us to secure the return of it or affords some protection against future loss. The statement of the United States Steel Company to which I have already referred gives us information as to how much the people have suffered from the monopoly which it has obtained, but this knowledge has not yet secured us relief from its extortions, and Senator Beveridge, with all his good intentions—and these I most willingly concede—has no plan that reaches the steel trust.

THE VICTIMIZED PURCHASER

Overcapitalization is evil number five, and on this the Senator leads us from history to hope with the promise "we will end that, and are working on it now." He is, however, embarrassed by the fact that he exaggerates the innocence of the purchaser of watered stock. He regards it as unjust to squeeze the water out of stock already sold, and endeavors to illustrate this injustice by putting me in the position of a purchaser of watered stock. He has done me honor over much in thus admitting me to the fellowship of his business friends, for I am not the owner of any watered stock, or stock of any kind, in industrial enterprises, and if I were the owner of any watered stock I would not plead my own interest as a defense in opposition to a law reducing our corporations to an honest basis. A man does not buy stock

under compulsion. It is a voluntary transaction, and he is able to find out upon inquiry whether the stock rests upon money invested or upon the corporation's power to exploit the public by means of monopoly. In the balancing of equities we give the greatest consideration to the one who is least able to protect himself, and as between the patron who must buy of a monopoly and the stockholder who voluntarily enters into a conspiracy against the public, the equities are with the patron. Is it fair that the entire purchasing public shall be victimized permanently because a comparatively few persons have bought watered stock, when by a little inquiry they could have ascertained the character of the stock?

The remedy that the license system proposed in the Democratic national platform of 1900 offers a means of squeezing the water out of the stock of overcapitalized corporations and of preventing overcapitalization in the future. While the states can, if they will, prevent overcapitalization, it is not necessary for the people of the country at large to remain passive if a few states find a profit in the creation of predatory corporations. Under the license system suggested in the Democratic platform, and to which I referred in my article which appeared in *THE READER* of last month, it is possible to confine each corporation to the state of its origin until it complies with such conditions as may be necessary to protect the public from it. Congress has power to regulate interstate commerce, and under this power congress is justified in prohibiting a corporation from engaging in interstate commerce except upon conditions that make its entrance helpful to the public rather than a menace.

ELIMINATE THE PRINCIPLE

"Unjust prices" is number six in the Senator's list of trust evils, but he thinks

that the ending of overcapitalization will cure this in part, and he hopes that publicity will complete the cure. He approaches the subject, however, with an open mind, and asks if any one can think of a better remedy. There is one remedy that may contribute to the solution of the question, namely, a law that will make it a penal offense for a corporation engaged in interstate commerce to sell in one section of the country at a different price from that at which it sells in another section, the cost of transportation, of course, being taken into consideration. One of the most pernicious methods of the trust is to lower prices in one section in order to drive out a competitor—the price being maintained in other sections—and then, when the competitor is disposed of, restore or raise prices, so that the trust makes back all that it has lost. This law has been adopted in some states and can be adopted by the federal congress. Such a law would have a salutary influence, but it would not furnish a complete remedy, for when a trust has a monopoly it can keep prices up everywhere and raise them if it so desires. The important thing is to eliminate the principle of private monopoly and restore competition as a controlling influence in industry.

THE SUBSIDIZED PRESS AND A REMEDY

Senator Beveridge closes his list of evils with "purchased newspapers and the corruption of public opinion." The only remedy which he sees for this is that the people, by learning to "know such papers when they see them," can withdraw their support. The trouble with this remedy is that it takes the people too long to find out what papers are subsidized. The Senator is in favor of compelling the packing-houses to stamp the date of the canning upon the can in order that the people may know how old the meat is. Why not require the newspapers having any considerable inter-

state circulation to publish the names of their stockholders and the names of their mortgagees? No harm could be done an honest paper, and we need not be tender about the feelings of a dishonest one. If the people knew who owned the paper as stockholder, or who controlled the paper as mortgagee, they could tell better what weight to give to the editorials and how much faith they could put in the reliability of the news columns. I am glad that the Senator is awake to the evil influence of the subsidized press. There is a well-founded suspicion that several of our prominent dailies are conducted, not as business enterprises, but as adjuncts to exploiting corporations. The owners use the columns of their papers to chloroform the readers while the pockets of the readers are being picked, and the people are as much entitled to protection from the subtle poison of these papers as they are to have "poison" printed on a bottle that contains it.

PRIVATE MONOPOLY INTOLERABLE

Senator Beveridge has rendered a valuable public service in his last month's article, for he has shown how helpless the well-meaning man is when he attempts to deal with a great evil without first grappling with the fundamental principle involved. Many years ago I heard a minister use an illustration which I have often recalled. He was discussing the tendency of some people to spend their time in looking up contradictory passages in Holy Writ to the ignoring of the fundamental principles that underlie Christianity, and to make his remarks more plain he said:

"If you try to pull a little tree through a narrow gate, much depends upon the way you go about it. If you take hold of one of the branches and attempt to pull the tree through in that way, the other branches will be caught upon the gate posts, and the more you pull the more they will spread. If, however, you pull the trunk of the tree through the gate first, the branches will be pressed against the side of the tree, and you will have no difficulty in taking the tree through the gate." So, in the discussion of any question, we must first deal with the principle that controls it, and then the details are easily handled. The controlling principle in the trust question is the principle of private monopoly, and the only way to deal with the trust question is to begin with the proposition that a private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable. When we start to consider the question from this standpoint we find that the difficulties disappear, and that, going forward step by step, we shall be able to restore competition where competition is possible, and competition is possible in all of our industries. There is no necessary reason why there should be a monopoly in production except where there is a limited supply of the thing produced, as in the case of coal, and the president has already suggested a means of dealing with that, namely, the retaining of the title in the government. In other words, wherever a monopoly is absolutely necessary there should be ownership by the public for the protection of the public, and where monopoly is not necessary there should be competition among producers for the benefit of the public.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S REPLY

MR. Bryan takes up much of his paper discussing the evils of one corporation holding stock in another; of directors of one corporation being di-

rectors in another; of holding companies, like the Northern Securities Company; and of agreements among competing corporations. About all this I

shall speak later. But Mr. Bryan proves the uselessness of most of the remedies he suggests for these alleged evils by this statement:

"The fourth form which the trust assumes is the single corporation which buys up enough factories to give it control of a given business.

"This is the form which the future trust is most likely to assume and it is the most difficult one to reach. The tendency at this time is toward consolidation under a single corporation. The United States Steel Corporation is one of the best illustrations that we have of this kind of a trust. * * *

"It is absurd to denounce a contract between several different corporations and then consent to the consolidation of the parties to the contract *into one corporation* more potent for evil than the separate ones could possibly be."

And, finally, Mr. Bryan, bravely following his logic, concludes his article as follows:

"The end to be secured is the dissolution of every private monopoly" (the big corporations like the steel company) "now in existence and the prevention of new ones."

If, then, the organization of industry will proceed under the plan of the single corporation, as Mr. Bryan accurately says it will, it is clear that the remedies he suggests for the other forms of industrial consolidation are already obsolete, just as he points out that these now discarded forms are obsolete.

So that the progress of economic development, correctly stated by Mr. Bryan, has already been so rapid as to reduce the whole question to the wisdom and possibility of dissolving these giant single corporations. Upon this living problem, then, I will ask Mr. Bryan the following questions.

Since Mr. Bryan uses the United States Steel Corporation as a concrete illustration, I will begin my questions with that. These questions are as follows:

BEVERIDGE'S QUESTIONS.

First. Would Mr. Bryan "dissolve" the United States Steel Corporation? If so, how?

Second. If he would "dissolve" it and can tell how to dissolve it, how far would he carry the "dissolution"? For example, would he restore the various plants to the corporations which owned them before the steel corporation was formed? If so, how, since some, if not all, of those companies are now extinct and many of their stockholders are dead?

Third. And, having "dissolved" the Steel Corporation, what would become of its present shareholders, of whom there are hundreds of thousands? If he would make them stockholders in the smaller corporations resulting from his dissolution of the Steel Company, how much stock would he give to each, and in which of the smaller companies would he place them? And would he consult the present stockholders as to which of the smaller companies he would assign them?

Fourth. Since he would dissolve the United States Steel Corporation, would he stop there—or would he go on dissolving the corporations of which it was formed? If not, why, since some of those companies were themselves combinations precisely like the United States Steel Corporation? For example, would he permit the Carnegie corporations to go undissolved? If not; why, since the Carnegie companies dominated the business before the United States Steel Corporation was formed?

Fifth. Having "dissolved" the United States Steel Corporation, would he go on "dissolving" other great corporations? If not, where will he stop? Will

he give us a bill of particulars, or, at the very least, a workable rule by which we can tell what corporations should be "dissolved" and what corporations should be preserved?

Sixth. If he says the rule is "monopoly," how will he define "monopoly" as a matter of tangible law? For example, is a concern a monopoly which controls ninety per cent. of the business, but which steadily reduces prices? And is the percentage of control which constitutes what Mr. Bryan calls "monopoly" the same in all industries and under all circumstances and at all times?

Seventh. If Mr. Bryan answers that he will "dissolve" these corporations until there is "competition," how much "competition" would he permit? If "competition" is a good thing in itself, then the more of it the better; and Mr. Bryan must "dissolve" until he places business exclusively in the hands of individuals, since they would give a million times more "competition" than the great corporations give.

Eighth. Or still another illustration: Would Mr. Bryan "dissolve" the Indiana Studebakers—the greatest vehicle concern in the world? If not, why, since they have put untold numbers of local wagon-makers "out of business"? Since we ought to have as much competition as possible, why ought not Mr. Bryan's policy of "dissolution" go on until the local wagon-maker of forty years ago is restored to every town, and the consolidation of the wagon-making industry into three or four mighty concerns that now supply the trade is entirely wiped out?

Ninth. If Mr. Bryan would "dissolve" these great industrial organizations of capital, would he also dissolve the equally great organizations of labor? And if competition is a good thing in itself why is not labor competition as good as capital competition? If capital should not combine, why should labor combine? I am for honest and orderly

organization of both labor and capital—why does Mr. Bryan discriminate?

Of course, I might multiply these questions at great length, but the above are enough to illustrate the point. We are all quite in earnest about this matter. What we want to do is to find out what will bring most happiness to most people. After all, every one of us who is as sincere as Mr. Bryan, is trying his best to make our country and the world a better place to live in. If people would get more out of life by going back to the methods of forty years ago than they get out of life to-day, by all means let us go back to forty years ago.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

Of course, Mr. Bryan thinks that all of us would be better off under the old conditions than under the new, because he says so; and, of course, he has thought out just how he will get back to the good old times if he is as practical as he is altruistic. So let Mr. Bryan prove that the average man and woman would be better off under conditions of forty years ago than they are to-day, and let him show some workable method of returning to the old conditions, and I will follow him.

For I am not in the least concerned about maintaining any hard and fast theories, as such; not in the least concerned about the success of any party, as such; I am concerned only about the welfare of the American people. I do not care what the Democratic or Republican platform of 1904 or any other year said. Indeed, platforms are rather foolish things after all. Every one of us ninety millions knows very well how they are "fixed up."

There is a committeeman appointed to the "Committee on Platforms" from the delegation from each state. From this committee a small number of men—usually eleven—are selected to "draft the platform." Some member of this

committee has a "draft" conveniently at hand. Then occurs a hot discussion and prolonged wrangle in this committee about certain vital questions, ending in "compromises" utterly unscientific, and, therefore, often resulting in silly wording of various planks. Or, even worse, a few powerful men or a packed committee put through some absurd doctrinaire proposition that sounds well on the stump, but would never work.

Mr. Bryan knows all about this, because he has been through the mill more times than I have; although I have been a member of the little subcommittee for drafting platforms. This is enough to show that Mr. Bryan's reference to the Democratic platform is no contribution to a discussion of these great human problems.

PARTNERSHIPS AND CORPORATIONS

Now for a discussion of Mr. Bryan's three remedies, other than the remedy of "dissolution." Two of these, prohibiting corporations from holding stock in other corporations and prohibiting directors in one corporation from serving in another, Mr. Bryan admits to be already obsolete, if he follows his own logic, based on his own premises. Still, as a matter of form, let us discuss them.

The first is preventing one corporation from holding stock in another. "There is no incident so small that we can not reduce it to first principles," as Herbert Spencer said and Tolstoi, whom Mr. Bryan so much admires, repeated. So let us get down to first principles. There is no objection to an individual man buying out the business of another individual man, is there? And in the old times there was nothing but individual men, so far as the conduct of business was concerned. But finally, as roads grew better and more numerous and business increased, it was found that the individual man was not big and strong enough to do this business which the

welfare of the masses required. So partnerships of two or more individual business men came into being—two or more business men "combined," "merged," joined forces.

Still there was no objection to one partnership buying the business of another partnership, or even "merging" the two partnerships. That was a common practice, and nothing is more familiar to the law. The purchase of the business of one partnership by another or the "merging" of two or more partnerships became desirable, and even necessary, for the same reason that the formation of partnerships—the "merging" of the efforts of two or three business men—became desirable and necessary in the first place.

Another step: as civilization grew and methods of communication became greater, it was found that even these partnerships were too small and weak to do the larger business required by the masses. Therefore, for precisely the same reasons that the partnerships came into being the economic device of the corporation came into being—the corporation, of course, being nothing more than the money of a great number of persons concentrated into organized effort under a single management.

In other words, the corporation is only a greater partnership, just as the partnership itself was only a greater individual. One of the best works on corporations written in the last quarter of a century is "Morawetz on Corporations"; and this authoritative volume reduces the fundamentals of corporation law to the principle of partnerships.

But if the partnership should buy out another partnership, why should not a corporation buy out another corporation? They should, of course, if their directors are wise and honest men and their purposes beneficent. If either are not, then both the criminal and civil law gets hold of them. And both criminal and civil law has been getting hold

of them under the administration of Theodore Roosevelt.

Will Mr. Bryan say that if he shall be elected president he will prosecute men just because they happened to be directors or officers of great corporations? No; he would prosecute only those who were dishonest; or, if honest, who violate the law even unintentionally. But that is what we are doing now. Could Mr. Bryan improve on Mr. Roosevelt's administration of the laws?

I admit that if a president were elected who was in sympathy with the great violators of the law, they might escape justice. When a mayor of a city is elected who is in sympathy with them the little violators of the law escape. It pretty nearly comes down to a question of law violators as distinguished from law observers, on the one side, and a president who is in sympathy with the law violators, or with the law observers, on the other side—does it not?

UNJUST AND UNFEASIBLE

The second remedy, aside from the wholesale "dissolution" specific which Mr. Bryan proposes, is that of preventing directors of one corporation from acting as directors of another. I think most business men will agree that, to prevent them from being directors in more than one corporation is so unjust and unfeasible as to be absurd—and I say this most respectfully. Yet this is what Mr. Bryan's proposition amounts to. For, if a man may be a director in more than one corporation, of course it is for him to determine in what corporations he will consent to serve. The law could not successfully discriminate; so Mr. Bryan's remedy amounts to forbidding any man to be a director in more than one corporation. As a matter of practical business, however, the very ability and experience which place one man in the directorship (I am speaking of *honest* directorships now) in one cor-

poration make his service equally desirable in other corporations.

And, besides, the work of many corporations is affiliated, interwoven—and legitimately so. The truth is that no single industry can be considered apart from the other industries of the country. Absolutely every business enterprise in the republic dovetails into every other business enterprise. The factories depend upon the banks, the banks on the factories, the railroads on both, and the farmers depend upon all, and all depend upon the farmers. In every way industrial forces are related and harmonious except only when the villainies of business create injustice, confusion and discord.

But we are at war with and exterminating these villainies of business just as the law has always been at war with and exterminating the villainies of business. To prevent a man of honor, experience and ability from serving as a director of more than one corporation is arbitrarily to deprive the business world and the people of the whole country of talents to whose service they are entitled. No ukase of any autocrat on earth ever went that far.

THE IMPRACTICABLE FRANCHISE PLAN

Mr. Bryan's third remedy, aside from "dissolution," is the national franchise plan. Corporations doing business all over the nation should still be incorporated by states as they are now, says Mr. Bryan—by "trust creating states," as Mr. Bryan admits them to be; but he says that the national government should require every such corporation to take out a national franchise for doing business outside of the state of its creation; this franchise not to be granted when such corporation commits any of the evils known as "trust evils" and to be withdrawn whenever this condition is not complied with.

This means, of course, that these evils

are those which each administration may *construe* to be "trust evils" under a national franchise law.

At first, I favored this plan myself. Its entire legality under the interstate commerce clause of the constitution is too clear for argument. Every decision of the supreme court sustains the absolute and conclusive control of congress over interstate commerce. So there is no objection to the national franchise upon the grounds of its constitutionality. Not a single decision can be found nor a single constitutional argument made against it. But the more I studied it from the purely practical point of view, the clearer it became that it will not work.

In the first place, if the national government is, through the franchise plan, to regulate a corporation doing a nation-wide business and each state is also to regulate it, there will not be anything left of the business after all these "governments" get through their "regulating." If the national government says to such a business, "You can not proceed except along such and such lines as I lay down," and each state government says the same thing, it is plain that these requirements will conflict. Regulation by states on every conceivable subject always have conflicted. Very well! As a practical proposition, business would be so handicapped that, instead of proceeding according to those various regulations, it would find it difficult to proceed at all.

Now we are not making war against *business*, as such, are we, Mr. Bryan? What we are trying to do is to "eliminate" the *evils* of business and not business itself. And ought we not to remember that the "evils of business" are, after all, infinitesimal compared with the benefits of business? Ought we not, after all, to remember that business is nothing more than the processes of production and exchange; and just as the common law was at war against the frauds and

oppression of business by individuals and partnerships and little corporations, so the new laws that we are talking about should be at war only with the frauds and oppressions of the big corporations and mammoth enterprises of these big and mammoth times.

CORPORATE BUCCANEERING

In the second place, under the national franchise plan each administration could grant, renew, withhold or withdraw the franchise from concerns doing a nation-wide business. If it could not, then the national franchise might become a permanent instrument for wrongs now undreamed of. And if each administration could act according to its own judgment in the granting, withdrawing or withholding of franchises, it is certain that all administrations would not have the same opinion as to whether the franchise should be granted, withdrawn or withheld. For example, certain franchises certainly would have been granted under Mr. Cleveland that just as certainly would have been refused or withdrawn by Mr. Roosevelt. And it is equally certain that under Mr. Bryan all such franchises would have a wholesale overhauling.

And if this overhauling should be accompanied—(I do not say it would "cause" it, of course—certainly not—such constant tearing-ups would doubtless help business)—by great business calamity, and thus a president in sympathy with all sorts of corporate buccaneering should be elected, then franchises would be granted in as wholesale a manner as they were denied in a like wholesale manner under Mr. Bryan. The result of this is clear at once. Business would be so shackled that it could not proceed in any large, American way.

I put this question right up to any American business man, little or big: Would you care to continue your business if you had a certainty of only *four*

years of *stability*? If after a good deal of trouble you secured from one administration a franchise to do business in other states than your own, how much business would you be able to do if you knew that the very next administration was likely to take away your franchise? And this, too, although you have only been doing precisely what the administration which granted you the franchise thought it was all right for you to do under the law. For you are at the mercy of each president's opinion as to the law.

More than that, if you knew that your present franchise was likely to be withdrawn in the next three or four years; if you knew that during those three or four years you were to be at the mercy of the political necessities of any administration; if, in addition to this, you also knew that you were to be "regulated" by every other state in which you did business; would not that combination of conflicting and spasmodic interferences induce you to go out of business altogether, or refrain from going into business at all? I think that we should find a pretty rapid selling out by business men of their holdings in large enterprises. The only reason why they would not thus sell out is because nobody would buy.

INSTABILITY AND CONFUSION

Of course, Mr. Bryan knows that the first condition of business success—honest business success—is stability. For example, the whole business of this country would be more prosperous under absolute free trade if the business men could be assured that that condition would continue for fifty years unchanged and without the agitation for a change, than it would under any kind of a tariff which would be changed every few years. Of course, the government would be without revenue under such a

tariff policy; but I am speaking now of business conditions considered without reference to the government.

Similarly, the business of the country would be more prosperous under a revenue tariff or a high protective tariff if the same were to continue without change or agitation for a change for fifty years than it would under free trade of any kind or a tariff for which there was perpetual agitation for a change. Every business man in America, be he free trader, protectionist or revenue tariff man, concedes this. Yet Mr. Bryan's franchise plan introduces instability, and, equally bad, confusion.

In the third place, if under one administration every kind of corporation easily got a franchise and was doing every kind of business, both sound and rotten—(Mr. Bryan will concede that one administration that would grant franchises to such corporations is quite thinkable)—every one of such corporations would become an agent for continuing that administration in power. They could not contribute money; for we Republicans have ended campaign contributions. But every one of their officers could and would be an illegitimate worker for that administration's continuance in power, and every one of its local and general offices throughout the nation would be a headquarters for that administration's political purposes. Thus Mr. Bryan, without intending to do so, would institute a universal political machine, more subtle, far-reaching and powerful than any yet dreamed of.

How much better than all this is the plan for the national incorporation of nation-wide business. How much better the law which I proposed in my last article to compel the publication of all the facts concerning a corporation when its stock is offered to the public—the application to American conditions of the English law on this subject.

[THE SUBJECT TO BE DISCUSSED IN THE JULY ISSUE IS "IMPERIALISM."]

WHOM THE GODS LOVE

By VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

Author of "Eden's Gate," etc.

BECAUSE it is good when we are old to remember that one creature has deemed us wise—especially if it be the creature we have loved—I, Karl Heffner, will give you certain of my boy's letters, which embody an episode in his life.

DEAR HEFFNER:

As usual, you answer the Fool according to his folly. But the Fool, who is hard to kill, experiences a mad desire to fling himself upon the comprehension of a Wise Man. Therefore, knowing that in the united kingdoms of science there exists but one creature which can rival you in reserve—namely, the clam—he proceeds, O Wise Man, to unburden his tortured soul.

Heffner, I am supremely wretched—I love her. Probably five minutes hence I shall be deliriously happy for the same reason. This renders your last practical suggestion impossible. As you have probably forgotten the *motif* of this madness I will refresh your Teutonic memory. I wrote you—

"DEAR HEFFNER:

I love her. What shall I do?

DWIGHT."

You replied:

"DEAR DWIGHT:

Nothing unusual. Take her.

H."

I can see you when you wrote that,—in your dusty den, a pipe midway to your beard, and chuckles of satisfaction chasing up and down your epiglottis. Take her!—Good Heavens! Could any power except her horrible fortune prevent my taking her? Don't you under-

stand that it is she who must take *me*? ME!—A paint-smeared, palette-scrapping atom of masculinity, who doesn't exist on her horizon other than as a fly upon distance!

Take her!—

The very thought drives me mad. Oaf!—Don't you understand? I *love her*. I mean really—I've read that it's queer when it takes one this way, and it is. *She*, as you are pleased to call her, came out of a florist's with a maid who carried a purple box and a string. The box meant American Beauties at a dollar a stem, and at the end of the string barked a pink-bowed abomination of the canine tribe that behaved like an apoplectic comet.

When I came from under her motor car with the barking infernal machine, she blushed an exquisite rose. . . . Heffner, her coloring would drive a Rubens mad!—She's Aphrodite or the primeval Eve! We saw nothing in the Fatherland to approach the corn-hue of her hair, and as for her eyes—I looked into them once and haven't recovered consciousness yet. She could walk on the Milky Way and not fall off!—She had violets—big purple ones—and I had the dog.

I assisted her in and tucked her ruffles after her—yes, I did. These miserable hands touched her honorable clothes! There was a feminine mass of black satin and jet beside her. When they puffed off, I stood looking after, holding my hat aloft, until Bleeker came along and said:

"Hello, Dwight! Catching bats?"

I loathe a man who is always funny. He had seen the green wheels and stood and wagged until I knew it all—Bleeker

is her cousin, it appears—all—and it all means money! Money!! *Money!!!*—he had it at his fingers' ends—steam yacht, place in England, villa up north, château in France, palace in Italy, big house on Elm Hill, Big Cousin living with her, big world breaking its bones before her, big salaam from Fate, straight along—and there she is.

Now compare.

Adam Dwight; thirty-three anticipative years old.

Six feet three in his stockings.

Half Briton.

Item—One attic studio. One easel and innumerable canvases. An unhappy devotion to art. A modicum of talent inherited from a somewhere Italian ancestress; an occasional check for a portrait, followed by ecstatic delirium for half an hour—until I glance at the looking-glass, where I stick 'em once a month—the bills.

Admit, Heffner, that she might as well be on top of Parnassus with a halo of unattainable stars around her brow. She is the egregiously rich Miss Fayne. Of the above summary, however, I made no sign to Bleeker. He has a habit of tagging after me, dog fashion, and would gnaw his bone in the studio if I did not kick him out. But Bleeker is that unhappy scapegoat of Fate who persists in turning the other cheek, and it is to Bleeker that I owe the turn of the wheel which has drawn me within speaking distance of *her*, for he has brought me a request from Miss Fayne that I should paint Big Cousin's portrait. He said that Miss Fayne remembered the incident of the wheels and the dog, and hoped that my hat was not ruined.

Remembered it!—I've remembered nothing else for a week past, in which time I have lived eternity's Seven Thousand Years. As for the hat, I would have converted it into a shrine, if Bleeker had not recognized it. In this week I have made life possible by pouring my soul out to you as of old—O best

of Dutch foster fathers! Respond to me, beloved and impersonal owl, as you have done since you undertook to play conscience to that part of me which you call The Temperament.

Heffner, I wrote you that I live only in the knowledge that I love her, and that her horrible, glaring-eyed gold is the bar between us. You have replied with your customary irrelevance—

"But the lack of money is the root of most evil."

For cold-blooded materialism commend me to a book-ridden Dutchman!

At Big Cousin's first sitting She came and remained long enough to etch upon my heart that which was already graven upon it by pain. She is shy—for a multimillionairess—and spoke little, except about the Picture, but her every movement is expressive of grace. She is the embodiment of that eternal beauty toward which we strive.

When the door closed upon her I lost her forever. Oh, I knew she was gone—irretrievably lost! Standing surveying Big Cousin, despair claimed me. She would never return; she looked upon me as a mechanic, a creature fit to dive under wheels and rescue dogs! Afterward, in his misery, the fool wrote to the wise man, and what has the wise man replied—

"DEAR DWIGHT:

The young woman's course is commendatory.

She who will not when she may,
Lives to fight another day. H."

Confound your epigrams!

Heffner, Big Cousin is a blunder. Nature does make them at times. She is large where she should be small and *vice versa*. She lacks emphasis, except in her hats, which are prolific in exclamatory aigrettes and interrogatory plumes. She smiles enormously and poses like an inflated Turtle. Her silences are yawning gaps, and her speech

irrelevant vacuosity. At the second sitting Bleeker occurred and remarked that his cousin said she might stop in. I could have fallen upon him with a mad torrent of questions; instead, I said:

"Sit down!"

This he never does. He swung on the window seat and said there were three chimneys on the house opposite. I was so frantically afraid that he would go before she came, or she would come after he went, or they would meet and she would not come at all that I would have locked him in the dressing room if it hadn't been for Big Cousin.

"Old man," said Bleeker, "seen Phyllis lately?"

Phyllis — I hadn't thought she possessed a name.

"Deafness temporary or chronic?" asked Bleeker.

"Who? — Miss Fayne?" I asked, studying the Turtle's effigy adoringly, "of course not."

Bleeker whistled.

"Well, I don't know. She's struck on pictures. New thing with her. It was music a while ago—now, wasn't it, Cousin Loolie?"

Loolie! Depend upon a Turtle for a diminutive.

The Turtle assured him that dear Phyllis had taken the greatest interest in the portrait; in fact, it was owing to dear Phyllis's encouragement—here I heard a sound that my heart would have answered and beat had it lain for a cen-

tury dead—like that of Maud's lover. It was a swish-wish and a ruff-ruff, and I dropped my brush.

Bleeker has a habit of staring at me when I'm at work. It gets on my nerves.

I CAN SEE YOU WROTE THAT IN YOUR DIRTY DEN, A PIPE MIDWAY TO YOUR BEARD AND CHUCKLES OF SATISFACTION CHASING UP AND DOWN YOUR EPIGLOTTIS.

When she entered, however, I placed a chair and uttered cold words and indifferent.

"Cousin Eddy said I might come, Mr. Dwight. I hope you don't object," she said.

Before I could speak, Bleeker butted in.

"Oh, don't mind him, Phyllis! He's a bear when at work; all great men are. Just come right on. He hates women in the studio, because he can't kick 'em out, and he'll go down to Mam Knolly's and sulk all day when we're gone, and drown himself in—smoke; but that's all right."

There are moments when to attend Bleeker's funeral would be a cheerful pastime. I assured her that I was only too pleased—commonplace words, sounding like lies. Heffner, she wore soft gray, with white ruffles from throat to waist. She had violets, and a plume rested on her hair. If I might only paint her hair!—Daphne in spring meadows!

We drifted into desultory conversation while I strove to paint. She led me to talk with that which seemed to me a sweet desire to prove there was nothing of the nabob about her. Once she stood beside me to look at the picture, and her ruffles swept my sleeve. . . . She seemed so near. . . .

Then she said: "It is very nice, indeed," meaning the portrait. This was faint praise and damning, but what can one say of the picture of a Turtle?

Bleeker piped in.

"Phyllis, you should let Dwight paint you."

My heart almost ceased to beat, while she hesitated, coloring divinely, with an appealing glance at the Turtle, who said:

"Oh, do, Phyllis, dear—that will be lovely!"

I dared not raise my eyes, lest she should read their madness. Then she said:

"Perhaps—some time—"

When they were gone, the Fool dipped in the flame of his soul and wrote to the Wise Man, and what has the Wise Man said now?

"Remember that he who wrote 'All is vanity' must have had at least one blond wife."

Old man, why don't you take me seriously? No one ever does. You told me once that it was the fault of the temperament which veils itself under lightness. I'm so miserable. I didn't know a man could have it this hard—why—I can't even work—I only think of her. . . .

I see that your postscript says—

"First and last, my dear boy, take her. Primeval methods may have been abrupt, but civilization has yet to improve upon them when dealing with women."

Heffner, you don't understand; I'm in terrible earnest.

Bleeker came back after he had packed and freighted Big Cousin, and stood upon one leg surveying me.

"It's a Fool—that's what," said he, "here I perjure my soul, getting him a good, fat order, and he won't reach his hand and pluck it. It's a Fool!"

"If you mean Miss Fayne's portrait," I said, surveying the Turtle's image as if nothing else existed in the world, "I'm not so big a fool as I look. She can pick her R. A.'s. If she wants me to paint her she will ask me. That's all."

Bleeker played Egypt on the window. Then he said:

"I don't know—she's a queer girl—Phyllis. She doesn't often take a fancy to—"

"What?" I burst out.

"Pictures," said Bleeker softly, "and she stands rather in awe of you, Dwight. She's got a tremendous notion that you're no end of a genius and all that. She's keen on geniuses. By the way, I told them we'd be up there to five o'clock tea; better go shine up."

Then the waters of wrath descended on Bleeker's head. He was shown that poor painters had nothing in common with heiresses on Elm Hill, except to rescue dogs and receive orders. I glared at Bleeker angrily, a brush gesticulating madly.

"How could she avoid asking me when you thrust me upon her? What do you take me for? A toady? A sponge?"

Drawing by Clyde Squires

Copyright, 1907, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

ONCE SHE STOOD BESIDE ME TO LOOK AT THE PICTURE AND HER RUFFLES SWEEP MY SLEEVE

"Fool," said Bleeker to his finger nails, "go brush your hair and put on your by-by coat. She expects you. Your modesty is appealing to the other sex, but will not obtain with your own."

Thus Bleeker gibed, while I sullenly made ready. Why do you all persist in fathering me? I've a good notion to cut the whole lot of you and go to Egypt and scratch heads on the sand for back-sheesh.

She is exquisite in her own house. Bleeker flung me immodestly upon her and left us in a recessed window, near which the ample Turtle sat on many cushions and reigned amiably. It doesn't matter what we talked about, it's the way she says things. She is wonderful! In ten minutes Bleeker bore down and said we had been there half an hour.

"You see, Phyllis, all artists are alike. You can know them by the way they squander themselves. Dwight's moments are gold, yet he flings them at us as if they were sand. In the same manner he lavishes himself upon a new object of devotion every week."

I turned a look upon Bleeker that should have prepared him for another world, but he enveloped the nearest girl in his mantle of small talk and left us for a brief, delicious moment together. Miss Fayne looked up at me comprehendingly and smiled.

"I do not believe that of you, Mr. Dwight!"

Then the god of the unexpected spake through me tumultuously:

"The only woman I have ever loved I loved at sight."

What madness I might have uttered, Heaven only knows, but she murmured:

"Do not men all say that?"

Bleeker broke in.

"Come, Dwight, the only woman you ever loved is in the other room; besides, you are wasting my time and opportunities."

I allowed him to drag me out and into the dusk. When we reached the studio he handed me one of my own cigars. I recalled his silence afterward as significant. While we smoked Bleeker appeared to be watching me. Presently he said:

"Beautiful house."

I nodded, smoking.

"My cousin spoke of wishing you to paint her portrait, Dwight. I intimated that you might be induced, but that your days are numbered—you don't seem keen about getting a good order, though."

"I'm always glad of a good order, and I'm accustomed to painting pictures I don't like for people who don't want them," I remarked indifferently. Bleeker looked perplexed.

Oh, come! You surely want to paint Phyllis! Why, man, Whittemore was mad to paint er—a—er—you know, Cupid's best girl—"

I suggested a Psyche-head.

"I never was more amazed in my life than when she—" Bleeker suddenly coughed.

"I should deem it an honor to paint Miss Fayne," I said, "but the truth is, I've pretty well decided to go away."

Bleeker looked at me hard.

"Happier world or commercial traveling?"

"Egypt first—I fancy. Splendid effects of—of—sand and distance in Egypt."

"There would certainly be an opportunity to study the effects of distance," he said at last. This was too palpable to be evaded. He took a turn up and down, then stood before me with his hands thrust in his pockets.

"Say, Dwight, I understand, you

know!—I've seen it straight along—of course, I know a man doesn't want to *jump* in—but—but—what's to hinder?"

In reply I pointed to the easel, the palette and to myself.

"Compare," I said.

"Oh, I've compared," said Bleeker. "I've done little else since the day you fished Cousin Loolie's dog out of the street—insufferable cur! But Cousin Loolie's a good sort—that is, she's good to Phyllis."

I made a vain grasp upon the impersonal.

"I fancy Miss Phyllis Fayne is good to her. Not many rich young women take care of their cousins."

Bleeker wheeled from a survey of the chimneys.

"Oh, I say! Rich young—What d'ye mean? Why, Jove, man, have you thought all this time that Phyllis is the heiress? Didn't you know it's Cousin Loolie?"

Then I saw the gate of Paradise open before me.

I shouted. I caught Bleeker by the collar and probably shook him unmercifully, for he roared and pummeled me. I laughed and crowed and paced the floor in turn.

"Why didn't you speak?" I demanded. "Why have you let me live such torture?"

"Jove, you've got muscle!" said Bleeker, rubbing his arms. "Speak! As if even a double-barreled, nickel-plated jackass would have butted in on you lately! Speak! You haven't given anybody a chance to speak English for a month! D'ye suppose I thought that you would mistake little Phyllis for the heiress? And you've been holding back because you are—"

"A beggar! A fool! A poor devil not worthy to kiss her shoes!" I raved. "Do you think she'll understand? Do you think she'll see me again to-night? Do you think—"

"Give me a chance to—" said Bleeker.

"By the way, Phyllis had seen you before the episode of the motor car; she chased me all over an art loan that she might have a look at—"

"Who? What?" I gasped.

"Your pictures," said Bleeker.

I implored him wildly to go on, to talk about *her*.

"Oh, there's little enough to tell. I—er—wouldn't mention your little mistake, Dwight. She's rather sensitive and—and proud, you know. But I might fetch her down here to sit for a sketch to-morrow—that is, unless you're going to Egypt."

I denounced Egypt in every term known to Ollendorf, and pushed Bleeker out the door to urge him on to the morrow. Then I don't know just what I did, Heffner. It was so wonderful—I had to pour it all out to the Wise Man.—With all her loveliness heretofore unattainable, she is within reach. It may be that she will deal gently with me.

And what writes the Wise Man to the Fool?—

"Your friend Bleeker is too magnanimous. He must be having his little game. When the human undertakes to control circumstances he works toward compensation; 'tis the law. Where does Bleeker come in?"

Bleeker is a mote, a microbe of time! There are but two beings at present—she and I. There is but one universe—the place where she is. There is but one thought—it is love.

Bleeker brought her to sit for the sketch, then he went into the rear room to write a note, which, from its length, may have been a revision of the Encyclopædia Britannica. I did not fear lest she should wonder at my change of manner—for changed it was. Now we stood on equal ground, so far as a man may when striving upward toward a lovely woman. She was mine, in thought at least. When the sitting was ended I sat on the step of the dais at her feet for a blissful moment. There was an appeal-

ing confidence about her which stirred my soul and made me madly happy. She confessed that she had wished me to paint her, but had hesitated to ask it—it was Cousin Loolie's desire, of course—excellent Turtle!—Her violets fell at her feet, and our hands touched. It was only a blissful second—but I felt that she loved me—or nearly so. It was so inevitable, Heffner, and did not happen, for it began when God breathed his soul into the first creature. She must be my own—no power shall keep us apart!—

It is well that Bleeker broke in, or I might have lost my chance of Paradise by opening the gate too soon; but had a spade been handy I could have dug up the mantel tiling and buried him.

When he had put her in the automobile Bleeker returned and we talked about *her*. Bleeker can be a most enjoyable conversationalist—I have never done him justice. He had the nerve to ask me what my objection had been in the first place!

"Could I, Adam Dwight," said I, "go to the heiress of Elm Hill and say, 'My dear Miss Fayne, I possess an easel and palette and am willing to endow you with them?' "

"Have you no faith in the superiority of genius?" asked Bleeker.

I told him that the World had not.

Bleeker spoke irrelevantly.

"Women are queer—they must be mastered—at least so I've read."

Mastered—horrible word! Fancy a shell-hued, flower-lipped child of dew and sunrise caught and mastered! She is made to be kneeled to, worshiped, Heffner, prayed for as one unconsciously prays for the door of Heaven to open wide enough to admit his standing in its shadow!

I discover that I wrote the assured words, "She loves me." How do I know it?

By a wordless moment when her eyes spoke to mine.

A horrible doubt sweeps over me like the wing of your own materialism. . . . I will go to her—I must know it now . . . first, though, I will read the last page of your letter—

"Your friend Bleeker is an astute man. I should enjoy a pipe with him"—

Bleeker is a high-collared product of modernity who does not part his hair.

—"He reveals experience and acumen—especially concerning women."—

Where women are concerned, Bleeker has a conscience of asbestos.

—"I entirely agree with him that a woman with money is a more compensatory investment than one without, but I have ceased to administer advice to the temperament which wields a pen, a brush or a violin bow, not because it does not need it, but because by the time it convinces you that it can only pursue one course, it turns like an irregular comet and pursues the other. The hallmark of the temperament is its circuity and its egotism."—

Circuity! Egotism! Haven't I told you, Heffner, that my very soul bows before her?

—"If you are determined to marry this girl"—GIRL—"I must know it at once. But weigh the matter carefully, for yours is a temperament that mainly needs a mother's care. Can she be a mother to you?"—

Phyllis be a mother to me—I wouldn't have Bleeker see that for a year's income.

—"And if you are determined, then take her, my boy. Nature changes but little with the centuries, and first or last, if you want her, you must take her."

I did it—you are to blame, Heffner. You unlocked the madness I have kept under. I went to her not as pleader, but with demanding hand, I fear. She was in the music room alone, when I entered and went straight to her, my hands out. "I love you," I said, "come to me—I can not live without you any longer!" She came slowly, the color ebbing from her

dear face like the tide from the shore at sunset.

"What do you mean?—Oh, why do you tell me this way?" she whispered.

"I never intended to tell you, because there was a mistake. But now that it is made right I must tell you at once—Oh, do you not see why? Every moment of life that can not be spent with you is wasted to me! Come to me—do you not know? Have you not felt that I love you?"

"Oh, yes—yes," she murmured, scanning my eyes, as if to read my soul, "I did know—and I—too"—

But I held her from questioning, even at the brink of joy.

"Wait—think well at this moment—I am only a poor man."

"I have thought," she whispered, "I know."

Suddenly she drew back, the tears making mist of her sweet eyes.

"Oh, be very sure—is it I, only I that you love?"

"As sure as death," I said, "more sure than life could be."

She put her hand in mine, silenced by the very marvel of it—then went from me.

"Give me to-day—because to-morrow I shall not belong to myself. Give me to-day!"

I waited, thinking she might return, but she did not come, and I went out into the dusk, content to feed in thought upon the splendor of the possibility. I walked blocks, unheeding the distance, until Bleeker suddenly slipped his hand in my arm—he appears and disappears like the walking gentleman in vaudeville.

"Come home, Dwight," he said, looking hard at me, "come home with me. Don't take it this way, man. There's more cure in time than in a hundred hospitals!"

I muttered inanely and went with him. When the studio door had closed upon us Bleeker threw his arm across my shoulders.

"Say, old man, don't! I know it's con-founded rough, and hang it, I thought I knew her! But you'll get over it. Don't you suppose I know what it means to—"

Bleeker coughed.

I called him names and swung him to and fro. I believe I smiled idiotically.

"She's going to marry me," I said, "*me!*—D'you understand? She's going to marry me!"

Bleeker sat down suddenly and wiped his brow.

"Jove!—I thought I was a pall-bearer! Marry you, will she? Well, I could have told you that a month ago."

As this was sacrilege I froze it on his lips. Presently he took a cigar and examined it carefully, standing before me grave and strange. This was a new Bleeker. I am learning several of them at a time.

"Dwight, as the die is cast, I'll confess. There's no use a man going it blind, story-book fashion."

Then he made his infernal confession.

He had seen that I loved his cousin and had fancied that she was not indifferent to me—Bleeker is imaginative—he determined to bring us together. It appears that she had met too many fortune-hunters abroad, and it had made her suspicious and unhappy. When he saw that I would not approach her, he conceived the notion of forcing it—all in the stereotyped romantic fashion.

I knew it all long before he had ended his lamentable tale—that Miss Phyllis Fayne was, indeed, the multimillionairess. Presently he shook my arm.

"Good heavens, man, don't look that way! How can it matter now? You wouldn't be such an ass."

"Doesn't the same barrier exist?" I said, as if he had been empty sound.

"I suppose she—knew all about it, too."

He swore that his cousin was all unaware of his deception; that she—but I turned upon him with a sudden fury that frightened him.

"Go!—Don't come near me—go!" I said, flinging the door open.

When I was alone with the mockery of it I laughed aloud.

"Fool! Fool! Did you think you could escape so easily from the net of fate? Are you not created to suffer? To eat the very bread of pain? How the world will mock you? Oho, Adam Dwight! So you are willing to receive alms at the hand of a woman? To have luxury forever! You are one of us—where, now, is your incentive for toil?"

I flung myself down, and, although I could not have slept, it was dark when I aroused, and the fire was out. . . . Perhaps it was reaction. There is a tremendous strain in being tuned to concert pitch and let down suddenly, and perhaps the soul's E string snaps in silence.

I lighted the lamp and drew out the old kit—the one we used on our last tour together—then sat down to write to her. I discovered myself coldly summarizing the results of this madness. What does one learn under a consuming passion?

The knowledge of despair.

The farewell of youth.

The silence of pain.

The pain of joy.

The blackness of realization.

Then I wrote to her, no matter what. I told her that I had been deceived—that I loved her, but would never approach her unless my conditions warranted it—that I released her from any claim my words had made upon her feeling. It sounded cold, but I felt expressionless. When it was done I threw some clothes into the kit, and while I packed them the door opened and Bleeker came in. He glanced at the letter on the table.

"Going away?" he said suddenly.

I nodded.

Bleeker stood, back against the door, his arms folded.

"Then what about her?" he said.

"To be sure," I repeated mechanically, "what about her?"

"If you use that tone again I'll throw

you downstairs," said Bleeker quietly. "Get up!"

I rose, looking at him—a new Bleeker, and it cleared my head. He stood threatening six feet three of me!

"Answer me! What about her?"

"Nothing," I said, the whirlwind being spent, "nothing."

"If your infernal pride only implicated yourself, I'd say go to the devil! But I won't see her—Oh, confound you, Dwight, you can't make a scoundrel of yourself if you try! Don't you understand! I know you better than you know yourself, but if I didn't, I'm hanged if I wouldn't thrash you!"

Then suddenly a queer thing happened—I sat upon the divan and laughed, I rocked to and fro and laughed, and Bleeker grabbed me by the shoulders and walked me up and down, his arm flung across them. Suddenly he kicked my kit aside.

"Here, take hold, man! I'd forgotten! By Jove, they'll be here in a minute! I ran around from the opera to tell you they're coming!"

"They? Who?" I said vaguely.

"Phyllis, Cousin Loolie, Count Kioskui!—here, shove this confounded nonsense away!"

He was pushing my belongings into the dressing room, regardless of my expostulations. I pleaded with him to say that I was ill, gone away, anything but available then. I seized my hat to escape, but he held me, and got out my Tuxedo and forced me into it.

"I tell you, you shall! Put your coat on! I won't see her humiliated even by you! Don't you understand, she knows nothing of this—this infernal change of mind on your part? Nice condition of affairs, isn't it? To make love to her one hour and run away the next!"

Bleeker broke off suddenly and brought a glass of wine.

"Jove, when you big fellows knock under"—he began, and the mirror told me the next.

When my guests arrived Phyllis looked sharply at me; did I fancy that she looked sharply at Bleeker also? The Count Kioskui is a small individual, who takes American art seriously, and would aver that white-wash was impressionism if Phyllis said so. Phyllis was so exquisite in white that I dared not look at her lest my will should waver, so devoted myself to the count, whose capacity for receiving information is boundless. He expressed a solemn desire to see Miss Fayne's portrait, and when told that it existed only in sketches, was desolated, until Bleeker suggested that Phyllis should pose on the dais in the attitude she had chosen for the picture. To my surprise she consented, and Bleeker drew the curtains before the dais, while I arranged her drapery, thus for an instant we were practically alone. As she stood she whispered with sweet seriousness:

"What is the matter? You are unhappy!"

I told her that I would give her a letter before she left, which would explain that unhappiness, and at the same moment Bleeker called me. It was to receive a special delivery letter brought by a messenger. As it was marked "Urgent," I opened it then and there, thank Heaven!

Now what occult or Heaven-born inspiration caused you to send it? Standing with a hand holding the curtains, behind which she waited, I read your wonderful words!—words which I could scarcely believe. . . . Yet, knowing you, O father of me, and better still, being friend of friends, I did not hesitate to believe. Bleeker says that the count thought me mad and crouched behind a chair. The Turtle clung to Bleeker, and I waved the letter and dashed behind the curtain, where, for a blissful second, I pressed her hand to my lips and whispered:

"It is all right! But tell me you love me! Oh, tell me!"

Drawing by Clyde Squires

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SHE TREMBLED, HESITATED, BUT LOOKED IN MY EYES WITH SO EXQUISITE A RESIGNATION
THAT I SUDDENLY DREW THE CURTAIN

"Yes, yes—I do—" murmured Phyllis, "but please get up!"

"Then may I tell them now? This moment?"

She trembled, hesitated, but looked in my eyes with so exquisite a resignation that I suddenly drew the curtains. I heard the count exclaim aloud, and the Turtle say:

"Oh, Phyllis, how lovely—like a statue!"

"And I am the happy Pygmalion," I said, "for Miss Fayne permits me to announce our engagement to-night."

Nothing exploded.

The Turtle fell upon Phyllis, who was blushing and tremulous. The count had trouble with his eye-glass, and Bleeker uttered one expletive. I wrung his hand, but it was limp. The wind was out of Bleeker's sails as I drew him aside.

"Now what's the meaning of this?" he demanded.

I thrust my letter upon him and he read the magic formula which had so transformed life.

". . . I have never told you, my boy, that I am poor, for I am not. But I have chosen to live freely, even as you live also, making over to you, meanwhile, that which I possess. This has grown"—and the mention of it, Heffner, made Bleeker's eyes open—"but knowing your temperament I withheld this knowledge from you, that you should first achieve through effort that which money could never bring you afterward. Now take the girl—take her

with your head up, boy, and with my blessing."

Bleeker handed the letter back with a sigh.

"An heir-at-law!" he said. "Extraordinary how everything comes to the undeserving; but it's one on Phyllis; she thinks you a poor man. The coil remains with her, now."

But there was no coil. I confided the secret to Phyllis while Bleeker telephoned for a supper and laid the table. That there was not a moment's reaction I owe to him, and tried to tell him so in a lame way, while I stood holding the cloth and looking at Phyllis.

Bleeker took it from me gently.

"May he never awaken," he said, "he's been a somnambulist for a month past."

We gave toasts to every one, and I proposed one to you, with a word of explanation, which Phyllis answered with love in her eyes. The Turtle strove to do her part, and failed signally, and the count, enmeshed in shattered English, succeeded tolerably; but when Bleeker's turn came he gave me a wicked look, as he kissed Phyllis's hand, and said:

"I drink to him the gods love. I know they love him, because, no matter how long he lives, he'll die young—awfully young!"

And I am, Heffner; there is nothing in my soul except youth and love of her. You will be here without fail on the twenty-fifth to give us all away?—Bleeker can not be best man, as he sailed yesterday, with only a wire, leaving his love for —



VICTOR Hugo's workshop on the island of Guernsey, where for many years he was an exile, is located, not exactly in the clouds, but almost within reach of them. Here the perturbed spirit might well find rest, or scope for fancy. It is not a room, but a sort of conservatory, on top of a big, ugly, three-story house on a hill overlooking the sea—that sea he has so extraordinarily described in "The Toilers." The divan suggests the Oriental phase of his character; the board, or standing-desk, with just room enough for an ink-pot and paper, that sterner side which called only for the simplest accessories in his work. When he wanted an even more clarified atmosphere than that of his glass cage, he walked out on the roof; when he desired a more subdued recess, he retired into a den adjoining; a darksome place, well adapted for assorting and concentrating the surging fancies, unloosened on the roof.

The three stories below constituted his

museum, and when he wearied at the anvil, hammering out tragedies, he sauntered among his treasures. No two rooms are alike; his apartments are as different as his books. He took four walls, bare, and wrought of them a fantasy. He played at decoration; put tapestries on the ceiling; made a royal bedstead into a mantelpiece, and did all manner of unconventional things. Old oak was a toy in his hands; its blackness pleased him; its rough, rude, rugged carvings appealed to an imagination that liked big strokes, whether with the brush or chisel. Pagan that he was, he tossed in sacred odds and ends with a lavish hand wherever they could find lodgment—carved church pillars and other holy trifles he filched from Brittany and Normandy. In the modern sense, he was not a collector of antiquities; he was an architect who builded with them. If he wished for an old chest, it was not to set it in a corner and say, "This belonged to the Abbot So-and-So in the eleventh

century"—but to saw it up; use the great lid for a door, and the carved sides for panels, etc. If he coveted one of those enormous crockery stoves, several hundred years old, it was not to preserve it in its cumbersome integrity, but to break it into its component parts, and then, like a great child, a Titan infant with blocks, build a chimney-piece, unlike any other in the world, and one before which he could stand, his hands in his pockets, after his fashion, with a background distinctly Hugoesque.

Many of the English smile when you mention the house; others—figuratively—shrug their shoulders. "Horrible!" "Atrocious!" They are a little bit right; a good deal wrong. The professional collector—with the Hebraic nose—would thrill with alternate delight and despair in this, one of the oddest homes in the world; gloating over the tapestries preserved intact—by chance; throwing up his hands at the spectacle of one ruthlessly scissored, by vandal hands, to fit a corner or fill a space. Here and there the visitor with a sense of humor may find secret gratification—as for example, over a tiny screen, fashioned by the dainty hands of the Pompadour herself! Fancy that light lady engaged in useful domestic occupation, making a pretty shade for the domestic hearth! It may be, also, at some time she crocheted a pair of slippers—for Louis; to keep him in nights. Who can say? If we knew, it might throw a new glimmer on the pages of history.

Sprinkled among the treasures are pictorial tidbits by the master-builder of fiction himself; Rembrandt-like trifles for light and shade; dramatic impressions, distinctly impressionistic, showing the artist hand to the finger-tips; suggesting, too, the mind of the man; that imagination which reveled on paper so often with verbal effects, horrible, fascinating: The jester, undoing the bag, to discover the face of his daughter; the hangman "squatting" on the neck of the

poor, hanged and strangling goat-girl; the skeleton that had been embraced by the devilfish!

A touch, especially theatric and impressive, is the Garibaldi bedstead which Hugo had prepared in the expectation of a visit from the Italian hero. At the head of the bed is an odd carving in ivory; a head, representing half a face, smiling and beautiful in the flesh; the other half, the skeleton—a cheerful symbol to regard just before retiring and immediately upon awakening! The mad King of Bavaria's device, recalled by the Hugo fantasy, is more felicitous. Ludwig painted the ceiling of *his* four-poster with stars. But the words engraved by Hugo himself on the bed for his illustrious guest—who never came!—offer a note of consolation: "Night;" "Death;" "Light." Involuntarily one thinks of the chapter on night in "The Toilers." The poet, however, did not stop with the philosophical and poetical greeting to the expected guest; on the wall are inscriptions and words personal:

"Garibaldi! *Le soldat héroïque*"—etc.

"Garibaldi, *a qui tu dressais un sanctuaire flamboyant*"—etc.

*"L'Esprit souffle où il veut
L'Honneur va où il doit."*

Certainly Garibaldi should have slept in that room at least once! The idea of inscriptions on the wall—outside of a Sunday-school room!—that has appealed to other literary minds may have had its inception in the Hugo "guest chamber." R. L. Stevenson's desire for big brass letters to hang in the hall and rooms of his South Sea home seems an evolution, or variation, of the French poet's conception of household decoration.

Not that the latter's inclination toward epigrams and poetic phrases for ornamental purposes was strictly confined to the Garibaldi room. In the dining-room appear various inscriptions.

DRAWING ROOM, VICTOR HUGO'S HOME, HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, GUERNSEY

HUGO'S DINING-ROOM

Upon the inside of the door are the words: "Life is an exile." Just what the poet meant must be left to the imagination. Certainly he had experienced exile—eighteen years of it; three at Jersey and fifteen at Guernsey—but they were the most profitable and prolific years of his life. He was of the world, yet not in it, a condition that would seem to have been ideal for fanning the flight of fancy; he lived in a house after his own mind, a castle in the air. And the climate!—who shall say it did not play an important part in shaping the trend of his musings? The weather at Guernsey has *temperament*; now are the winds soft as lover's verses, or pastoral pipings; then fierce as if all the breath of Eolus were concentrated on the little rock to blow it out of sight. To Hugo these latter periods must have been rarely inspiring, when a thousand demons whistled in the air and waves and currents rioted

in imitation of chaos. Then must the reins of imagination have been loosened to the tempest; we behold his word-picture of a storm—and recognize in it a bit of Guernsey weather.

Many stories are told of Hugo, while here, by old residents of the island who knew him, and some, dealing with his private life, might better have been buried with their subject. Why rob the *lion superbe et généreux* of his majesty? Other little anecdotes which throw a more whimsical light upon him are agreeable footnotes to history. One, new to the American public, as far as the writer's knowledge goes, may here be related.

A long time ago, the people of Guernsey, who pride themselves upon their loyalty to England, erected a statue of the prince consort on the Albert pier, and the late queen, wishing to show her appreciation, determined to visit the

tight little isle. Scheduled to appear on a Saturday, owing to stormy weather, she did not arrive, and the elaborate preparations for the day, in consequence, came to naught. Those who knew the queen did not believe she would land on the morrow—Sunday; she was very punctilious about such matters, and the populace of St. Peter's port acted accordingly.

That Sunday passed like every other Sunday. The good people in the morning went to church; there are forty-odd places of worship, French and English, on the island, and nearly all of them of different denominations. The sun, which never sets on England's possessions, could search out no spot among her holdings where the idea of the "British Sabbath" is more deeply-rooted. In the afternoon, if any sound breaks the silence of the narrow ways and pretty winding lanes, it is wafted in the form

of a hymn from manor house, country mansion, or cottage. Not a public house is open; a stranger, walking into a hotel where he is not a guest, can not procure a meal. And at nightfall—early—at 6:45 o'clock—the forty different denominations, unimpaired numerically, repair by their forty different routes to their forty respective churches. This is the routine; it always has been; it always must be, and it never must be broken in upon.

On such a Sunday, Queen Victoria, seeking the shelter of the harbor, decided to land at Guernsey. From his lofty observatory on the top of a three-story house in Hauteville Street, a man, happening to look toward Sark, saw the imposing royal steamer heading toward the lighthouse at the entrance of the place of refuge. It was the queen—coming in—and no one was out to receive her! The bailiff, the constables, the

GARIBALDI ROOM

jurats, officers of the royal court, Sir Somebody with the inevitable address—all were absent. The observer saw, realized, arose to the occasion. The "cloud weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears" became a man of action; repaired to the wharf.

When the queen landed a single figure stood there; as she walked by saluted with all the grace of his countrymen.

"Who is that man?" asked her Majesty, looking back.

"Victor Hugo!" was the answer.

When it is remembered that Hugo had been invited to leave the English island of Jersey some years before for his active sympathy in behalf of certain French refugees who amused themselves by berating monarchies in general and the queen in particular, the sardonic niquancy of the story becomes apparent. From a superficial knowledge of the island and its ways the writer does not feel inclined to question the anecdote.

Hugo's act on that occasion appears

the more gracious—or whimsical!—inasmuch as he professed a comical, personal grievance against the queen; once a year he was obliged, under the old feudal law, to present her Majesty with a couple of fowl! This due, called *poulage*, still exists. As late as March, 1905, the King's Receiver, as he is called, caused to be published official notice that all *poullages*, rents, etc., for 1904 would be received in kind at the rate of 3s. 9d. per couple of fowls and 2s. 6d. per "quarantine of eggs." So Hugo—scorfer of monarchs!—perforce paid tribute in good, old-fashioned style, laying his feathered offerings at the foot of the throne; but a friend gave the poet his revenge, with a jocular poem on the subject, skewering the birds with a pun.

A lyric poet has compared the little isle of Guernsey to the rock of St. Helena, but "*Sainte Hélène sans remords*," he adds: "St. Helena without remorse!" And so it may seem best to the pilgrim; a pedestal with felicitous legend.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN SITUATION

By ALBERT HALE

"WE WISH NO VICTORIES BUT THOSE OF PEACE, NO TERRITORY EXCEPT OUR OWN, AND NO SOVEREIGNTY EXCEPT SOVEREIGNTY OVER OURSELVES, WHICH WE DEEM INDEPENDENCE."

SECRETARY ROOT AT RIO DE JANEIRO, JULY 31, 1906.

IX

THE SOUTH AMERICAN SITUATION

This article brings to a conclusion Mr. Hale's series, which began in *THE READER*, October, 1906.

THIS is the situation: The nations of Europe are crowded and South America offers the only available land on earth into which the surplus can overflow. Who will occupy this virgin soil—when and how, by whom and under what influences will its productive acres be used for the sustenance of man?*

On the western slope of the Andes are

Chile, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador and Colombia, which may be called the mountain republics; their chief industries will be those, such as mining, in which is demanded a minimum of human and a maximum of machine labor; they have untilled fertile land, but not enough to draw great immigration, and it is to a noticeable extent already occupied by

*THE NORTH AMERICAN SITUATION.—A professor of the Royal Geographical Society estimates that when there are two hundred and seven persons to the square mile for fertile lands, ten for the mountains and one for the deserts, no greater population can be properly nourished and the earth will then be full. There will then be six thousand million persons. At present the earth contains something more than one-quarter of this number. At the regular rate of increase the earth will be fully peopled about the year 2072.

According to statistical data collected by James J. Hill, the United States within forty-four years will have to meet the wants of more than two hundred million persons. He asks: "How are these people to be employed and how supported? The United States has very little free land left, so that within the next fifteen years every acre of public land will disappear. As sources of wealth, the sea and the forest can no longer be taken into calculation; coal and iron are measurable but necessarily limited quantities, coal will be practically a luxury by the middle of the pres-

ent century, and the most reasonable computation of science affirms that existing production of iron can not be maintained for fifty years.

"England's coal and iron are so low" that the overcrowded manufacturing areas can not employ all her factory-bred working class, although she neglects her agricultural advantages; migration, therefore, takes place because the people instinctively recognize that land is the great asset of a nation's wealth and that consequently command of the soil means domination of the earth.

"We in the United States must look to it that our land is put to better service. Agriculture must be the mainstay of the country. Germany recognizes this better than we; so do Japan, France and Belgium. Our affair therefore is to cultivate the soil, because foreign trade alone will not make us rich. If we do not improve our own soil and are not in addition ready and willing to invest money in the soil outside our territory, Germany, Japan and China will control the markets of the future."

native races, who were impressed by the stamp of the Spanish conqueror, although there is so much aboriginal blood that they can by no means be compared to an Old World peasantry. These countries on the Pacific Ocean offer no attraction for the European statesman who dreams of an American sphere of influence; they are isolated by the lofty Andes, by thousands of miles of water, and they will soon be made more approachable to us by the completion of the Panama Canal, so that they will develop along American lines with eagerness, if we treat them fairly.

Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil and Venezuela (Paraguay lies between Argentina and Brazil, has no seacoast, and while her rich acres are open to settlement, politically she must act as do her neighbors) are the important republics of the Atlantic seaboard, and upon their conduct, as well as upon our attitude toward them, does the future of South America depend.

The forces at work will be twofold in nature—governmental and commercial. But before these are studied a preliminary survey must be taken if their application is to be understood.

East Andean South America differs in two essentials from the rest of the hemisphere. *First*, there is practically no aboriginal race left; in Venezuela the Carib Indian, together with the Andino, is disappearing, and the later Spaniard, with some Indian and negro blood, makes what is to-day the meager native laboring population. In Brazil the Indian has disappeared from all but the wild interior; in his place is a mixed race of African, negroid Latin, relatively pure Portuguese, Italian and Spanish laboring class, with the washed-out German colonists of the southern states.

Venezuela, Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina have one social condition which is common to them all and differentiates them radically from North Americans;

in addition to the fact that they all sprang from the Romance races, their social structure has two sharply distinct divisions: an aristocracy of wealth, or of education, or of blood (usually of all three), and a working class which as a rule possesses none of the three. This aristocracy is the governing class and inherits its attributes from Spanish or Portuguese ancestry; members of it may sink into the under stratum, but seldom does any one rise from below. There are, of course, instances where a peon has risen to the unofficial nobility, but there is nothing like the flux of society which we recognize and encourage in the United States. Practically every man whose name we read in South American history comes from the aristocracy; a common people such as we have here developed does not exist there. In the large cities like Buenos Aires and Montevideo the Italian or Spaniard may ascend the ladder as they do with us, while English and Irish blood generally pushes its immigrant into the upper class. In Brazil there is so much negro blood that it colors the aristocracy, and the rule is less apparent. This stamp of social difference is a barrier almost impossible for the Northerner to overcome; in the professions and in technical trades the individual—German, Scandinavian, Anglo-Saxon—may secure employment and advancement, but the working man, the farmer or the shopkeeper, however much he may do, can not find an atmosphere that will give him, his wife or his children, a healthy outlook on life. He can not get ahead because the social environment is against him. Moreover, in Latin American republics children born within the country of any parentage excepting those having diplomatic or temporary residence there, are *ipso facto* natives and must be classed as citizens. A foreigner, therefore, who is a settler, loses for his children the protection of his own country, and these children are legally Argen-

tinos or Venezolanos, etc., as the case may be.

This is the great reason why these countries have developed in a direction different from that which marked our own growth. They wanted immigration and they got it, but in chunks; the Europeans herded in colonies where there was no civilization into which they could be absorbed, and they consequently remained nothing but transplanted sprigs of the old world; they did not change their ideas or their methods, and two generations have done less to Americanize them than two years of public schooling on the same stock with us. They occupy land, but they can not settle as do immigrants with us. That is the reason South America is to-day rich in land but poor in labor.

Second, from Lake Maracaibo and beyond stretch unnumbered square miles of land which, in course of time, whether in one generation or twenty, must be brought under cultivation. All the scientific knowledge of intensive agriculture by which one hundred human beings might be nourished on the soil of one acre of ground, all the examples of oriental economy which show that four cents a day and a modicum of rice can sustain family life, argue nothing to the European who wants land and is willing to fight for it. The Malthusian theory of ebb and flow of mortality has been proven false; science is rapidly attacking epidemics and destroying them, keeping alive the weaklings who only a few years ago were allowed to die. Every nation, therefore, rejoices when its birth rate surpasses its death rate, yet Europe, tested by migration statistics, is already overfull, while even the United States, with its millions of untouched acres, and in spite of promised government encouragement of agriculture, is becoming crowded. The surplus population from these places must go somewhere. Asia is fully populated, Africa is fully exploited, North America is restless; South

America is the only remaining spot on earth capable of offering homes to impatient man.

The United States has 26.6 inhabitants to the square mile.

Uruguay has 13.5, plus, inhabitants to the square mile.

Brazil has 5, plus, inhabitants to the square mile.

Argentina has 5, plus, inhabitants to the square mile.

Venezuela has 4, minus, inhabitants to the square mile.

Belgium has 600.0 inhabitants to the square mile.

Omitting the coast line and the Orinoco valley of Venezuela, the sugar country and the Amazon valley of Brazil, the upper reaches of the Paraná and Paraguay in Argentina, the remaining area, vast as it is, and some of it within the tropics or mountain snows, is as capable of supporting the white man as the United States or Canada, and northern migration of individuals would flow thither quickly if it were not for the social question, irrespective of the instability of governments. But homes for individuals are difficult to make; men must come in colonies and land companies, and with sufficient capital to begin the attack on the soil. Venezuela in her valleys behind the coast ranges has as beautiful climate and scenery as God ever gave to man, all within easy reach of older civilization. Argentina has inestimable productive possibilities, but it is hard to think of her prairies as homes for the North European. Brazil, however, has millions of acres of untilled land, every one of which will sooner or later be as contented a center of industry as the valley of the Tennessee.

The nations of Europe have a twofold object in spreading out upon the earth's surface; they are eager to find land where their surplus population may take root and expand, but there is also an ambition, older than the lament of Alexander, which we to-day call im-

perialism, and which manifests itself in the desire of some peoples, whether ruled by a king or a president, to fly the flag on alien territory. The unoccupied land in South America is open to the view of any one sailing the Atlantic; it lies within easy reach of Europe, and sooner or later it must be settled and cultivated by the white man.

Other factors must be considered before we can pass judgment on the present and future of South America. The Spanish and Portuguese established the Roman Catholic *religion*, and this is the state church to-day in all except Brazil, where the law recognizes no difference, although the people themselves are largely Romanists. But history shows that a country seldom advances when it is ruled from Rome, and that civilization strides onward more rapidly when a country escapes from too close an alliance with any creed. Italy, France and Mexico have ceased to yield to religious interference, and South America can not show a full grasp of modern ways until she separates herself more fully from the Pope. I have seen the defects and heard the cant of the foreign missionary and often refused to accept him at his own valuation, but I must pause to express my admiration for the uplifting force of the American missionary, the Bible society and the Y. M. C. A. in South America. Their conscientious attention to their work and to the ideals which they advocate goes far to found and to preserve a high standard of morals and conduct—spiritual, social and hygienic—and to bring a grace which otherwise is entirely lacking. They offer, chiefly to the lower class, but to the aristocracy as well, an education which they can get in no other way, and it is *education* in the North American sense of the word which South America needs. Each country has a well-prepared law, with numerous sub-articles, arranging the routine of education, but for the average child of common school

age it stands for little or nothing. Outside the big cities distances are great, school buildings few and teachers untrained and inexpert. Statistics on education are inaccurate, and, after all, mere ability to read and write does not indicate the intellectual or industrial activity of a country. As peoples, the inhabitants of these four countries are poorly educated. All the scholarship, science and culture originate and pertain to the aristocracy; of scholarship this class has abundance; in Caracas or Montevideo one can find as thoughtful students of literature and philosophy as in Paris, but their scholarship is almost altogether intellectual, not productive. Of science they are great admirers; their hospitals and laboratories, although not so numerous, are as well equipped as those of the United States, and they teach all the exact sciences; but they do not know how to follow modern methods, and their principles are apt to be rather academic than practical. For physicians, engineers and technicians, they rely more upon foreign education or skill than upon their own. Buenos Aires and Rio can show as elaborate engineering construction as New York and San Francisco, while Uruguay and even Venezuela have wonderful projects for future development; but the plans are largely European, although the schemes may have arisen in the imagination and poetic vision of the Latin mind.

This imagination and poetry are the salvation of Latin America. Even in the lower class art is an instinct and beauty a thing preserved. From the remnants of the Carib in Venezuela to the newly imported Spaniard or Italian in Argentina there is no awkwardness; where one sees a shanty, there one recognizes an alien (northern) crudeness; but in native thatched roof and adobe hut are lines of grace, and this spirit is manifested in the upper class as *culture*. You can not travel through South America without finding an appreciation of art, education

and good manners; boorishness is practically unknown; kindness, courtesy and breeding characterize the people from the village shopkeeper and the cowboy to the cabinet officer, and politeness in question and response is almost universal; thievery is not common, and human life is comparatively safe. In the upper class and in the cities culture shows itself in a love of art; every city will have its municipal opera house or theater, to which are invited the best European artists who can be tempted by money. French and Italian troupes make annual pilgrimages to Argentina and Brazil, and Venezuela subsidizes foreign talent. Sarah Bernhardt has played often in Buenos Aires, Montevideo and Rio, and their inhabitants can not possibly understand the telegrams which said that she played in the United States in a tent. "Why, have you no theaters there, or do you mean to say that commercial greed would prevent the people from seeing such a great artist? How extraordinary!"

The culture shows itself also in the construction and government of their cities. Caracas, in addition to nature's advantages, has elements of beauty, while Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Montevideo and Buenos Aires are structurally among the best cities of the western hemisphere. When a South American comes to the United States he marvels at the rush of life here, at our activity, our industry, and at our material successes, but when he goes home he tells his friends that as a rule our cities are ugly and illy kept, and he not unusually expresses surprise that we have such unrepresentative citizens as municipal officers, and that with our proportionately high tax rate we allow the people to spend so little and the politicians so much. Generally the officials of Latin American cities are men of dignity and civic ambition, but they are not strangers to what we call graft.

Graft is the black spot on Latin-

American national politics. It is said that every man in office has his hand outstretched and that nothing reaches final signature until it has paid toll. It may be a redeeming grace that in contracts or questions of large import the first demand is that the country and the people will be benefited; the second consideration is to how much there will be to go around. A new railway, a concession for electric lighting or any public improvement, must first be accurately constructed, technically correct and conform to the best requirements of art, but in addition the officials must be conciliated. It is a system. Yet as a rule the Latin is too polite and diplomatic for coarse financial slugging; in fact, finesse and *diplomacy* represent the highest phase of his culture. From the era of the Medici and Ferdinand of Aragon he has been compelled, by national jealousies, by the machination of the church, to study the principles of intrigue, and all South America shows it. His development has followed traditions until he is the match for any statesman in Europe. One dear old friend, who has for forty years been in and out of politics, said to me: "Yes, Root and Buchanan and the rest of them came down here to be fooled just like so many others, and this fooling means that the visitor is made to believe that certain things are so and so, when in reality they are not. The taint of Machiavelli, which has been part of their inheritance, leads them to suspect that the United States is not altogether free from the same taint."

Trade the world over is secured by the person who can sell better goods for the same price, or equal goods for a less price. No other rule will work in the long run. South America fosters trade and is careless who gets it. Any American going to any city there, if he have pluck, perseverance, cash and good stuff to sell, can sell it if it is wanted; but he must study the markets, he must act hon-

estly, learn the customs of the consumers, and fight for what trade he can get, just as do the English and Germans. They are not naked savages, these South Americans, waiting to be clothed, grateful for the cast-off garments of a higher race; it is not the necessities of life which they lack, but some of the comforts, many of the luxuries, and, above all, the means to increase their productive capacity. This implies the better grade of manufactured goods and especially machinery, either for individual effort or for the larger industries, by which manufacturing plants of their own can be set in motion. American sellers must have their own agents and independent exhibits; it will not do to select an English or a German house through which to offer our wares. A dignified, high-grade *American* establishment, in Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo and Buenos Aires would do much to attract trade our way. This would encourage the establishment of an American bank, and would help solve the vexing question of an American line of steamers to South America.

It is not demonstrable that we must subsidize steamers; the great bulk of trade profitable to our merchants is and will continue to be in the hands of what we call the trusts. Kerosene, agricultural implements, railway supplies, many tools for the skilled trades—these find their way south of the equator, and the manufacturers can as well afford to pay for transportation as can the American people; but to pay a moderate sum for the direct carriage of mails under the American flag, properly safeguarding the contract so that the cost only is covered, would be a wise act. If the government goes further, the next step should be national ownership and management of a steamer line. If we can operate the Panama railway, build the canal, we certainly can operate steamers as a branch of the national postoffice. This would impress South Americans as the

greatest educational object-lesson of our power and dignity that could possibly be conceived.

But there is another feature of neighborliness with South America which seems usually to be unknown or forgotten or ignored in discussing the means of increasing our intimacy and thereby our influence over countries and nations with whom we have now scarcely a speaking acquaintance. I refer most emphatically to the *investment of money* within the territory itself in the way of large enterprises, such as railways, and all industries which employ labor and bring into productiveness the unoccupied land. These countries all have land to sell, they all eagerly beg for the brains and talent of modern productive life; they know that the skill to contrive, the power to build and the force to expand comes from North Europe and from the United States. Argentina and Uruguay are controlled by English capital and methods, Brazil partly so, though she has dreams and schemes of her own, and Venezuela has made only the beginning and still waits for the magician who can coin oratory into cattle and her love of country into commercial highways. It is a conservative estimate that England has invested in Argentina three hundred million pounds; in Uruguay fifty million pounds, in Brazil sixty million pounds, in Venezuela two million pounds. Germany in these four countries may have ten million pounds, and the United States perhaps six million pounds. At least forty per cent. of this is invested under government guaranty and subsidy. In some cases the nations, in others the states, give official security for these loans. Diplomatic representatives from these nations have negotiated for moneys and have given government sanction to the promise that the interest will be met and the capital be repaid. This is a principle of which we know little. To be sure some of our states have borrowed money abroad and

brought lasting disgrace upon themselves by repudiating these debts, but as a rule we obtain money from within our own borders. South America has no money of her own; she was for years exploited and robbed by Europe, so that she has now only land and the riches that go with it to sell. Every country there mortgages her customs, her taxes and her future crops to Europe, and has a reasonable hope that along with capital there will flow into the land emigrants and settlers who will develop her resources and become in time good citizens. Investments have been less safe than with us, not because men are trickier, but because a government guaranty has been necessary before money is respected, and the stronger the nation from which the investor hails the greater the prospect that this government guaranty would be observed. But to-day there are unlimited possibilities for the investment of money quite apart from such protection, because the national governments are getting stronger, and because the commercial nations are demanding that financial action be unrestrained and that governments themselves obey their own laws, give freedom to the expansive tendencies of older nations, and offer only that security which any self-respecting nation knows it must maintain or else be overwhelmed by the onward march of industrial civilization.

Any combination of capital can find in South America, as in Cuba, magnificent opportunities for investment. Energy will be required—American hustle—skill and forethought, but no more than is necessary to-day in our own land to make any enterprise “go through.” There are great possibilities for such investments; harbor improvements, municipal improvements, railways, electric tramways, electric power plants, telephones, land companies, and agricultural associations for the growth of fruits, grains, rubber, etc., as well as manufac-

turing establishments of all kinds. A concession must be obtained equivalent to charters under our state or city governments; but the prospect for future growth is greater, and if we wish such investments, they will furnish outlet for our younger brains, perhaps afford homes to some of our surplus population, and give us a vital interest in those countries. If we are not willing to invest money within them, and thereby to assume responsibilities (as in Cuba) which bring vital interests for good government, we have no right to direct or to dictate the course they may elect to pursue.

The future permits of three paths; which will East Andean South America follow? The *first*, which is to-day the line of least resistance, means the final adoption of European ideas, methods and customs. England and Germany are the controlling influences now. South American states will never voluntarily become dependencies of Europe, but they may gradually be driven to acknowledge that pure democracy is a failure and therefore be willing to see established on American soil a Europeanized paternalism.

The *second* lies beneath the overshadowing terror of a usurping imperialism. If England or Germany asserts that might is right, that their capital invested there is best preserved by a direct power which is responsible only to London or Berlin, if overflowing Europe can not be restrained and if they seize as colonial possessions the virgin acres of these relatively weak nations, there will be bloody war repeating with more benignant purpose the Spanish invasion of four centuries ago; but it will be a war of conquest just the same, this time not for gold or for booty, but for land on which millions may live. Commercially and strategically Argentina belongs to England. Brazil is loose jointed and might lose some of her territory to Germany

and England, but the country will remain democratic so long as the word persists in language. Venezuela is ours, as much as Cuba is, and Santo Domingo, and all the land watered by the Caribbean. Our influence there must be paramount so long as we have the strength to police the area contiguous to the Gulf of Mexico.

The *third* path means that in the end American democracy will be triumphant. England is our friend and she would like to see us do as she has done. But we must be neighborly; invest money, send honest men to develop these rich fields and to add fresh energy to their exuberant South American imagination. This is the only way by which can result a real sisterhood of republics to overcome the spirit of aristocracy and class which is at present dominant.

Although the recent visit of Secretary Root, in the flattery of his high office and the unusual charm of his personality, has done much to make South America less

suspicious of the future, there is still a fear that the United States is not a faithful or sincere ally, that instead of a defender of true democracy we have determined to become a land-grabbing world power, bent on beating into line those who do not act as we think best, and that our rod of chastisement is that unclarified thing called the Monroe Doctrine. In the United States this is a fetish; the people have heard of it, orators quote it, politicians dangle it before the eyes of the foreigner, but statesmen can not define it. In South America it is public gossip. The newspapers let scarcely a day pass without mentioning it, neighbors discuss it in the streets, and government officials hate it because they do not know what it means. If the United States government wants to act honestly and generously toward the South American republics it can not begin in a more straightforward manner than by accurately defining "The Monroe Doctrine."

A PAGAN

By JOHN RUSSELL HAYES

Beyond the golden organ tones
And silver horns of soft acclaim
I seemed to hear your angel voice
And dream upon your lovely name.

They sent soft incense through the aisles,
They raised on high the holy wine;
I only seemed to scent your hair
And dream upon your face divine.

Oh, am I pagan thus to kneel
In this grey shrine with ardor faint,
And 'mid the praying folk devout
To dream upon my own sweet saint!

"WE-ALL BIN HAVIN' A GOOD DEAL OF DISTURBANCE RAOUND HEAH, LATELY"

SHEHENS' HOUN' DOGS

By ELIA W. PEATTIE

Author of "The Shape of Fear," "The Door," etc.

EDWARD Berenson, the Washington correspondent for the *New York News*, descended from the sleeping-car at Hardin, Kentucky, and inquired for the stage to Ballington's Gap. But there was, it appeared, no stage. Neither was a conveyance to be hired. The community looked at Berenson and went by on the other side. He had, indeed, as he recollected, with a too confident candor, registered himself from Washington, and there were reasons in plenty why strangers should not be taken over to Ballington's Gap promiscuously, so to speak, by the neighbors at

Hardin. Berenson had come down from Washington with a purpose, however, and he was not to be frustrated. He wished to inquire—politely—why, for four generations, the Shehens and the Babbs had been killing each other. He meant to put the question calmly and in the interest of scientific journalism, but he was quite determined to have it answered. To this end he bought a lank mare for seventy-five dollars—"an' th' fixin's thrown in, sah"—and set out upon a red road, bound for the Arcadian distance.

The mountains did not look like the

retreat of revengeful clans. They wore, on the contrary, a benevolent aspect. All that was visible was beautiful; and what lay beyond appeared enchanted. The hill-sides flowered with laurel and azalea; the winds met on the heights like elate spirits, united after a too long separation; the sky was so near and so kind that it seemed after all as if the translation of the weary body into something immortal and impregnable to pain were not so mad a dream. Pleasant streams whispered through the pine woods, and the thrush sang from solitary places.

Berenson had ridden far, and the soft twilight was coming upon him, when he met the first human being since leaving Hardin. It was a slight, fallow, graceful mountaineer with a long rifle flung in the easy hollow of his arm. He emerged suddenly upon Berenson—so suddenly as to disturb the none too sensitive nerves of the mare, who shied incautiously over the edge of the roadway. The two saluted, and Berenson pulled in his nag.

"How far am I from Ballington's Gap, sir?"

"'Bout two mile, sah, if you don't go wrong at th' fawk. Bin to Hardin?"

"Yes—I left the train there."

"Did the folks there send yo' on heah?"

"Well, they let me come," said Berenson with swift divination.

"That theah ole Pap Waddell's hoss yo' all ridin'?"

"Why, I believe it is—or was. It's mine now."

"How much—if it's fair askin'?"

"Seventy-five dollars and the saddle thrown in."

A slow smile illuminated the fallow face—the sort of a smile that dawns when one perceives a joke. The mountaineer drew a long dark plug of tobacco from his pocket.

"D'ye chaw?" he inquired with pen-sive sweetness.

"I smoke," said Berenson, and offered

his pocket case of Havanas. The two lighted up, and the man walked beside the mare as they proceeded.

"We-all bin havin' a good deal of disturbance raound heah, lately," volunteered the mountaineer.

"Yes, so I hear."

"What with the Shehens defendin' theah h'athstones, an' th' Babbsses raisin' hell, 'twas bad enough—trouble an' to spa-h. An' now th' revinoopers—"

"I didn't know they'd been giving you trouble lately."

Berenson did not feel that he ran any risk in identifying his companion with the "blockaders." Loyal mountain sentiment, as he knew, was with the keepers of the stills.

"Yaas, they've bin amongst us ag'in. As I was sayin', all this makes us more inquirin' than polite, sah, an' it's my place to find out the business of them that comes to the gap. As we ah gittin' mighty neah thah this minute, I've got to come to th' p'int." He smiled at Berenson ingratiatingly.

"Well," said Berenson, slipping from his horse and taking his place beside his inquisitor, "you shall have a full and complete answer. I'm a newspaper man, and I've come down here to inquire into the meaning of this feud—this Shehen-Babb difficulty that has been going on down here for the past twenty-five years—or is it longer?"

"I don't know jes' the numbah of yeahs, but it's in the fourth generation, sah. But I don't see why it should consahn outsidahs, sah."

Berenson looked at him with genuine interest. He had a dignity and a grace that were almost distinguished. He bore himself with nonchalance—something as might any clansman, certain of the rights of his position, and firm in his ability to protect his own. He was young—not more than twenty-two. His tan-colored jeans hung easily upon his lithe and muscular body. His eyes had a kindly expression at moments, but in re-

pose were marked by a certain mournfulness.

"Well," said Berenson, "the newspapers have fallen into the way of thinking that everything is their business. They are probably wrong, but as long as I work for them—and I don't know enough to make my living any other way—I shall act according to their policy. Now, up North, we have become greatly interested in your feud. We have quarrels of our own up there, but they are not inherited quarrels. We don't carry on a fight from the grave to the cradle, and the cradle to the grave. We don't keep on fighting after we've forgotten what the row is about, and we want to know why you do. It strikes us that you have the habits of the old Highlanders, and that these vendettas of yours resemble the old wars of the clans—"

"Waal," interrupted the other, with a philosophical intonation. "We all are Scotch or Irish, mostly."

"That's so!" cried Berenson. "Of course you are! Anyway, I've come down here to get an impartial account of the whole matter, and I want to meet any man—as many men as I can—who will give me the rights of it."

The mountaineer motioned Berenson to stop. He turned to the side of the road, unslung a horn cup from his shoulder, and, stooping, brought it up filled with glistening spring water. He held it out to Berenson with a charming gesture of hospitality. Berenson bowed and accepted it.

"It's good watah," said the other. "I'm fond of watah myself." He spoke as if his taste were rather exotic.

"Waal, I'm powahful glad, Mr.—"

"Berenson—Edward Berenson."

"—Berenson, that yo' bin so squah in tellin' me of yo' business. We don't have many visitahs from ovah yon. 'Bout th' only ones that come heah ah th' revinooers, an' I needn't say, sah, to a man like yo', that they ah not pahicularly welcome. 'Bout fo' yeahs ago a fellow from

Mr. Wattedhson's papah did come t' these pahts when they was some shootin', an' he took sides with th' Babbs." (A pause.) "He nevah went back." They stopped on a level bit of road to breathe themselves, and Berenson received and returned the whimsical smile of his companion. "But what I like about you," went on the mountaineer, "is that yo' said yo' was goin' to be impahshal. I'm an impahshal man myself, and I think we should all be impahshal. Th' trouble with outsiders is that they ah not impahshal."

"Well, it's a fine thing *to* be," assented Berenson. "You make judges out of stuff like that. Any judges in your family?"

"One, sah."

"Still living?"

"No, sah. Passed away las' yeah."

"What was his name?"

"Loren Shehen, sah."

Berenson's heart performed an acrobatic feat.

"Are you a Shehen, sir?"

"I have that honah, sah. I'm th' last."

"You don't, I'm sure, mean that you are the last survivor?"

"No, sah, I do not. I mean I'm the youngest bohn. Theah's a numbah of us yet on Tulula mountain, sah. Theah's my fathah, an' my two eldah brothahs, an' my Uncle Dudley and one son of his, an' my second cousin Edgah—an' theah ah othahs, kinfolk, but not close related. The Judge was with us last yeah, but he was killed, by a hull pahcel of Babbs—a hull yelpin' pack of 'em."

"You've lived here all your life, Mr. Shehen?"

The mountaineer's eyes twinkled.

"Waal, not yit, Mr. Berenson, but I expect to, sah."

Berenson smiled.

"I should think, however, that in spite of the impartial disposition which you say is native to you, Mr. Shehen, that you would have difficulty in dealing with the matter of the feud without some heat."

"No heat at all, sah! You don't git heated when yo' speak of rattlesnakes, do yeh? They ah jest snakes! You kill 'em when yo' kin. Well, Babbs ah th' same. They ah the meanest set of snakes that crawl on theah bellies. That's an impahshal opinion, sah. Yo' kin ask th' next man we meet."

Berenson gave up all effort to keep a sober face. He grinned, then guffawed. He made the rocks ring with his laughter. The mountaineer regarded him indulgently.

"It's a true wohd," he said quietly.

"I haven't had your full name yet," said Berenson, when he got breath again.

"Bill Shehen, sah—young Bill."

"Well, I'm glad I met you, Mr. Shehen! I want to hear your side of the story from beginning to end. Now where can I put up? I want to stay here for some time. It's not alone on account of my paper. I need the rest. I'm tired. I want to talk with all the Shehens I can, and all the Babbs I can."

"Now that's whah yo' make yo' mistake, sah. Yo' cain't talk with both Shehens an' Babbs. If yo' go on to th' Gap with me, and bunk at my place to-night—an' yo' ah welcome, sah—yo've got to 'bide with us. Yo' will be counted a Shehen sympathizah. I don't suppose any one from th' outside kin ondehstand, sah. I don't expect 'em to do so. I thought about it a plenty. It's jest this: bein' bohn a Shehen, yo' nuss hate fo' th' Babbs with yo' mothah's milk; bein' bohn a Babb, yo' git silly mad evah time yo' see a Shehen. Bein' of one kind, yo' cain't pass the othah kind on th' road; yo' cain't heah of anything they do without a cold feelin' in yo' stomach. When yo' git to fightin' em, yo' feel like shoutin' like the niggahs at praise meetin'. I thought it ovah, sah, an' I've about come to the conclusion that it's a disease. Folks call it a feud. Well, I call it a disease—the Shehen-Babb disease."

Berenson put a hand on the man's shoulder.

"Well, then, William Shehen, if you've found that out, why don't you cure yourself? If it's a disease, it's a fatal one! It brings your men to untimely death, and your women to sorrow. Don't set your sons—when you get them—in the way of inheriting the same fearful malady. Get out and get away from it all. Do something besides destroy and make bad whisky. For you do make whisky, I suppose."

"Yaas," said the other gently, "but it ain't so damned bad." His voice had sougning intonations, like the wind in the pines.

"I'll wager you've got a bottle of it in your pocket now," said Berenson.

"Waal!" the wind was never softer on a summer night.

"Well, I've a bottle of the ordinary whisky of commerce. I'll bet mine is the smother, the nuttier, and altogether the pleasanter."

Three buzzards sitting on the dead branch of a Norway pine received a shock from which they did not recover for several days. They had seen walking along the road two quiet men, one sad mare, and a long thin dog with a lame foot. They suddenly beheld a swift change—a *tableau vivant*. One man stood at the point of the other man's rifle. The mare had jerked away and was backing, with frightened eyes, toward the verge of the steep mountain side. The dog had crouched down as if to get out of the way of trouble.

"I believe yo' all ah a damned revinoor aftah all!" said Shehen. He did not raise his voice, but he spoke between closed teeth. His blue gray eyes had become like points of steel. Berenson, equally tall, in his dark, city clothes, his inappropriate derby above his long, office-bleached face, looked Shehen squarely in the eye.

"I'm not," he said. "I'm just what I told you I was. I haven't a firearm on me. If you shoot, you kill an unarmed man. Besides, you will have made a mis-

take. The only trouble is, that while I like your jokes, you don't like mine. Up North, when we don't like a man's jokes, we tell him he's an ass; we don't kill him."

The buzzards saw the tableau remain, for an appreciable moment, undisturbed. Then the mountaineer lowered his rifle and flung it back upon his arm. He looked shamefaced. Something like tears came into his embarrassed eyes. Berenson regarded him coldly. The other, meeting the expression, flushed scarlet. Then he shook his fist before Berenson's eyes.

"That's it," he cried. "That's what I say! The life heah makes—fools of us! We ah afeahd of shadows! We have nothin' to show fo' ouah lives! We live to kill—that's it—we live to kill. What has my family done fo' the community? What *is* the community? It's a beautiful country, but what do we do with it? We live like wolves, sah—like wolves. Ain't that how we seem to yo' all?"

He was suddenly no more than a boy. His height seemed, indeed, to have belied him. He looked his passionate inquiry at Berenson, who warmed again into liking.

"Why don't you get out of it all?" demanded Berenson. "Cut it! Quit it! Vamoose! Come where they're doing something—where they're talking about something worth while. Why, you're an intelligent fellow. You've courage. You've had some education, too, haven't you?"

"Dad sent me to Hahdin to the Industrial school; an' I've some books. I take pleasuah in readin', sah."

"I knew it! Well, get out of this place and make a man of yourself."

Shehen said nothing. To the acute disappointment of the buzzards, the horse was recaptured, the dog recovered, and the two men went on side by side.

The buzzards spread their wings, stretched their necks with a disgusted gesture, and flew away. Silence fell upon the travelers. They were coming to a hamlet. Back from the road, bowered in roses, was a tumble-down house. It was built of logs, and divided in the center by an open chamber. Three wolf-like dogs ran out to greet Shehen. The mountaineer stopped to welcome them, rubbing his hands over their backs, scratching them behind the ears, and finally lifting one of them up in his arms.

HE WAS CAPTIVE NOW—THIS WILD CREATURE

"They seem to be very quiet hounds," said Berenson. "How did you teach them to be so well behaved?"

Berenson's companion regarded him with amusement.

"Thah's reasons, sah, why the Shehens' houn'-dogs *hes* to be quiet. We nevah did publish ouah place of residence! But thah's times when they cain't be kep' still, an' that's when one of the clan has bad luck comin' to him. They ah well trained, sah, but they do have theah times of howlin'!"

"And about that time," suggested

Berenson, "you want to get your rabbit-foot out."

Bill Shehen nodded.

"If you've got one handy," he agreed. "Fathah an' th' boys have been in a little trouble this week. They ah all away. Come in and spend th' night, sah. I want to talk to yo'."

It was said with the conviction that a refusal was impossible. And, indeed, Berenson considered it so. They put up the horse, and went into the great living room, which ran across one entire side of the house—three bedrooms occupying the other side. Shehen pointed to a crayon picture on the wall—the only picture in the room.

"That's my mothah," he said with a sweet and frank reverence. "She died last yeah." The portrait was a poor one, but it could not conceal the look of fatality in the dead woman's eyes. It was the same look that Berenson had noticed in the eyes of her son. A wave of compassion for both of them swept over him. He was left alone for a moment, and he stood before the crayon, seeing yet not seeing it.

They ate together, and then sat out beneath the hoary hemlocks, and watched the moon rise, scarlet, over the mountain's brow. Berenson felt at ease—at ease with the night, and the place, and the man. The whip-poor-will iterated his foolish call from below them, and almost above their heads the hoot owl cried.

"I can't say but that I'd be willing to get along without those two birds," said Berenson.

"They ah very insistin'," agreed Shehen. "Of co'se I know how to make that hoot owl shet up, but the whip-pooah-will is one too many for me."

"And how can you make the hoot owl hush? By killing it?"

Shehen grinned.

"Thah's ways of doin' things up here that you all wouldn't take stock in," he ventured.

"Well, I don't know about that. What do you suggest?"

"Yo'all take off youah slippah, sah, an' change the right slippah to the lef' foot an' see what happens."

The industrious owl was in full cry as Berenson bent to obey this extraordinary request. But her mournful gurgle died in her throat.

"She'll shet up now," murmured Shehen, lazily lighting his pipe. And so she did. Not another sound issued from her depressing throat. Berenson made the echoes ring with laughter.

"You don't believe such stuff, man?"

"No-o," pensively murmured the mountaineer. "We don't none of us believe in it! It jes' happens that a-way, that's all. An' I may say, jes' fo' yo' information, thet if yo' haven't on slippahs and it's inconvenient to change youah boots, heatin' a pokah red hot will do jes' as well."

"Thanks," said Berenson, and told of some family superstitions of his own.

But they talked of wiser things, too. Shehen liked books, as he said, and he showed Berenson a catalogue of the year's publications, with the volumes he had purchased or proposed to buy, marked off. He turned to serious matters; was fascinated with popular science, and expressed a wish to have a "star-glass" of his own. He knew the names of the constellations, it appeared, and he called his companion's attention to the color of the different stars.

"I may be wrong," the Washington man said to the mountaineer that night, "but I think you are wasting yourself here. You ought to have more appreciation of yourself. The only way you can take your own measure is by standing up alongside other men. You're made for happiness and society and some nice girl's love, and good books and a home of your own. I can't think why you've not seen all this for yourself."

The mountaineer reached a hand down to stroke one of the dogs.

"I reckon I've seen it," he said. "But my ole dad is one to have his way. They call him the Ten-Tined Buck of Tulula mountain. It never was much good runnin' counter to him."

"Will you come up to Washington with me if I get his consent? I'll stay here and get acquainted with him, and I'll locate you up there in some way. I tell you, when the chance really offers he'll want you to avail yourself of it. You'll see!"

The sound of the "branch" dripping over the rocks came to their ears. The hermit thrush cast the soft pearls of his melody upon the air. With infinite rustlings, the night settled about them, beneficent as a prayer.

"I mout try it up there," mused the mountaineer. "But I was always a home-keepin' fellow."

Berenson went to bed perplexed. The boy was as innocent and wistful as a girl, outlaw though he confessed himself. Having — inadvertently — finished too quickly and too disastrously his own individual interest in life, Berenson had fallen into a way of deriving vicarious zest by interfering in the lives of others. And the case of young Bill Shehen seemed to offer a rare opportunity for his benevolent vice.

Three weeks later Berenson went back to Washington. The period of his investigation had not been without adventure—even danger. He had made enemies and friends; he had felt partizanship. He had absorbed something of the point of view of these courteous, murderous, soft-voiced, battle-loving, mountain-whelped, clannish, affectionate, sentimental, law-defying men. He liked them—liked their inconsistencies, their excesses, their barbarism, their hospitality, their piety, and their heathenism. And he carried to Washington with him, as friend and companion, one William Shehen, junior, son of Tulula's "Ten-Tined Buck."

If Shehen was shy, he was also sociable. He had a way with mountains—understood them and answered them—but he had a way with men, too. He was always graceful, and he looked well in the soft gray suit which he got at Berenson's advice, and in the drooping gray felt hat. He carried himself with nonchalance, took long, swinging strides, looked men almost too insistently in the eye, and was rather elaborate in his courtesy. He had, as a part of his indestructible possession, a knowledge of how educated men talked. He had read, and he had remembered. Away from his native environment, he employed something of this knowledge, which came within his literary, but not his actual, experience. The soft tricks of his earth-born, forest-nurtured speech clung to him, but in Washington these were not marked as amazing. His *naïveté* and his gentleness won him friends.

Berenson soon found an office position for him, and he filled it with faithfulness, though his patron never dropped in to see him that he was not distressed at the curious wistfulness in the boy's eyes. He who had known only his own will now submitted, from eight in the morning till half after five in the evening, to the will of others. His days were given up to minutiae, every last particle of which was laid out for him. He had hitherto acted solely on his own initiative, or had followed the rough autocracy of old Bill, his father, the leader of his herd—the ten-tined buck of Tulula Mountain. He was captive now—this wild creature, whose caprices had been his guide. Berenson pitied him, yet expected ultimate happiness for him. Civilization might be rather a stupid escape from barbarism, but after all, when a barbarian got to yearning for civilization, as Shehen had, it seemed best to give it to him.

Shehen went to the Presbyterian church, and he sang so well that the choirmaster requested him to join his

baritones, which the young mountaineer did, with unfeigned pleasure. He sang with the open and flexible throat, knew his notes, and was as teachable as an intelligent child. He boarded with a widow who had two daughters, one other boarder and a flower garden. Bill used to work in the garden with the young daughter mornings before he went to the office. Her name was Summer MacDonald. She had had, far back, much the same ancestry as he. Something atavistic stirred in the two of them and gave them sympathies which could not be expressed. Besides, they were both young, they were training roses and weeding mignonette together, and at night they sometimes took a walk in the moonlight. They sang together, too, Summer selecting the songs, which were *adagio* and *andantino*, a trifle sad, and relating to love or religion. She had been going to the Congregational church, but she changed now, and went off every Sunday morning with Shehen, and after a while she got admitted to the choir, too, though her voice was not strong.

Bill liked it, however, the way it was. It flowed along like a pretty "branch" over the mica-starred soil of his mountains. Her face was pale and delicate, and she wore white frocks, and a wide white hat with drooping blue plumes on it. Even in the morning, about her work, she dressed in white, with fetching pink or blue gingham aprons, cut like a child's pinafore, covering them for neatness. With her light braids down her back, she looked like a child. She and Shehen were as happy as they could be. They used, sometimes, when they were walking together in the garden, to catch hold of hands and swing back and forth, out of sheer lightness of heart, and just as little children do. Bill never kissed her, but sometimes, when he was sleeping and the summer wind, perfumed from her garden, blew in upon him, he dreamt that she had kissed him. The

caress was as light as thistle down; it had the breath of violets, and it made him blush with happiness.

Berenson used to take Shehen around the Capitol, and to the Congressional Library and the Supreme Court Hall. He talked to him, casually, of government, of ideals of law, of the responsibility of a nation. He wished to make him comprehend what a nation meant, and to make clear that individualism need not include anarchy. He gave him a very good notion of how anarchy worked in cities, and he was not surprised to find Bill condemning it utterly. He loathed city crime, too, which seemed to offend him as being squalid and treacherous. Poverty touched him deeply. He could save nothing. He was always helping some one worse situated than himself. Berenson used to wonder if he was coming to have any notion of why the moonshiners were offenders against the good order of the government; but though Bill's impulses were all on the side of generosity and compassion, he still seemed to lack some comprehension of the real meaning of law. Berenson could never cure him of the habit of going armed. He would, at any time, have been willing to dispense with his uncomfortable collar, or his tie, but his toilet was never complete without his modest Smith and Wesson. The fact that he was, in wearing it, breaking a legal regulation concerned him not at all. It was a point of honor for a Shehen to go armed. That finished it.

"You'll be getting a promotion some of these days, my boy," Berenson said to him. "And then I suppose you and Miss Summer will be setting up for yourselves and making your own flower garden."

Bill settled a spray of heliotrope in his buttonhole. Miss Summer had given it to him from her garden.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "If she knew about Ballington's Gap and the still on Tulula Mountain, and all the

Babbs we all had killed, perhaps she wouldn't."

"Tell her the story and see what she says," urged Berenson.

"Yaas," smiled Bill, "eat the mushroom and see if you die!"

As time went on it seemed, however, as if the mountaineer would be likely to eat the mushroom. Berenson used to meet Bill and Miss Summer together, dreamful, on summer nights, and he noticed what seraphic intonation could be given the simple word "we."

"Have you told her yet?" he ventured to ask one day. Bill

"I out with the whole yahn'," Bill confessed.

"And what was the effect of it?"

"Waal, it was as if she didn't quite follow me. I reckon she thought I was layin' it on. She said young men liked to play the Othello game — that they wanted to be loved for the dangers they had passed."

"Miss Summer is a student of Shakespeare, then?"

"We've been readin' it togethah," murmured Bill happily.

Berenson could not help priding himself on his man. He felt that fine sense of partnership with the Creator which parents have when they regard a beautiful and virtuous child. Shehen the civilized, the pacific, the bookish, the lover, the citizen, the law-abider, was in part his product. Berenson talked of him at the newspaper office and at the club. People asked to meet him, and Berenson liked

nothing better than a Sunday afternoon in Bill's company. Berenson's friends regarded his *protégé* with mingled amusement and affection, and the mountaineer found himself with a circle of surprisingly distinguished acquaintances.

Shehen finally brought word that he had rented a little cottage—a four-roomed affair with a garden plot. He had a charming view, and, with plenty of seeds and saplings from the Agricultural Department, he didn't see why he couldn't be perfectly happy. All he and Miss Summer wished, apparently, was to be together, to have a roof in case of storm or nightfall—and both seemed more or less unlikely in their atmosphere of high noon and sun—and to have a patch of earth to grow perfumed things in. Berenson was delighted. He had not enjoyed life so much for a long time. Having been under the necessity of setting aside the more idyllic department of life, he now regaled himself with his creature's happiness. He had begun to visit the furniture stores with the view to a comprehensive wedding pres-

ent, and he had set the day when he was to go with the prospective bride to make the selections.

Berenson had his own ideas about how a bride's little drawing-room ought to be furnished. He had, indeed, treasured these ideas for many years. Now, for the first time, he had an opportunity for putting them into execution.

—TRAINING ROSES AND WEEDING
MIGNONETTE TOGETHER

The evening before the day appointed for this agreeable task, Berenson and Bill had dinner together.

"I may be wrong," said the newspaper man, "and I hope I am, my boy, but it strikes me that you're not looking quite so enthusiastic as you should be. Haven't you been sleeping well? You look like a man who's been losing sleep."

"I sleep well enough, but—"

"Yes. Well—"

"But three nights runnin' I've had the oddes' dream!"

"Not a disagreeable dream, I hope! You've enough pleasant things to dream about, I should think."

"Well, yo' might call it a bad dream, an' yo' might not, Mr. Berenson. It's—it's the houn's, yo' know. I heah 'em bahkin' all up the side of Tulula—howlin' an' howlin' like somethin's goin' wrong. It gives me a dreadful honin' fo' home."

"Did you write to your father and brothers that you were to be married?"

"Oh, yes, sah, I wrote to all my kin. I asked 'em to come daown, but I know they won't do that, sah. An' what's moah, the knowledge that I was about to be married would keep 'em from tellin' me if anything *was* goin' wrong."

"Well, I wouldn't worry. Dreams are out of date, you know. You are dreaming because you are nervous, and you're nervous because you are going to be married. That's all there is to that. It's usual under the circumstances."

"I reckon," murmured the mountaineer, "but I suah did heah those houn' dogs!"

He said no more about it, and left Berenson, to make his way to his sweetheart's house. Berenson, strolling along before going to his rooms, saw the two of them pacing back and forth in the little garden. He heard the low sound of their laughter. They were quite safe in Arcady, he concluded, and went to his bed well pleased with the idyl of his making.

The next morning he awoke with the consciousness of a singularly paternal feeling. He was to meet Miss MacDonald at ten, and nine o'clock found him at his club reading his paper and waiting for his breakfast.

He had unfolded his sheet and was settling back for the enjoyment of it when the door boy entered. He was making for Berenson, and that gentleman of well-arranged habits felt a touch of annoyance.

"A gentleman and lady to see you, sir."

He presented a card. On it were written in the girl's chirography the names of his lovers—just "Bill and Summer" in perfect confidence and unconventionality.

Something was wrong, evidently. Every step that Berenson took toward the little parlor into which they had been shown convinced him that something was very wrong.

It was, indeed, two white and drawn faces that he encountered, and the second glance showed him the girl's face eloquent with appeal and the man's set in stern and obstinate lines.

"For Heaven's sake, what's the trouble?" he broke out, closing the door behind him.

Bill pointed a quivering finger at the paper Berenson had unconsciously retained.

"Have yo' read that, sah?"

"No, I haven't. I was just about to when"—he had shaken the paper out and swept his practised glance over the headings. There, in their ancient and fatal juxtaposition, were the names of Shehen and Babb! Berenson's eye ate up the despatch. The vendetta was on again. Tulula Mountain was a battlefield. Old Bill was slain. So was Loren, his eldest son. So was Dudley, the brother of the elder William. Dudley's two sons and William's second son, Lee, were entrenched in the old Shehen shack. The Babbs held them there, be-

leaguered—kept them at bay on one side and held off the officers of the law on the other. The Babbs, it appeared, had accessions to their side. The trouble had broken out when some of the contending factions met, during a four days' rain-storm, where much corn whisky was dispensed.

"I'm going back, sah," announced Bill when Berenson lifted his eyes from the page.

"I brought him here to you, sir," cried the girl. "I could do nothing with him!

girl. Your honor is involved here, not in that death's hole back in the mountains."

Bill's face did not soften in the least. His eyes were as cruel as bayonets; his face settled in battle lines. He looked taller and his boyhood was gone from him.

"They-all have got Loren, too!" It was as if Berenson's words had not penetrated to his understanding.

"You hear him!" sobbed the girl. "Oh Bill! Bill, dear! I can't give you up. Oh, all our happiness together, Bill

"THEY-ALL HEV KILLED MY OLE DAD," MUTTERED SHEHEN

He came an hour ago and told me, and I've pleaded and pleaded."

"You'll go to your death!" broke in Berenson, seizing the mountaineer by the arm. "Or you'll make a murderer of yourself—which will be worse! Don't be a fool! Don't be a lunatic! Your duty's here! Look at that dear little girl. Think what she—"

"They-all hev killed my ole dad," muttered Shehen. The vernacular had tangled his tongue again.

"But I say you've no right to leave," protested Berenson, shaking him by the shoulder. "You belong here with that

—that we planned! And the home, Bill, and all we were going to do for mother and—"

"Great God, man," cried Berenson. "I can't stand the torture of this, if you can! You don't mean to stand there and break that girl's heart, do you?"

"I stand by my kin," said Bill. But he seemed hardly to know what he was saying. He had decided to take the ten o'clock train. He was in a daze; but the one idea persisted. He was going to give the Babbs something to do. If they wanted a target, they should have one. In spirit he was climbing Tulula by

those secret paths which he and his clan knew. He saw nothing save the motherly old mountain, with hidden and treacherous foemen in her fastnesses; he heard nothing but the howl of the Shehen "houn' dogs" lamenting the slain.

He would take nothing with him—none of the possessions he had accumulated with frank pride.

"I shan't be needin' much!" he said, a whimsical smile breaking his face for the first time. "I'll fit myself out at Hahdin." He was thinking of his armament.

Summer had given up. After he had unclasped her arms from his neck, she made no further protest. Her pride was wounded to the death. Her world was taken from her—her East, her West, her moon, her sun—as the Gaelic rune has it.

She sank upon a divan, and the tears had dried in her eyes. Berenson went to her.

"There's nothing to be done," he whispered. "I'll call a cab for you. Go home to your mother—to her arms. That's the best place, after all."

She stood up bravely, and he helped her from the room. At the door she turned and gave one backward look. Bill was standing as if turned to stone, but at that glance he threw his long, quivering hands over his face.

"Take her away," he groaned. "Take her away."

So Berenson put her behind the cur-

tained windows of a cab and stood while the vehicle drove down the sunlit street and out of sight.

Then he went back to the mountaineer. He got him to break bread with him. Bill would take little more—but he drained cup after cup of the black coffee. Then they went together to the station. They barely spoke. There was nothing to say. Berenson had not, for years, felt pain so dragging at the throat, the heart, the head, the feet of him. He was clogged and burdened with it, and at the last had only an impatient desire to have the parting over and be through with the sharper misery.

Bill strode before him, unconsciously taking the long, springing lope of other days. His blue eyes were repulsive, Berenson thought. All the sweetness had gone out of his face. Though for a glimpse it returned, when Berenson, in a swift, uncontrollable emotion, embraced him—this consecrated, mediæval boy, with doom written large upon him. So they parted. Bill stood on the rear platform of the train, tall, grim, uplifted by his hate even more than he had ever been by love. But after all, as Berenson reflected, love lay fiercely at the core even of his hate. The long train swung around the curve with a mournful wail, and Berenson shuddered. It sounded, for all the world, like "Shehens' houn' dogs" with their prophetic howl.

FRUITION

By EDITH MINTER

The spring seemeth merry
With bloom of a cherry,
Yet never a cherry.

The flow'r of the vine
Is sweeter than wine,
Yet yieldeth no wine.

When life is in spring
There's no song to sing,
Yet fain one would sing.

As life groweth long
There's voice for no song,
Yet all know the song.

WHEN BINGLEY OWNED THE TOWN

By WILBUR DICK NESBIT

Author of "The Trail to Boyland," etc.

"HOTEL, sir?" asked a cabby when Bingley came through the crowd with the rapid steps of one who is not at peace with the world or with himself.

"Not yet. Where's the city hall?"

"Four blocks north and three east. Take you there in five minutes."

"You're on," Bingley said, throwing his gripsack into the cab and getting in after it. For the seven blocks he meditated upon his wrongs. These were tangibly represented by a bundle of the city bonds of Hosterton, which nestled in his grip. All the hundred and fifty miles of the way to Hosterton he had brooded upon his grievances. Beautifully lithographed were the bonds, each with "\$10,000" done in bright green ink across its face. There were ten in all. And they were overdue. The city of Hosterton had defaulted. Hosterton was full of remorse and crying for reform; its treasury had a deficit of monumental emptiness; two of its once leading political lights were sojourning in that vague locality euphoniously termed "parts unknown." And Bradford Bingley, after wearying of heartfelt regrets from the city treasurer, had come in person to see why he could not get his money.

The Bingley who chucked a half-dollar at the cabby and then strode up the steps of the city hall was not the usual Bingley. Ordinarily he was a good-natured, nicely-spoken young man. Ordinarily, however, he had been in the habit of considering these bonds at their par value. He stamped down the corridor until he came to the door marked "City Treasurer." This door he flung open and entered the room. Near a window was a desk and at the desk was a woman—a pretty, young woman. Had Bingley been, as ordinarily he was, in a

pleasant frame of mind, his hat would have come off, he would have bowed gracefully, and he would have apologized for intruding, before stating his business. Not this time, however. His grip thumped to the floor and he approached the desk, asking:

"Where's the city treasurer?"

"Mr. Lilton is out at present," the young woman graciously replied.

"So am I—I mean, where can I find him?"

"I could not tell you, sir. He often goes home about this time of the day, though."

"Goes home?"

"Yes, sir. There is not much business to keep him in the office nowadays."

"There might be if he were here. I came on business."

"I'm sorry he is out. Is there anything I could do?"

"I think not."

"I'm sure he would be glad to attend to any business for you. He—"

"I'm not so sure about that."

"Will you—had you an appointment with him? He is so forgetful. If you had an engagement he will be terribly sorry to have missed you."

"I had none. I doubt whether he would feel badly about it if I had an engagement and he had missed me. He's not the only forgetful man in this town."

The girl's figure was being drawn up stiffly and her lips were setting into straighter and firmer lines at each question and reply. Also, her eyes were flashing dangerously—but Bingley was not noticing anything. He had not even noticed that she had wonderfully lustrous brown-black hair and dark blue eyes, nor that her cheek was the softest pink in the world, except that now and then

it flashed suddenly into a clean, clear red, nor that her neck was round and firm and white, nor that her hands were slender but tolerably plump, nor that—Oh, he just hadn't noticed! Anybody else would have seen all this at a glance and would have been taking supplementary glances to assure himself that his first sight had not deceived him.

"Will you kindly tell me whom I shall say called to see Mr. Lilton?" the girl asked, quietly.

"Yes. Tell him Bradford Bingley is in town."

"Bradford Bingley? The bond man?"

"That describes me. Just say I'm here."

"Why, are you— Pardon me for seeming surprised, but you must know every one in Hosterton has been talking about you, and necessarily we had formed the impression that you were—were—that you were an old, grumpy sort of man—a typical miser, you know."

She was smiling, and when Drusilla Rollins smiled the man who was so favored immediately began trying to think of poetry about pearls and roses. Bradford Bingley, though, was not in a poetical mood.

"I don't exactly fit that description, but the way this town has treated me about the bonds is fast making me over into a pessimistic old man. Tell Mr. Lilton, will you, that I'm at the—what's the best hotel here?"

"The Pudford House."

"I'm at the Pudford House, and I'll come over here to see Mr. Lilton as soon as he comes in. He might 'phone me when he comes back."

"Very well, Mr. Bingley."

He took up his gripsack with a testy air and started out. At the door he stopped, dropped his grip, took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow. The girl watched him amusedly from the shelter of her desk. He murmured something to himself, stooped as if to take his

grip once more, but straightened up and walked back to her.

"You'll—you'll pardon me," he began, haltingly, "if I seemed brusque in my speech. I've had a tiresome trip up here, and I had so much on my mind that I'm afraid I forgot the courtesy due you. You'll overlook it, won't you?"

She assured him he was in error in thinking that he had not been perfectly gracious, but he felt inwardly that she was saying so from pure pity of his embarrassment. This time he noticed the hair and the eyes and the cheeks and the fingers.

"You are Mr. Lilton's secretary?" he asked.

"No, sir. I am his niece. When he is away I play at keeping the office for him, and when he is here I help him whenever I can. There isn't much for him to do. Only once in a while does any one come in."

"To pay taxes?" This he asked eagerly.

"Not very often," she smiled.

"I'm much obliged, Miss—Miss—"

"You are entirely welcome. I will give your message to Mr. Lilton."

Feeling that she had rather the better of him, he retreated, this time bowing and not replacing his hat until the door had swung to behind him.

With that mysterious gift which Providence has bestowed upon those destined for such walks in life, the clerk at the Pudford House read Bingley's name upside down, while he was registering, and asked, while looking over the rack for a room to give him:

"Are you Mr. Bingley, the bond man?"

Bingley did not like the smile on the face of the clerk.

"Just because I'm the bond man, as you call me," he snapped, "don't get the notion into your head that I can be jabbed into a dry goods box against the roof and charged bridal chamber rates. I want two good rooms with bath."

The smile left the clerk's face, and Bingley was given the rooms he wanted. Soon he was installed; then his trunk came up, for he had equipped for a long campaign, if necessary. Our hero then had a bath and a shave and put on fresh raiment. All heroes do. Bath, shave and a fresh suit make heroes of us all. None the less, that is what happened, and the facts should be set down, because the Bingley in the changed garb, with his face rested by the shave and his body refreshed from the bath, was a different man. Still, he was as determined as ever that the leaden heel of delinquency should not trample his neck. He lighted a cigar and sat by a window where he got a view of the public square. In the center of the square stood the city hall. From his observation point he could see whoever went into or out of the main entrance. He mused upon the specimens of humanity that ambled up and down or loafed upon the steps, until he saw the girl from the treasurer's office come out. Then he sat up and began to take notice. The tight-fitting jacket and jaunty hat she wore made her even prettier than she had looked in the office. Half-way to the street she met a middle-aged man, who stopped and spoke to her. The man turned and looked over at the Pudford House.

"That must be Lilton," Bingley told himself.

The girl went on. He watched her until she was obscured by the corner of Conway's Mammoth Department Store. The man with whom she had been speaking went into the city hall, and five minutes later emerged, accompanied by three others. They made straight for the hotel. Bingley rang for a boy and sent word to the desk that if Mr. Lilton called to see him he was to be shown right up. Very shortly Lilton and his three companions appeared.

"This is Mr. Bingley, the bond man?" asked Lilton.

Why should they tack on that descrip-

tive phrase every time? Bingley held his temper, and merely nodded.

"Mr. Bingley, this is Mayor Thompson, Mr. Jordan, our city clerk, and Councilman Frimm, chairman of the finance committee. I am Mr. Lilton, the city treasurer."

Bingley shook hands all around, indicated the box of cigars, and told his callers to make themselves at home. A bell-boy who listened in the hallway has since narrated with great effect the snatches of conversation that whizzed from beneath the door of Bingley's apartment. The argument was long and vigorous. Bingley lashed the officials, the city and himself unsparingly. They had no business to sell bonds when they knew they never could redeem them. The officials meekly pointed out that they were not the guilty ones, having been chosen for office subsequent to that unhappy time when Bingley became the good angel of Hosterton. Finally the interview ended.

"What are you folks going to do for me?" Bingley asked.

"What can we do?" asked the four.

"There is no money in the treasury."

Bingley's reply is better suppressed.

"But," Lilton soothingly ventured, "the city will be good for the amount of its debt, Mr. Bingley. In time—"

"Good, is it?" the bond man exclaimed. "Good? You bet it's good! I'll just take possession of it until my debt is paid. This town is bankrupt, and I'm the creditor who is going to administer it until he gets his cash."

The four officials did not understand him. They bade him good day and filed out, wondering at the cheerfulness which had come upon him. Bingley lighted a fresh cigar, then observed grimly:

"I'm going to be the current events of this place within twenty-four hours."

Then he got out his bonds, took them down stairs and saw them securely locked in an inner compartment of the hotel safe.

When the mayor arrived at his office the next morning he found Bingley seated at his desk.

"Good morning, Mr. Bingley."

"Good morning. I've come to take possession."

"Take possession?"

"Certainly. Tacitly, I've got a lien on the property of this city. You're the mayor, but I am it. Until I get my money I'm going to own this town."

"Why, what can you mean?"

"You get Lilton and Jordan and Frimm and any of the rest of the administration here, and I'll go into detail. I'm a man of few words and many actions, and I'm out for business this trip. I'm not going to be monkeyed with any longer."

The mayor looked anxiously toward the door, and turned as if to go out, but Bingley stopped him.

"Don't be frightened. I'm not crazy. I'm in full possession of my senses, and want full possession of my money. If my capital has made Hosterton what it is, I've got an equity in it, and I'm here to declare myself. Now, get the other men here and let's come to an understanding."

Thompson sat at his 'phone and called the others up, asking them to come to his office immediately. Jerrold, the city attorney, was the first to arrive. Before the others came Bingley had outlined his plan, and the attorney was gasping with surprise.

"I've heard of a town hall in Maine being seized in that manner," he said, "but never heard of such wholesale work as you propose. Don't you know we can take this matter into the courts?"

"And at the end Hosterton will only be deeper in debt," Bingley replied. "I want my money, that's all. I haven't any use for the town. I only want it as security—and I'm going to have that."

When the others came in they were given an understanding of the situation and of Bingley's audacious plan.

"You can't do it," Hemphill argued. Hemphill was one of the councilmen.

"Watch me," Bingley retorted. "Would you like me to go into court and shake things up with an investigation? Your name is on those bonds, Mr. Hemphill. So's yours, Mr. McGorrity. Do you want history to begin repeating itself out loud? I'm not insinuating anything, but it seems to me there must have been an African gentleman in the woodpile when these bonds were floated."

"But you propose to upheave our city government," protested the mayor.

"Not an upheave. Not a quiver. No, sir. You fellows can go ahead as if nothing had happened, but I'm going to be the power behind the throne, and I'm going to set things on a business basis."

It requires trouble to bring out the best qualities of a man, and the thought of that hundred thousand oozing into nothingness had developed a subliminal capacity to control men and things which Bingley never before dreamed he possessed. Man will fight for love—if the lady is looking on; but he will fight for his money whether he has an audience or not. They talked nearly all the morning, and at the end of the conference the chief of police was called in.

"Mr. Gillan," said the mayor, "this is Mr. Bingley. He is the bond man and—"

"And you will arrest the next person who calls me the bond man," ordered Bingley.

"Pardon me," the mayor said. "Chief, Mr. Bingley, by virtue of his financial support of this municipality, is in control of its resources, so far as money is concerned. While we are all urged to the performance of our duties by that high sense of civic obligation which actuates every true man"—the mayor was a fine campaign speaker—"while we feel the impulses of our inborn fealty to established government, still our salaries must be paid or we can not exist. Mr. Bingley owns the town."

Drawing by F. DeForrest Schook

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**"I'M GOING TO BE THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE, AND I'M GOING TO SET THINGS
ON A BUSINESS BASIS," SAID BINGLEY**

"I'll see that he has a good time," laughed the chief.

"You fail to grasp the idea," the mayor explained. "Mr. Bingley is not a sightseer. He is taking charge of the city government—at least until the city pays him a little matter of one hundred thousand dollars, now long overdue. What he says goes."

"Mr. Bingley is the whole thing?" the chief inquired.

"Actually, not officially. So far as the duties of the city government are concerned, we will continue as we have been, but—"

"But I'm running things," Bingley finished for him.

Under the wing of the chief of police he made a trip to the waterworks station, also through the one city park along the river, and over the city buildings. A detail from the chain gang was set at work scrubbing and cleaning the jail, and another squad took mops and buckets and gave the city hall the first overhauling it had ever had.

"First thing to do, if you want to realize on an investment," Bingley said, "is to put the property in good shape."

After thanking the chief for his kindness, and leaving him at his office in the jail building, Bingley strolled through the city hall and stopped at the door marked "City Treasurer." The pretty young woman was again at the desk, and Mr. Linton was this time in the office.

"Looks like another room, doesn't it, Mr. Bingley?" asked the city treasurer, indicating the spotless floor and the shining windows. Bingley had instructed the boss of the chain gang to clean this room first of all.

"It looks better, that's true," Bingley agreed.

"My niece, Miss Drusilla Rollins," the treasurer said. "Drusilla, this is Mr. Bingley."

Miss Rollins wore a more fetching suit than the one of the day before, but she could not have improved upon her hair

and her eyes and her cheeks and her hands. Bingley asked if he might sit down. Linton handed him a chair, and he began to redeem himself with Drusilla. But, while her manner toward him was civil and courteous, underlying her words and her attitude there seemed to be a sentiment of dislike. Bingley reasoned that this was brought about by the unpleasant first impression he had made, and did his best to retrieve himself. Still he felt that he could not make any headway. He rose and said he must be going.

"Do you expect to be in town very long?" Linton asked.

"I can not tell, I'm glad to say," Bingley replied, looking pleasantly at Drusilla, who received this information with much unconcern.

"Drop in often," Linton invited.

"I'll have to. Got to keep my finger on the public pulse, you know."

"The public purse, you mean," Linton laughed, sagely.

Bingley hesitated for a moment. Clearly he was awaiting some further words from Linton or Drusilla.

"If you have nothing better to do of evenings—there isn't much going on in town now," Linton said, hospitably, "come down and see us at the house any time."

"I'm a stranger in a strange land," Bingley began, when Linton said:

"And you seem to think you have been taken in."

"But that was before I came. Whether I continue taken in or not remains to be seen."

"Yes. Well, good afternoon, if you must go. Don't forget to drop in at the house to see us."

"I'm afraid the people here will be gathering an unpleasant opinion of me," Bingley observed; "but you know business is business."

"Oh, they won't think too hardly of you."

"I'm glad of that. Good day."

"Good day. Come down and see us."

"Thank you. I shall be apt to call almost any evening, because the Pudford House is not a happy spot for me at night. It's too quiet."

When he was gone Drusilla said:

"Uncle, Mr. Bingley will think you were awfully forward in pressing him so strongly to call. One would almost think you wanted him to see—to see—"

"Well, he's a nice fellow, anyhow."

Bingley became at once the busiest man who had ever been in Hosterton. He entered enthusiastically into his rôle, overriding protests and browbeating those who sought to oust him. He impressed upon everybody that he was a business man, was there for business reasons, and that so long as he was deprived of his one hundred thousand dollars he was going to run things in a business way.

"It ain't," said one of the leading citizens to an interested group in the lobby of the Pudford House, "it ain't that he isn't putting municipal affairs on a business basis, but it's the dodging looks of the thing! Looks as if we'd ought to have done long ago just what he is doing."

What he was doing was simple enough. He was lopping off expenses; he was making city employes do their work or be dropped from the payroll; he was seeing to it that every cent which could be saved was put into the treasury, and that not a cent was spent without full return. His method was the unusual and unexpected—but never the unnecessary, unless we except the severest shock he gave to the citizens. This was one evening when he was at fire department headquarters, and a "still" alarm came in by telephone.

"Where is the fire?" he asked the chief, when that worthy turned from the telephone and started for his wagon.

"Frimm's."

"Wait. Don't make the run until I tell you to go."

Taking up the receiver, he heard Frimm still making earnest appeals for haste.

"Mr. Frimm?" he broke in.

"Yes. My house is—"

"I know. This is Bingley. Say, Frimm, when did you pay your taxes the last time?"

"What's that got to do with it? My house is afire!"

"Your taxes are delinquent for three years. How do you expect us to give you protection if you don't support the city?"

"Great heavens, Bingley! This is no time to—"

"It's the very time, sir. Will you settle your delinquent taxes to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes! Hurry up! The roof is—"

"Let 'em go, chief!"

Next day a score of delinquents, who had heard of Frimm's experience, visited the treasurer's office and squared accounts. Bingley called during the afternoon, and expected to find Drusilla pleased with him. On the contrary, there was a reproachful expression in her eyes. Determined to know what was causing this barrier of chilliness, he asked:

"Miss Rollins, will you please tell me why you do not like me?"

"That is an odd question."

"But it is a sensible one. It seems to me that you have had a dislike for me since the first day I came here. Is it because I took hold of things here as I have?"

"Why, Mr. Bingley, your business affairs can have no concern for me. You have no right to say that I dislike you."

"Well, I hope I'm mistaken. Somehow I had formed the idea that you had a very slight opinion of me. I should be sorry if that were true."

"Laying that aside, Mr. Bingley, don't you think this proclamation of yours in to-day's papers, announcing a bargain day in police court, is sufficient to lower you in almost any one's esteem?"

Bingley started with surprise. He had advertised that all who were brought before the magistrate for trial on Tuesday, provided the charge would be simple intoxication, would be let off with a fine of one dollar and no costs or imprisonment.

"Why," he asked, "what's wrong with that proclamation?"

"Can you ask? You said you intended to make Hosterton a better place, and here you are offering inducements to the young men and old men—to all the men—to become intoxicated."

"On Monday night only," he remarked, his eyes twinkling.

"Well, it's just terrible! It's just as bad on Monday night as on any other."

"I should think a girl as bright and clever as you would have seen the point of that proclamation at once."

"Of course I can, and I do. Aunt Lilton and I talked it over after breakfast this morning. She said she really had grown to like you, since you had called at the house, but that this put you in an entirely different light. You want more men to get drunk so that there will be more fines paid in and more money in the treasury to pay you your hateful old claim! It is sordid—and wicked!"

Those beautiful dark blue eyes, which have been mentioned in a foregoing paragraph, gleamed indignantly.

"Just a minute," Bingley begged, as she turned away from him. "Now, it's as plain as day, if you understand it. All these men have been getting drunk Saturday night. Why? Because they are paid off then, and they know they do not have to work Sunday. Very well. If they fall off the water wagon Monday night and are unable to work Tuesday, somebody else will get their places and their jobs will be gone. Result: Nobody gets drunk Monday night, and my Tuesday bargain inducements in the police court are a failure."

The next Tuesday the only penitent before the magistrate was an individual who had walked into town, and who had

acquired his hilarity by begging nickels on the street and spending them at places which offered "Chicago bowls for five cents." As an indirect result of the police court bargain day Bingley also could see that there was a slight softening in Drusilla's attitude toward him; but still she seemed to regard him with a sort of semi-suspicion that he could not fathom.

There were certain of the elders of the city who did not view his usurpation of their rights and privileges with calmness. They had set about to undo him, and at last they played their biggest trump. A committee went from Hosterton to the state capitol and called on the governor. He had been awaiting a visit from just such a committee.

Now the governor had won his nomination in a contest against one of Hosterton's favorite sons, and the favorite son had gone home from the convention with a smile on his face and a long, keen knife in his sleeve. When the governor, as a candidate, spoke in Hosterton, the crowd was not only slim but unmannerly, and a choice selection of carrots, cabbages and other testimonials of disregard had been passed toward him by some parties beyond the fringe of the gathering. From this one may form a conception of the tender sympathy with which the governor viewed the plight of Hosterton. When the spokesman of the committee had concluded his exposition of the case, the governor was asked:

"What would you advise us to do?"

The governor tugged at his mustache to hide a smile. Apparently he was turning the situation over in his mind. At last he spoke:

"Bingley bought the bonds?"

"Oh, yes. He bought them."

"Hosterton got the money?"

"Well, you see, the way things were running at that time—"

"Never mind that. The bonds were issued by the city of Hosterton?"

"Yes."

"Then, if I were the city of Hosterton, and I owed a man money, and he came around and seized my property and bossed me all over the shop, as you say this man Bingley is doing, I should immediately—I repeat it, immediately!—take the quickest step to get rid of him."

The members of the committee chirked up. Here was solace and comfort. Bingley should be shown a thing or two. He'd see that he could not jump in and domineer over Hosterton.

"What step do you have in mind, Governor?" asked one of the committeemen.

"I'd pay the man and tell him to get off my premises."

When the committee arrived at Hosterton it was greeted with the information that Bingley had said he was going to hire a cashier and install a cash-carrier system from all the offices to his desk.

On the day that Bingley began talking about converting the empty jail into a ten-cent lodging-house for the unfortunate—which was the next day after he issued orders that people who were four years delinquent in taxes should not be permitted to walk or drive in the city park because it was not their property—on that day there arose a howl of execration. Bingley was making the city a byword among its sisters. Pert paragraphers all over the country had rung the changes on Hosterton's plight, and all attempts to induce the state officials to do something, to sue for an injunction, or call out the troops, or to arrest Bingley for treason, or whatever he might be committing, had failed. Yet, with success perching on his banner, with fame walking at his side, he had not been in good humor for more than a week. That indefinable shadow still spread its impalpable shape between him and Drussilla. What it was and why it was there he could not understand. He could not have defined it, but her half-concealed hauteur toward him, and the way she

covertly studied him, filled him with worry—more worry than even the unpaid bonds had ever been able to give him. He was satisfied with the situation in the municipality. But he was dissatisfied with the situation as regarded Miss Rollins. This dissatisfaction may have been the reason for his listening without impatience to the one hundred and tenth invitation to talk the bond matter over and see if some satisfactory settlement could not be reached. This time the invitation did not come from the city officials. It was from Jethro Wiggs, the leading banker of Hosterton. Jethro had come to the conclusion that credits were being impaired. Bingley went to the bank and was shown into the directors' room. There he found Lilton, Thompson, Frimm and others of the city administration, and the directors of the bank.

"Mr. Bingley," Wiggs asked, "isn't there some way to straighten this financial tangle between you and the city?"

"Yes, sir. The minute the money is put in my hands I shall drop control of the place."

It was the same old stone wall. But this time Jethro Wiggs made a gap in it.

"I can understand," he said, "that Mr. Bingley, not having witnessed the growth of Hosterton from a village to a city, lacks that confidence in the good faith of the municipality which I have. Taking everything into consideration, I am willing to advance the money to efface the debt to him, pro—"

The city officials jumped to shake his hand.

"Wait a minute," he continued. "I was about to say, provided that in addition to the bonds being transferred to me I am given personal security by responsible persons that the money I thus advance will be repaid to me, with interest, at the expiration of three years, in the event that the city is still unable to meet the obligation."

Thompson and Lilton went out, made

a tour of the business houses, and returned within an hour with the security Wiggs demanded. Bingley sighed with relief, and went immediately to the hotel to get the bonds. Half an hour later the bonds were in Jethro Wiggs' private safe and the hundred thousand dollars, in the form of a draft, was handed to Bingley. From the bank he went straight to Lilton's and asked for Drusilla. His elation over his triumph was dissipated by her continued coolness toward him.

"Miss Rollins," he begged, after some time of monosyllabic chat, "before I leave Hosterton, won't you please tell me what it is that you seem to hold against me?"

"Mr. Bingley, how old are you?"

"Thirty years—and eight months and ten days," he said, with forced lightness.

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"Why shouldn't you?"

She did not say. She resumed questioning him.

"Did you ever know a girl named Drusilla Moore?"

When she asked this she watched him closely, as if she expected to see him flinch guiltily.

"Drusilla Moore? Never knew any person of that name."

"How can you be so deceitful?"

She was on the verge of tears.

"My dear girl, if you will only be good enough to tell me what in the world you mean, I shall be delighted—or at least satisfied."

"Well," she began, as if reading an indictment, "my mother's name was Drusilla Moore." Again she watched his face, but, aside from an air of bewilderment, it had no unusual expression. "She lived here when a girl, and she had two suitors—one was Henry Rollins, and the other was Bradford Bingley!"

A smile flickered and faded on his lips.

"She refused the hand of Bradford Bingley, and he left Hosterton vowing

revenge. Now, Mr. Bingley, Aunt Lilton told me all about this the very day you came here, and we have come to the conclusion that your idea to own the town and to force payment of those bonds was part of your plan to pay back Drusilla Moore."

"But that Bradford Bingley," he urged, repressing a smile, "would be an older man than I. I am, you know, only thirty—"

"Bradford Bingley—that Bradford Bingley," as you call him, was five years younger than my mother. His love for her was—was—'calf love,' Aunt Lilton calls it. Besides, there are such things as hair dyes and all that."

Now Bingley began laughing. He laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks, and all the while Drusilla stared at him in amazement. When he could control himself he said:

"Listen. Bradford Bingley was my uncle. I had forgotten that once he lived here. Probably he never spoke of it, for the reasons that you have outlined. He married early in life, and he made money. He died when I was twenty-five years old. I had been named for him. For several years before his death he made his home in California, and he left me one hundred thousand dollars. This I invested in the bonds of Hosterton; and tried to make a living practising law. The hundred thousand was, and is, practically all of my fortune. That is why I was so determined to get it back."

This time she wept.

"I knew it wasn't true, what Aunt Lilton said," she sobbed, dropping her head upon her arm, which rested on the back of the divan. And Bradford Bingley, with a twitching of the lips which may have been emotion and may have been merriment, came over to her and patted her cheek—that wonderfully pink cheek, whereof mention has been made—and by and by smiles chased the tears away, and Bingley was stumbling

through a question and she, rosy with a lovely embarrassment, was faltering out a "Yes."

City Treasurer Lilton slapped Bingley on the shoulder and said that he was proud he was going to have such a nephew. Mrs. Lilton kissed the pair of them and declared that it was perfectly

lovely, for here were Bradford and Drusilla reunited.

"But," said Lilton, nudging Bingley in the ribs, "you don't own the town any longer, remember."

"No," Bingley asserted, "I own the whole world, now."

But there are times when one arm may encircle the whole world.

BEREFT

By FLORENCE EARLE COATES

Death took away from me my heart's desire,—
Full suddenly, without a word of warning;
Froze with benumbing touch her body's fire,
And darkened her young morning.

Death hid her then where she is safe, men say,—
Imprisoned in a deep-dug grave and hollow,
Where grief and pain may never find a way,
Nor any torment follow.

Safe!—and because of fear, they deem 'twas best
For her, perchance,—this thing which they call dying,
But cold she could not be against my breast
As there where she is lying!

Sometimes I dream, with sudden, wild delight,
That she escapes the cruel bonds that bind her,
And fond I seek through all the throbbing night,
But never, never find her!

Sometimes— But have the dead then no regrets?—
Ah, me! I think, though she hath so bereft me,
My loved one can not be where she forgets
How *lonely* she hath left me!

SOBERED by the dawning perception of her own maturing charms, vibrant with life, warming toward the fruition of the year, cometh June, with the dew of summer night in her hair and her apron full of roses. She reunites a continent divided by the caprices of the winds and the partiality of the sun. The winter locks up the North in snow and ice, fills the far Northwest with mist and rain, but leaves a fringe of mock-summer along the Gulf, and a spot of golden sunshine among the Missions and orange groves of the Coast. Autumn wraps the North in the dream and haze and witchery of Indian summer, while the South burns in the fervors of a summer wearing out her welcome. Spring surprises the world of winter with caprices and wiles that lure to indiscretions and then nip with frowns, charming with dear, uncertain delights unknown to South or Golden West. But June is the marriage month, the time of matings, and the whole great land joins hands in the mystic rites of the Communion of Flowers. The magnolia and orange blossom, the scarlet buckeye and glimmering dogwood are gone, and so are the wind-flower, the trailing arbutus, the pale blue woolly anemone of the prairies, the yuccas of the deserts. But everywhere are roses. They flame from the porches in the land of the crimson rambler, and they dispute with the trumpet-vine and honeysuckle the spacious *galleries* of the South. June, she who brings for one sweet moon the roving hearts of the four quarters of the nation into one mysterious fraternity of fructification, pours out her lapfuls of roses, and bids the world to its nuptials. And with eyes shining as in the days of Eleusis, the world responds.

IN our March issue we referred to "hasty judgment" as one of our chief national faults, and in evidence cited the report on the Panama Canal made by Mr. Poultney

Bigelow "after twenty-eight hours on the Isthmus." Below we print with permission and pleasure Mr. Bigelow's reply to our criticism, in as far as it relates to him. In addition to being many other interesting things, Mr. Bigelow is a proud and honored member of the Roosevelt Ananias Club. We are glad to "give the devil his due."

To the Editor of THE READER:

In yours of March, 1907, you say that "An instance of this snap-shot judgment was the scathing report made by Mr. Bigelow on the Panama Canal after twenty-eight hours' stay. . . ."

My visits to the isthmus were two—one of two days, the other of six weeks.

Before visiting Panama I had visited every island of the Caribbean in the study of labor conditions.

Before visiting the Caribbean I had spent the better part of twenty years in the study of colonial administration and tropical labor throughout the eastern world, no less than Africa and our own hemisphere.

Please give the devil his due, for I am, yours truly,
POULTNEY BIGELOW.
Malden-on-Hudson, St. Patrick's Day, 1907.

WHEN Mr. William T. Stead speaks, it is well to listen—and carefully consider whether he is right or wrong. He is a very useful citizen of the world, and very often he is quite right in his utterances. In his pilgrimage about the world as the apostle of universal peace he should have the respect of every man who wishes the world well; and his preachments assay as high in the gold of truth as any he has ever given out. His passionate denunciations of the newspapers, which blare abroad every incident in international relations that can by any possibility be exaggerated into the semblance of a *casus belli*, were just indeed. We have a newspaper in this country which claims the

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**WILLIAM T. STEAD (SEATED), EDITOR OF THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS OF LONDON, AND HIS ASSOCIATE,
DR. ALBERT SHAW, EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS**

At the National Arbitration and Peace Congress recently held in New York City, Mr. Stead proposed that nations declaring war against each other shall submit to a delay of thirty or sixty days between the declaration of war and the beginning of actual hostilities, so that further peaceable consideration of the *casus belli* may be possible.

"credit" of causing the war with Spain. All over the world, where the press is free, the unbridled license of newspapers in publishing, in its most irritating form, "news" of such things as the Japanese-school-children incident in San Francisco, and that without much regard to the truth or falsehood of their statements, is recognized by diplomats as among the greatest of dangers to peace. Wars now grow from popular passions rather than deliberate plans of rulers. Mr. Stead suggested that laws might be framed to punish malicious and reckless publications of this sort. Freedom of the press consists, not in liberty to publish anything and everything without penalty, but in the right to publish under penalty if the publication be illegal. Were a newspaper to print stories calculated to provoke breaches of the peace between private individuals, the publications would be criminal libels. It seems monstrous that the deliberate sowing of the seeds of war between peoples is beyond the reach of the laws which punish the inciting to private brawls. Mr. Stead's suggestion seems worthy of consideration.

POLITICS in England does not often contain such surprises as is shown in the sudden prominence of Augustine Birrell. Out of office after serving obscurely for eleven years in the House of Commons, this literary man and barrister takes his place in the Liberal government as Secretary for Ireland, and emerges from the gloom of his law chambers and library to become the most prominent man of his day in politics. There have been many secretaries for Ireland, but Birrell was chosen at a time when the chances were exceptionally good for the Liberal government to carry out its schemes.

Having accomplished the almost herculean task of putting the educational bill through the House of Commons, the secretary is now laboring to succeed with the home rule bill. Should this also pass, Birrell stands a very fair chance of high preferment if the Liberals continue in power.

He is by temperament cut out for a literary life, or for that of a successful barrister, and he has achieved success in both these lines, but apparently he has other resources. His mind is of the facile order, and it is not in the least unlikely that he will, as statesman, outshine himself as writer and barrister.

IF Professor Ravenstein, of the Royal Geographical Society, is correctly quoted by the press, he has recently published calculations as to the capacity of the earth in regard to population which are as interesting as the deductions of Dr. Meslier concerning the birth-rate. Ravenstein limits the capacity of the earth to twenty-seven to the square mile for lands classed as "fertile," ten for "steppe" lands, and one for "deserts," and thus finds room for six billions of people, or four times the present population. He estimates that at present rates of increase the pews will all be taken in A. D. 2072, or only one hundred and sixty-five years from date. Doubtless this underestimates the planet's accommodations, but it raises some mighty questions. When the pinch for room comes, will there not be some such frantic struggle among the nations for space as that in the Black Hole of Calcutta for air? Will the bitter need for land be met by the strong hand of those in control of it, or will the existence of a common right to the earth's use be forced into recognition? President Roosevelt has said that the advanced nations of the world can not disarm so long as those less advanced remain girded for battle. We may sadly admit the truth of this. The moral attitude of Japan is yet to be established. China is just beginning to experiment with real military prowess. The great masses of blacks and browns and yellows are either dormant or slowly feeling their way to a real place in the world in constitutions and reforms like that of Persia. The whites, having been ravagers and robbers for ages, in the name of the Prince of Peace, and having seized most of the good lands, are reaching the point where disarmament is within the bounds of serious discussion—when the word is passed that the pinch for standing-room on earth is almost upon us. The best use of the earth is not to be arrived at except by peace and justice; but disarmament is one of the measures looking toward peace which must follow and not precede the reign of peace in human hearts. Universal peace is the fruit of universal civilization. The world is not yet civilized. The present time may be one in which it is safe to lay down our arms; but he is optimistic indeed who sees no need for us to keep up the traditions of soldiership and knowledge and skill in all the arts of war.

LAST DAY OF THE RECENT NATIONAL ARBITRATION AND PEACE CONGRESS AT NEW YORK CITY

Among the speakers standing from left to right is Captain Hobson; Edward Everett Hale, talking with Baron d'Estournelles de Constant; Señor Mendon; Hon. J. W. Foster; Hon. W. J. Bryan; Hon. Richard Bartholdt; Hon. Seth Lowe; John Barrett; Ambassador Cressi of Mexico; Judge Morrow; "Maarten Maartens"; Dr. Richard; Samuel Gompers; Marcus W. Marks; Dr. S. T. Dutton; and George Foster Peabody.

IN accepting our membership in the Hague conference, to be held this summer, our government reserves the right to submit two special questions, one of which is the matter of limiting nations in the use of force in collecting "ordinary public debts accruing from contracts." This will bring before the great peace tribunal the Drago doctrine, which denies the right of any power to use guns in collecting money.

The president and the secretary of state are to be commended for this humane and enlightened action. Let the great powers confront calmly the question of how many coins are worth one human life. Let the Hague tribunal weigh the overdue coupon against the blood of men. It will give the historian of the future a measure of our civilization.

Once America occupied a higher position on this question than has recently been hers. Not until the commercialization of our public sentiment since the war did an American secretary of state ever admit the right of a nation to use its army or

navy as a debt-collection agency. There is no moral justification for it. Imprisonment for debt is barbarous. Killing for debt, savage. So would any one say in private affairs. The reasoning that finds the case otherwise in public matters is casuistry.

Let the purchaser of bonds and the creditor of the weaker nation or its people look to his security. Let him invoke no more drastic agencies for making his claim than

the law gives him against his fellow-citizen. If he loses, let him pocket his losses. Since when did it become proper for the government to insure its citizens dealing abroad against losses? It is a good thing to see, when reawakened conscience examines again the relative importance of the man and the ledger-balance, and places each where it belongs.

THE future status of Cuba demands more and more attention as the months pass, bringing to an end our government of intervention. Secretary Taft recently reasserted the fact that the policy of the administration is to restore the republic as soon as possible. The disquieting thing in the case, for those who oppose the annexation of the island, is the underlying assumption in public comments that annexation must follow a second failure of the Cubans to govern themselves as we believe they should, or to maintain orderly conditions. One of the wisest men in America is Andrew D. White,

ANDREW D. WHITE (D. C. L., Oxon.)

The distinguished authority on international law, member of the International Peace Conference opening its deliberations at The Hague this month.

and his views in the premises are worth consideration. In an interview recently accorded by him on his return from the Caribbean, he said that he regarded the Cuban question as more serious than the Philippine problem. This agrees with the statement of Admiral Dewey, made nearly ten years ago, that the Filipino is better able to govern himself than the Cuban. "Cuba," said Dr. White, "is a great negro state, incapable of self-govern-

ment. Everything I saw strengthens my conviction that Cuba as a state would be a curse to us—a vast rotten borough with few healthy men."

The American who would admit such a population into the sisterhood of states possesses a temerity that amounts to foolhardiness. The other alternatives are two—annexation without statehood, and the policy of keeping hands off, save in the way of unselfish guidance. Cuba would be forever restive and turbulent—and rightly so—as a territory or subject province. She sent her legislators to the Cortes of Spain for centuries. We must not assume a permanent position toward her more oppressive in form than was Spain's. It may be well for us to habituate ourselves to the expectation of remaining the helper of independent Cuba.

THE German Emperor is a wonderful man, but his power stops short before some things. He has painted pictures, but the critics pronounced them extraordinarily bad. He wrote an opera with the aid of an Italian composer and produced it at an enormous cost, but the critics damned it cheerfully; and now he has imported Beerbohm Tree to act Shakespeare in Berlin, but the English star, in spite of imperial favor, was received with icy politeness by the critics. They

call him awkward in action, uncouth in speech, and fantastic in his conception of the poet's meaning. They say he and his company used methods which German actors discarded sixty years ago, and that the histrionic visitors were altogether unworthy.

There is in this last incident much more than resentment against the Kaiser's attempt to force an artist of his choice upon the public. There is even something more in it than the German's present antipathy toward the English, although that goes a long way. But the Germans have always looked upon Shakespeare as a "find" of their own. They even claim that they discovered and revealed him to the rest of the world, and that the English have them to thank for a first appreciation of their colossal genius. They point with pride to the stupendous list of critical works on the bard, and to the fact that their critics have analyzed him and diluted his meaning to the last attenuation, and split critical hairs

MISS GRACE GEORGE

Appearing in "Divorcees" and "The Lady from the Sea"

to infinitesimal parts, in order to resolve the last *nuance* and shade of meaning. There is nothing left unwritten about Shakespeare by the Germans. There is a whole library written in speculation as to the character of the husband of Juliet's nurse. The color of Ann Hathaway's eyes has been settled beyond a peradventure; and there was a time when

the German nation was fairly split over the mental phases of Hamlet.

This being the case, it is small marvel that they receive with disdain an English—a mere English—actor's interpretation of Richard II.

THE election of a national assembly for the Philippines has been appointed for July 30, and we read of party intrigues and factional contentions in the islands. They do not seem any worse than our own political squabbles, but, notwithstanding this, we Americans are quite prone to accept them as evidences of Filipino incapacity for self-government. They are different from our factional contests, and have therefore most sinister and revolutionary implications. There is the "Progress" party and the "Independence" party, and both are said to talk for or against the American sovereignty, as the local sentiment may seem to require. This is

taken among the candid and straightforward politicians of America as evidence of the Oriental deviousness of the Filipinos. Moreover, there is whispered a suggestion that a pro-Japanese party has sprung up, and, under the lead of a certain Dominador Gomez, has formed an oath-bound society, with a seal showing the clasped hands of Filipinos and Japanese.

There is no good reason why we should shiver with horror at these things, or why Dominador Gomez and those who believe with him should not work for union of the Philippines with Japan, if they deem it for the good of the islands. Many things may be said in favor of it. Japan is close at hand. Its population is more nearly affiliated to the Filipino ethnically than is ours. It has many common interests. Japan has strength and governing ability. She needs a place for her surplus population. It might be a good thing for both countries.

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THE HONORABLE ELIHU ROOT, SECRETARY OF STATE

Whose activities have done much toward good feeling between this country, Cuba, and other Latin American nations

WAR SHIPS OF THE UNITED STATES AND OF FOREIGN POWERS IN HAMPTON ROADS, VIRGINIA,
ASSEMBLING FOR THE GREATEST NAVAL DISPLAY IN HISTORY.
AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

Of course, there are the "interests of the United States" to keep in mind. But, at bottom, what are these interests? The islands were annexed in a moment of national exaltation of spirit through mixed motives of sense of duty, desire for conquest and national egomania. There has never been a single good sensible reason for their retention a moment longer than the time necessary for their reorganization and pacification. They are a source of national danger. They bring to us not one solitary benefit. Wise statesmanship should regard with favor the development of any public sentiment in the islands promising an agreement among the Filipinos themselves as to the future of the archipelago along lines which will take us out of the place forever and end our responsibility. A serious disagreement with Japan, or with the regenerated China of fifty years hence, would be a calamity outweighing as a thousand to one any benefit, if any can be imagined, which we can by any possibility obtain from the possession of the Philippines. If there is any important party in the islands favorable to Japanese annexation,

we should wish it well; and when the time comes that it shall rule Filipino public sentiment, we should help it in carrying out its ambitions. The time has arrived when the fever of Kipling-esque jingoism may well give way to calm and patriotic temperance, and the application of the principles of democracy to our brethren in the Philippines.

ONE of the things that particularly grieves the Person Who Knows is the attitude of superiority which many uninteresting human beings hold toward the person with the artistic temperament. There are a good many forms of envy in the world, and one of the most prevalent is that which the usual person feels toward the unusual. Let a man be suspected of genuine talent, and instantly a sort of espionage is set over him by less favored folk. He is suspected of irregularities; it is assumed that he will not have a sense of responsibility; his loves are regarded as unstable; and nice young girls are warned not to marry him. It is true that some actors, artists, musicians and writers have been eccentric in their lives, but then so

have some bankers, attorneys, clergymen, grocers and hardware men. To offset this constitutional caprice in a proportion of the art producers is the continuity of purpose of a great army of workers with whom their profession forever stands paramount. The Per-

filled for many years, fallen dead of heart failure—the adjunct of the pneumonia from which he was suffering.

A man of similar sense of responsibility has just passed away in New York. His name was Frederick Bergner—"Der alte Bergner" his fellow members of the Philharmonic Society were wont to call him. For fifty years Mr. Bergner was associated with this society, and it is said that he served it in more ways, assisted it through more crises, and held higher standards for it than any other man ever associated with it during its sixty-four years of activity. Its very existence at the present day is, perhaps, the result of his undiminished enthusiasm during a critical time, when the society was in danger of dissolution. In addition to his work in this organization, he was a well-known teacher of the 'cello, and was one of a famous quartet in which Theodore Thomas and William Mason were members. Mr. Bergner had cordial invitations extended to him to tour Europe, but he was a devotee of "little old New York." He liked its haunts, its ways, its people. Probably no other applause would have sounded quite so sweet to him as the plaudits of his old friends. Moreover, money did not particularly interest him. He would have considered it unspeakably offensive to measure artistic ability by the money it would earn. He loved his art, and he loved the young who brought enthusiasm to it. He was not disturbed by failure either in himself or others. Art endured, and was to be humbly and perpetually served. The vicissitudes that attended her service were merely the accidents of the road. Honest, simple, straightforward, enthusiastic, disinterested, beautifully credulous as to the nobility and talent of others, he reached his eightieth year under circumstances which might well awaken the generous envy of men who would scorn to possess the "artistic temperament."

When, three years ago, he resigned, after half a century of membership, from the Philharmonic Society, he was made an honorary member and given a silver laurel wreath. His friends outside of the society presented him with a silver loving cup containing three thousand dollars in gold coin, and made provision for a pension for him as long as he lived.

This fine old German-American is not ex-

LORD MELVILLE

In command of the English Fleet, representing Great Britain at the Jamestown Exposition Naval Reviews

son Who Knows can affirm that for one time when a prima donna, with jangled nerves, betrays her manager and her public, there are a hundred times when she will be faithful under the greatest difficulties. Mrs. Theodore Thomas once bore witness in public to the devotion of musicians to their duty, and among many interesting instances of such fidelity told the story of one 'cello player who, in spite of a severe illness, faithfully attended all rehearsals. Finally, on the night of the concert, he failed to appear. He was sent for, and was found face downward on his bed, dead, his instrument in its case lying on the floor beside him. He had, in a desperate effort to occupy the place he had

ceptional, except in the years he numbered and the talent he possessed. Every great musical society has such members; the publishers know that many of their most popular authors are men and women of just such faithfulness; the studios, large and small, humble and celebrated, see, constantly, similar devotion to art. Really, the inartistic have not, as they too frequently suppose, a monopoly of virtues.

IT is said that the sheds and yards of many of the London automobile factories are crowded with vehicles which the police refuse to license because of the noise they make when in motion. The papers refer to "the noisome autobus problem," and the correspondence columns contain many letters from persons protesting against the turmoil of streets infested with the petroleum machines. So insistent has the objection been that the companies have sensibly set themselves to the making of steam and electric cars and busses—both of which are, in their best development, almost noiseless.

ABOUT nine months after Harry Thaw killed Stanford White in New York City, and after a trial lasting several months, the jury in the case disagreed, and the whole nasty mess will have to be threshed out again in the fall. It is roughly estimated that the trial has cost about three hundred thousand dollars, of which one-quarter will have to be paid by the state for the prosecution.

The criminal suits resulting from the Iroquois theater fire in Chicago did not come to trial for about three years and a half after that holocaust. The delay was caused by the lawyers for the defense, who played for delay whenever they could get it. The trial itself did not take long, but the chief defendant was acquitted.

Some other murder, manslaughter and conspiracy cases have been still further drawn out, and have only come to trial after hundreds of talesmen were rejected, and at a tremendous cost to the public.

Contrast the Thaw trial with that of Raymer, the man who slew Whitely in London, January 24 last. He was brought to trial by March 22, and, in spite of an allegation of his insanity and of a sensational scandal in the case, the trial was all over in five hours and he was sentenced to be hanged. By rea-

son of popular clamor the king has commuted the murderer's sentence to life imprisonment.

Which is better: the wordy torrents of eloquence by attorneys for the defense and the half-perjured testimony of alleged experts muddling the jury's brains, or the clear-sighted decision of the English court which

CAPTAIN ZIMMERMANN

In command of *S. M. S. Acon* of the Imperial German Navy, representing Germany at the Jamestown Exposition Naval Reviews.

brings the case to trial in two months, sweeps aside everything irrelevant to the charge, bars out all inconsequential testimony, and brings the trial to a close before sundown of the day it started?

A MAN in Oskaloosa, Iowa, has been suspected of insanity because he has called for a band of apostles to evangelize the race, because he has branded himself with the cross, and because he pronounces himself ready to make the uttermost sacrifice for the sake of his religion. His former associates say that, notwithstanding this attitude of aggressive Christianity, he was regarded by them, up to this time, as a perfectly sane man. It is thought necessary, also, to bear witness to the fact that "his reputation has been of the best"—and this notwithstanding his desire to put himself of record as a militant apostle! This is humorous indeed! King Edward is much tattooed, but he is not adjudged insane. Why should one who brands himself with the cross be considered any less sane than one who is tattooed with anchors, harps and hearts? Were a man to organize a company for money-making, or for any interested purpose, he would be commended for his enterprise. But the disinterested organization calls forth suspicions of insanity.

Although the alienists appear to think that insanity is a thing definitely to be defined and easily to be detected, the lay mind derives no little amusement from those eccentricities and individualities which arrest the dissatisfied comment of the public. For example, the writer is acquainted with a woman who is regarded by all of her neighbors as insane. Careful inquiry into the basis of this belief has revealed the following facts: The woman wears her hair, which is naturally curly, hanging in ringlets down her back—a fashion which went out nearly forty years ago. When questioned about it, the woman said she did it because it made her look like her mother, and she wished above all things not only to look but to be like her mother. Also, the woman whose sanity is in question is nearly always smiling, though very poor and under the necessity of doing work far beyond her strength. She begins singing before breakfast, can be heard making inordinately merry with her sons as they sit at table, eating but scanty fare; she wears old-fashioned clothes and does not appear to notice it; she sends her boys to school and goes without the necessities to keep them there. She does not seem to know when the weather is bad, and has even been heard to remark that the weather is in God's hands.

She has been seen to pray. One beautiful morning she broke into a hymn on the street. She is consequently avoided as being mad. Having courage, patience, industry, love, cheerfulness, worshipfulness and spontaneity, a conventional neighborhood casts her out as unworthy the consideration of sane and melancholy beings!

THE Carnegie Institute, that astonishing temple of the fine arts, has been completed and dedicated under propitious circumstances. To quote a characteristic newspaper paragraph: "The new Carnegie Institute rises, a glistening edifice of marble, from the greensward in Schenley Park. With its wings and extensions it covers an area of four acres, while with the three floors there is a space for the various departments of sixteen acres. Some idea of the extent of the building may be gained by a comparison with the capitol at Washington, which covers three and a half acres. The total cost of the Institute is six million dollars. Six thousand tons of marble have been used in its construction, which alone cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Twenty-five thousand electric lights and two hundred miles of wiring are controlled by one of the largest switchboards in the world. The heating and ventilating plant cost six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In the library the new book stacks are eleven stories high, and have a capacity of eight hundred thousand volumes, while the entire capacity is one million five hundred thousand volumes."

There it is, neatly described, with figures to awe us all, and dimensions to dismay. There are, of course, more figures and further dimensions—but these will suffice. Great men came from foreign lands to assist in its dedication, and spoke on many subjects and to great companies. Mr. John W. Alexander decorated a colossal hall with frescoes symbolizing the triumph of energy in Pittsburg. An ironclad knight symbolizes the city, while Fame sounds on trumpets the pæan of achievement. Maidens typifying the sister cities of the world are bringing gifts from all quarters of the globe to pour into the lap of industry.

All is recognizant of the present time. Mr. Carnegie will not confirm the purchase of any "old masters," for example, for the art gallery. These are difficult to secure,

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THE MOTHERS' AND CHILDREN'S BUILDING AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

The first of its kind, the building will be used as a *crèche* and to house appropriate exhibits

their purchase intensely irritates the countries from which they are taken, and their spirit is not in keeping with that of the Institute. Mr. Carnegie's money is a modern thing, made under modern conditions, and it is his intention to have the Institute act as the influential patron of living artists. It is modern masterpieces that are desired.

Nor, indeed, is there any reason to suppose that noble and distinguished contemporary paintings are not to be had for the seeking. The reports from the National Academy of Design reveal the agreeable fact that there have been displayed there this spring a number of notable canvases. "The whole exhibition," says a commentator, "is one great tribute to the men of personality, seeing life through their own eyes, noting all with the utmost frankness and sincerity, and making no compromise with their conscience." The names of Childe Hassam, Jonas Lie, E. W. Redfield and Ernest Lawson are mentioned in particular. Yes, it is from such men, conscious of their own day, and loving it as the great Florentines loved theirs, that the true art expression for such an institution as that created by Mr. Carnegie is to be found. The new Institute has been made spacious to suit this great and prolific time; it is to have a liberal policy, keeping its doors open to the future. It is a great idea, magnificently executed, and the beneficence of its operations will, no question, be widespread.

All this is another indication of that intense activity which marks opulent and chaotic Pittsburg at this period of its emergence from the domination of material things. Never was a city of its size more triumphant in material matters than Pittsburg. It has been granted dazzling success. Now, success is a sort of problem—a burden—a responsibility. When it is approached gradually, men may meet it with dignity. A generation has seen its attainment in Pittsburg, and in endeavoring to confront it men of the highest position have gone mad, have betrayed their friends, have murdered, committed suicide, sinned in every conceivable way, and contrived to do it in the most spectacular manner.

But this need not dismay those who wish well to this wonderful town. The reaction will come even in those families which now show the saddest evidences of decay, and in the stress of this reaction good men and brave, capable of sacrifice and perhaps passionately devoted to it, poets and great citizens will arise. This is quite inevitable. It may be expected with confidence. It is one of those psychological propositions which time will demonstrate. There is activity in Pittsburg—amazing activity. There is imagination, satiety, hope, greed, generosity, splendor of purpose and a gehenna of doubt. What will arise amid it in the way of a man to fit the Carnegie Institute?

WE have had one era of political "good feeling" in our history—an era characterized, paradoxically enough, by great bitterness in the way of factionalism. The Democratic party, founded on the wonderfully vitalizing political philosophy of Jefferson, had overwhelmed all opposition. The indications are that we are entering upon days which will lead to another such era. Bryan's campaign in 1896, followed by that of 1900, seems to have vitalized in the people the thought that aggregated wealth has become predatory and must be resisted. Then came Roosevelt, pressing the same ideals home with enormous energy and splendid ability from the White House. LaFollette in Wisconsin, Cummins in Iowa, Folk in Missouri, Davis in Arkansas, Hoke Smith in Georgia, B. B. Comer in Alabama, Sheldon and Norris Brown in Nebraska, Hadley in Missouri, Johnson in Minnesota, Burke in North Dakota—and to a lesser degree, per-

haps, Hanly, Deneen, Davidson and others—have fought for the same ideals in state affairs. Hughes, of New York, is a more recent recruit. The demand for the "square deal," for decency in politics, for the man as against the coupon, has vivified the work of all of them. But they are divided by party lines; some of them are Republicans and some Democrats. If they ever develop the statesmanship to break down the artificial barriers of party, they will wield as undisputed sway as did the Democrats of the time of James Monroe. That such a blotting out of party lines is imminent is shown by the John Temple Graves incident at Chattanooga. It was significant that a Democrat like Mr. Graves should advocate Roosevelt's nomination by Bryan at the Democratic national convention in 1908. It is still more so that Bryan seemed to recognize such action on his part as among the possibilities. Even more meaningful still, we think, was Bryan's statement that, as now advised, he would select LaFollette as the best Republican for Democrats to support. Such things can not take place save when party walls are crumbling. These things mean something.

SOME one wrote a pleasant little article the other day calling attention to the number of actresses in the drama proper who had been called on by the happy exigencies of their plays to do a little dancing this year. Of course "Peter Pan" is a sort of continuous dance, and Miss Adams displays in it an aptitude which makes her hop, skip and jump almost as spontaneous as that of the immortal Pierrot himself. Julia Marlowe dances exquisitely as *Salome* in "John the Baptist"; Miss Annie Russell is called upon to trip it in her somewhat ill-apportioned part of *Puck* in "Midsummer Night's Dream," and beautiful Alla Nazimova has been dancing in "The Doll's House." All this speaks well for the growing popularity of that too much neglected art of dancing. The American public, truth to tell, shows a distressing indifference to fine dancing. Performances that in the capitals of Europe would bring forth the most enthusiastic demonstrations are here received in heavy silence, or rewarded by a languid glove-patting from a few individuals; and even these mild indications of approval incur the frowning displeasure of the unsympathetic.

Van der Weyde, photographer, 1907.

GEORGE SILVESTER VIERECK

At twenty-two this young poet, author of "A Game of Love," "Ninerech, and Other Poems," "Gedichte," etc., has been hailed by leading critics as America's coming poet. His first novel, "The House of the Vampire," will shortly be published.

Who has not seen a superb solo or ensemble performance go quite unapplauded, whereas a swaggering Amazon march, inartistic, and with mere verve and corporeality to recommend it, would bring forth thunders of applause? As stage art progresses in this country, and the subdued and exquisitely toned stage pictures now produced have their part in educating the public, it is to be hoped that the poetical dances, with the proper accompaniments of elaborate stage pictures, will win their way also.

A BRILLIANT and exceptionally genial man passed on into the unknown country when Mr. James H. Eckels died the other day. Born in the village of Princeton, Illinois, and, after his education, practising law in Ottawa of the same state, he was one of those capable provincials that are the corner-stone, so to speak, of such a commonwealth as ours. When Mr. Cleveland, attracted by his eloquent speeches, appointed him controller of the currency, there was a storm of protest. Mr. Eckels was practically unknown; he was young and inexperienced. But Mr. Cleveland was correct in his supposition that a man who could talk so understandingly of public affairs was fitted to administer them. Mr. Eckels was put to such a test as no man holding a similar position in this country had been put to. Within a few weeks after his appointment the panic of 1893 almost paralyzed business. In ten weeks one hundred and sixty-five national banks failed—a number only twenty less than the total during the preceding thirty years. The country was hysterical—portions of it were all but revolutionary. Here was a task for a man, and Mr. Eckels proved himself capable of meeting it. The new controller settled down to his job in good earnest, and during the first ten weeks he re-opened one hundred and fifteen of the banks, one hundred of which were successful. He collected and paid out to depositors in banks that had failed more than twenty-eight million dollars, or thirty-six per cent. of the total amount paid out in the history of the system. Many more banks were assisted and sustained during this period of stress. Mr. Eckels had almost unlimited opportunities for blunders, but he did not make them. He enjoyed the confidence and respect of the country, until the close of the administration.

THE LATE JAMES HERRON ECKELS

President of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago;
Controller of the Currency under President Cleveland, 1893-1897.
Born November 22, 1858, died April 14, 1907.

With the election of Mr. McKinley he declared his intention to leave public life, and immediately received numerous offers from financial institutions. After some reflection he accepted the presidency of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago, impelled thereto partly by the opportunity it gave him to return to his native state. He has held many additional offices of trust, and was, of course, a highly prized associate and director of numerous concerns. Still barely to the half-century mark, he had won distinction as an attorney, an orator, a man of enormous public trust, and the president of a great bank. But these achievements were merely an indication of his temperament, which had about it a genial expansiveness. He believed in men and trusted them, and, expecting much of them, they arose to meet his expectations. His circle of warm personal friends was large, and his society was highly prized. Qualities of sheer loveliness distinguished him. He loved to tell and to listen to a good story, and he was not in the least afraid of carrying the burdens of others. If any word or act of his could assist a friend or even a stranger, he gave freely of what was required. He was so successful himself that he

believed in success. He loved to help young men, to assist in the construction of their careers, and to vitalize them, so to speak, with his own hearty belief in the country and the opportunities it offers. He knew that honesty and industry, courage and expectation would do almost anything for a man, and he preached that wholesome creed to the men he met in the Young Men's Christian Association and other similar organizations with which he associated himself. He was generous with himself, and not only was he

patriotic, benevolent, neighborly and genial, but he delighted to be these things. He was a Christian, and took heed to what he learned. His open Bible lay beside the bed on which he lay as he passed painlessly from sleep to death. "The desires of his heart" had been given him, and his translation while he was in his perfect prime exempts him from that anti-climax from which the aged must suffer. He was useful, brilliant, kindly and successful—a typical American of the best sort.

AT the rate with which the federal government is reclaiming arid lands there will, in twenty years, be left but little of what the past generation considered desert in this country. Certainly within the next half-century at least sixty million acres of land, at present dry and worthless, will be transformed into fertile soil and will undoubtedly be occupied by hundreds of thousands of prosperous settlers. The prompt action of congress and the president in putting in force the Reclamation Act, and the readiness with which public funds and private capital have been offered to provide irrigation for immense tracts of land has again started the western movement of immigration which, fifteen years ago, appeared to have ceased for good.

No less than twenty-two irrigation projects, involving the expenditure of twenty-five million dollars, are now in process of building, while others, to cost fifteen million dollars, are under consideration. The Reclamation Service has thirty-four million dollars on hand at present, and will have forty-one million five hundred thousand dollars by 1908. Lakes are being tapped, huge rivers dammed, immense reservoirs established and the water thus obtained is being spread in ditches over millions of acres hitherto thought useless for agricultural purposes.

Aside from a wise restriction as to the amount of land any one person can own, these lands may be had practically for the asking. The government requires the owner to reside on his claim long enough to "prove up," and aside from this the only cost is twenty-six dollars an acre, payable in ten installments, to pay for the water. And this irrigated land produces crops in number and abundance which make some eastern lands seem sterile by comparison.

MISS JESSIE BUSBY

As *Nance Olden* in "In the Bishop's Carriage"

From stereograph copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS FAMILY AT THEIR HOME IN PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Ester (age 13)	Francis Grover (age 3)	Mrs. Cleveland		
		Marion (age 11)	Richard (age 9)	Ex-President Cleveland

SENTRY-GO

A Song of the Service

By ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

"I love a gu-r-r-r-l; a dear leetle gu-r-r-r-l—
She's all this wo-r-r-r-ld ter me!"

Fat-eyed idol, slobberin' tears,
Settin' by th' Peek-in wall;
Gazin' down th' empty years—
Nary brains in you a-tall!
Fat-eyed idol, tell ter me—
Private Jenks from Kansas state—
What th' dickens do you see?
How much longer will you wait?

Fat-eyed idol, 'f I wuz you—
You wuz me an' things wuz so—
Know th' fust thing I would do?
Betcher life I'd up an' go!
Betcher life I'd hurry back—
Back ter Kansas on th' Kaw—
Fat-eyed idol, fer a fack,
Best ole place you ever saw!

Sun a-shinin' there right now
On them fields o' wavin' corn—
Say! It's life behind a plow
Waitin' fer th' dinner horn!
Work is only sorter play—
Ain't no walkin' post at night,
Hearin' sounds ter make you gray—
No one lookin' fer a fight!

Fat-eyed idol settin' there
Warpin' in this heathen sun;
Don't suppose you even care—
Heck! You never have no fun!
Never stirrin' from yer seat
While th' heathens come an' go—
Floppin' at yer pagan feet—
Fat-eyed idol you are slow!

Fat-eyed idol, you don't know
What is love a single lick;
I wuz Ina Sawyer's beau—
Ina lives acrost th' crick.
When I whistled Sunday nights
She would meet me an' we'd go
Walkin' where they warnt no lights—
Fat-eyed idol, you don't know!

Fat-eyed idol, slobberin' tears—
Settin' by th' Peek-in wall—
Dry yer eyes an' wag yer ears,
You ain't got no grief a-tall!
Think o' me from Kansas state!
Grief? W'y say, my name is Grief!
Fat-eyed idol, you kin wait—
Here comes Private Jenks' relief!

"I love a gu-r-r-r-l; a dear leetle gu-r-r-r-l—
She's all this wo-r-r-r-ld ter me!"

WHICH WAS CORRECT?

The late Ambrose L. Thomas, the noted advertising expert of Chicago, once told in an address on advertising a story of two doctors.

"To illustrate my point," he said, apropos of an advertising error, "I'll tell you about my friend B—.

"B— was taken suddenly ill, and, his family physician being out of town, a specialist was called in.

"But the family physician unexpectedly returned, and he and the specialist entered B—'s chamber together. They found the man in a high fever and partially uncon-

scious. Each put his hand under the bed-clothes to feel B—'s pulse, and each got hold of the other's hand.

"'He has typhoid,' said the first physician.

"'Nothing of the kind,' said the other. 'He's only drunk.'"

ON THE LINKS

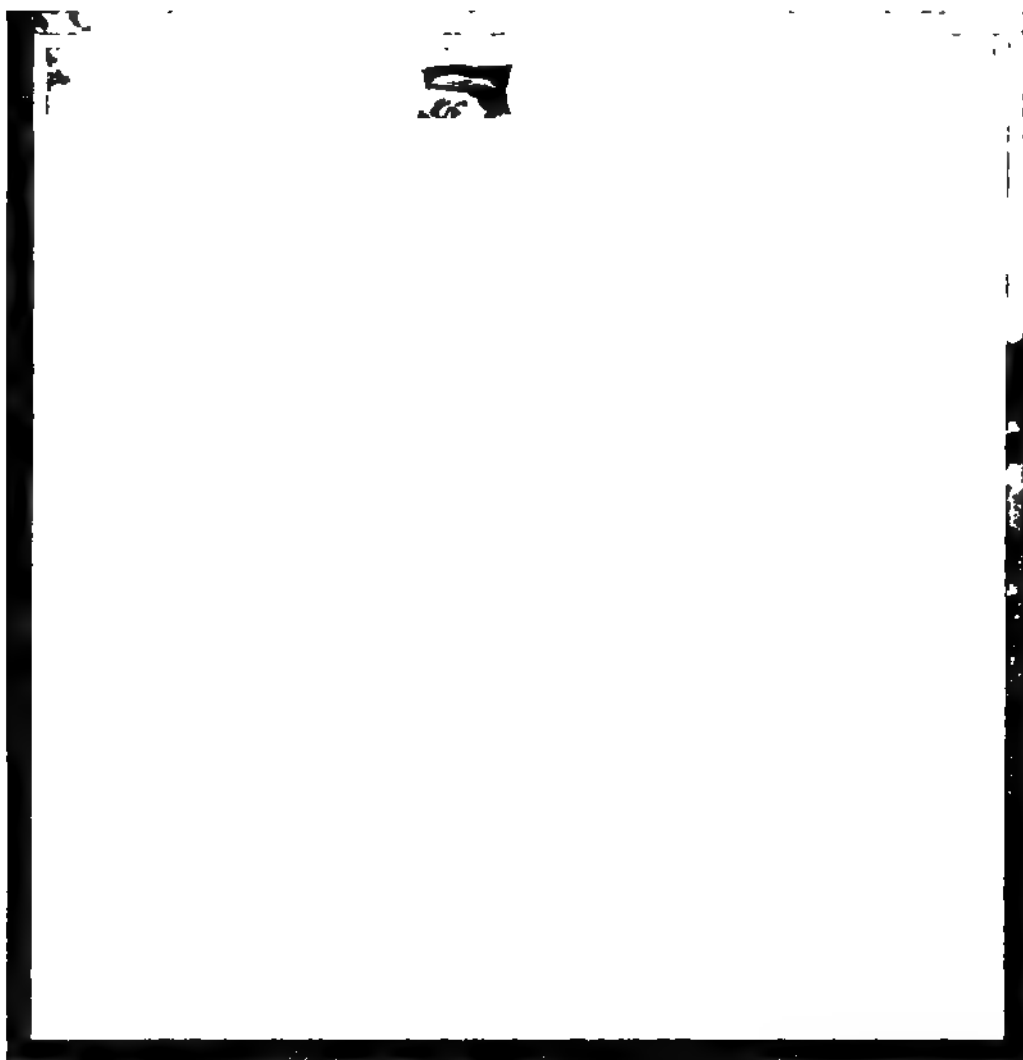
Bunker—Miss Woodby is so eccentric in her golf playing since her return from Paris.

Miss Niblock—Is she, really?

Bunker—Yes, indeed. When she fozzles now, she invariably exclaims: "Hoot mon Dieu!"

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

IN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION "THE READER."



Photograph by HANNA, Indianapolis

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM H. CARTER, U. S. A.

THE READER

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

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NUMBER 2

recognized in 1898 as one of the most efficient bodies of soldiers, of its size, in existence.

Suddenly assembled from widely separated posts, marched aboard improvised transports, landed through the surf upon a hostile and unknown coast in the heat of midsummer, the little regular army advanced against a fortified city, and, with a loss of nearly twenty-five per cent. of its numbers, wrested victory from an astonished enemy, in spite of all academic theories.

country, the most notable effort being at Chilocco, in Indian Territory. The smallness of appropriations, due primarily to the widespread belief that we would never have another war, prevented any great assemblage of troops, but the regular army struggled along and gradually developed what the country and the world

The country recognized that the regulars had honored every draft made upon them, but with wounds, pestilence and death this first line was rapidly melting away before many of the volunteer regiments were reasonably fit to fill the gaps in the ranks, had they been immediately called to battle. The emergency passed,

**THE MILITIAMAN'S HEART PULSES QUICKLY WHEN THE PRELUDE TO THE MIMIC WAR BEGINS
WITH THE ENTRY OF THE CITIZEN SOLDIER TO CAMP**

but the country had learned again the lesson that the patriotism and splendid courage of our volunteers do not entirely take the place of training.

To remedy this condition, and after nearly a century of effort, the rehabilitation of the old militia laws was finally secured, and, although the act of Congress providing for it was a jumble of compromises, it placed the organized militia or National Guard of the states upon a much more efficient basis than was possible under the old statutes.

Many states, at great expense, had

previously maintained efficient bodies of National Guards, but others had neglected this element of national defense almost entirely.

To encourage the uniform organization of state troops and their maintenance in a condition of preparedness for war, Congress wisely provided that in order to participate in the liberal annual appropriations the troops of each state must, prior to the expiration of five years from the date of passage of the act approved January 21, 1903, be organized in the same manner as correspond-

**WITH GEOMETRICAL PRECISION THE CAMP IS LAID OUT IN STREETS; FIRST SERGEANTS OCCUPY
TENTS AT THE HEAD OF THE COMPANY STREETS; COMPANY, BATTALION AND
REGIMENTAL OFFICERS LIVE IN SEPARATE STREETS**

**AN EARLY MORNING "HIKE" IN LIGHT MARCHING ORDER TO POINTS DESIGNATED BY
THE UMPIRES—THE MANEUVERS BEGIN**

ing bodies of the regular army. Many of the states promptly enacted laws to carry out this provision, and others are slowly coming to it, in order not to lose the benefit of the support accorded by the general government.

In order to test their progress, and for mutual benefit, state organizations have been invited, during the past four years, to attend the maneuvers of the regular troops. While the maneuvers were all recognized as profitable to both regulars and National Guard, there developed some lack of interest on the part of the latter, due probably to the highly technical and pretentious character of the problems. It became patent to those in authority that to revive waning interest

it would be necessary to adopt a different course from the trend of past maneuvers and to carry on the instruction with more regard for the difficulties under which the state organizations labor.

As a result of this consideration camps of instruction were formed in various parts of the country, having reference primarily to available sites and the convenience of the National Guard organizations.

The camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, which was established July 27 and officially closed September 16, 1906, is typical of all. Each commanding general was expected to conduct the work along such lines as would induce a distinct feeling on the part of the members

**PREPARING FOR INSPECTION, WHEN EACH STRAP OF THE CAVALRYMAN'S EQUIPMENT MAY BE
SUBJECTED TO THE CLOSEST SCRUTINY BY THE INSPECTING OFFICER**

of the National Guard that they had derived profit and instruction from their association with the regular troops. Each camp was conducted according to the scheme adopted by its commander, the widest latitude being permitted.

The scheme of instruction at the camp near Indianapolis was simple, progressive, and based upon the number of days available for each organization and its state of proficiency as determined after arrival in camp. Many regiments, in fact all except those in the large cities, are composed of scattered companies, seldom, if ever, brought together except at the annual encampments. It may be readily understood that very little ground could be covered beyond battalion instruction, were it not for the fact that many of the National Guard officers continue their interest in the work year after year.

In modern battle tactics movements by

battalion are contemplated almost to the exclusion of others. If, therefore, each battalion of the National Guard can be gradually provided with well-instructed officers and a reasonable nucleus of trained men in the ranks, they can readily assimilate and train carefully selected young men in all matters of company and battalion drill and camp sanitation. This accomplished, the regimental and brigade battle exercises are readily acquired.

One of the most serious hindrances at past maneuvers, in the minds of National Guard officers, has been the ubiquitous umpire and his decisions. To meet this issue, umpires were dispensed with and staff officers were substituted and authorized to correct faults and explain proper methods of action during the execution of any exercise or problem, where it could be done without interference with a general movement. The

HIDDEN FROM THE ENEMY BY THE HEAVY FOLIAGE THE CAVALRY IMPATIENTLY AWAITS
THE CALL TO THROW ITSELF UPON THE UNSUSPECTING FOE

THE ARTILLERYMEN OF THE NATIONAL GUARD RECEIVING INSTRUCTION WITH PRACTICAL
DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE USE OF THIS ARMAMENT

knowledge that individuals and organizations would be allowed to continue in the battle exercises, instead of being umpired off the field, served to do away with a considerable amount of previously observed nervousness. That the new rules worked well was distinctly noticeable in the fact that organizations and individuals corrected on the field never committed the same fault again.

More than half a century ago facetious writers had made the muster days of the old militia a subject of constant jest. The militia called out in all our early wars seldom did honor to itself or the country until after considerable service. But war is an expensive school, both in public treasure and national prestige, and these potent facts have caused the unceasing efforts which have culminated in laws under which the National Guard of the states is developing into a body of men bearing no relation to the old-time militia. Many of the old organizations, especially those of the large cities, could march and wheel beautifully, but field duties and battle exercises, such as are the daily employment of National Guard organizations in camps of instruction, were as sealed books to the old organizations.

The improvement from year to year is slow, but steady and progressive. No unprejudiced person can witness the arrival of a state regiment at camp, ob-

serve its detraining, putting up its camp, arranging its kitchens and sinks with reference to the stringent requirements of modern sanitation, without realizing that a distinct advance has been made in the past few years. There will be need of careful inspection and supervision always, for many young lads each year are attending their first camp, and are apt to regard it as a vacation frolic. Such twigs must be bent into shape, not broken by discouragement and over-correction. Many undeveloped youths, unfit for the hardships of campaign, are found in the ranks. By seeing how the average regular has been developed through physical training, the seed of desire for improvement is planted in the immature boy, and he takes it home to the farm and village.

Many military men see discouragement in the club element of National Guard organizations, under the belief that many of those who join in peace do so for the social advantages and without thought of the war side of the story. There is a happy medium in such things, for armories develop gymnasiums and athletic exercises, and these are immensely profitable in the physical development of young men, who are made thereby not only better able to stand hard service, but also healthier and more useful citizens. Every company of the National Guard would be better off with

DETONATING ROARS AND BLINDING CLOUDS OF SMOKE—THE ARTILLERY IS SHELLING THE HILLS TO DRIVE OUT THE INFANTRY

a gymnasium and armory, and if this develops the social side of life, the interest of their relatives and friends is aroused, and the young men are apt to take additional pride in their work, especially in country and village organizations.

The camp of instruction near Indianapolis was not alone beneficial to the National Guard organizations, for regulars of all grades recognized the valuable practical instruction afforded by the exercises from day to day with larger bodies than could possibly be assembled from the regular army alone. Results did not always materialize as planned on the map. Sometimes the topography, as shown on the map, was not altogether accurate, and at other times a more lucky or enterprising opponent would "arrive first with the most men," in accordance with a military axiom much dwelt upon by a certain successful general of Civil War fame.

The exercises and drills included a wide range, from the minor operations involved in the establishment of outposts, formation of advance and rear guards and conduct of convoys, to the actual attack and defense of positions

and the larger battle movements, up to the point where bullets alone may be relied upon to settle the question of success or failure. There was no attempt to render decisions as to the victors in the various battle exercises. The main value in all peace maneuvers has been derived when the full development of the opposing lines has been reached. A continuance of the action at close quarters, with indiscriminate firing of blank cartridges, is misleading, and apt to inspire false ideas on the part of the men in the ranks.

The site of the camp of instruction, being a new military reservation, was practically unknown to the officers and men of the regular army, but before the close of the encampment there was but one opinion as to its great value and as to the desirability of having it increased and utilized for future encampments. Located in a natural blue grass country, sufficiently rolling to afford good drainage, and with a large stream traversing it; with potable artesian water obtainable in abundance; with very few flies and practically no mosquitoes—these all constitute such a desirable combination as to make the location not only valuable for camps of instruction, but suggest its

utilization in time of war for large camps or cantonments for the organization and equipment of volunteers.

The government has long needed a reservation of this kind in the Central West, and it is a piece of rare good fortune that it now finds itself possessed of one combining so many advantages and capable of indefinite extension for future use.

With the regular army in permanent possession of so excellent a location for joint encampments, at moderate cost, it but remains for the army and the National Guard to give evidence of the value of field training as a justification for future appropriations. Congress may be relied upon to stand behind this movement for a practical field training of the combined forces just as long as it is convinced the appropriations are expended with judgment and sense.

The material used by modern armies has become extremely complicated, and every officer and man of the National Guard who has received practical training in camps of instruction with regulars is of great value when war is declared, because of his ability to assist in the instruction of the army of patriotic but

untrained volunteers upon whom the country must always rely for its main defense.

The regular army must now, as in the past, form the first line of defense, and upon its officers must devolve the duty of keeping in touch with modern progress along all scientific lines applicable to warfare, and to make certain that we shall lose no advantages in the application of any modern invention availed of by other nations.

It is the practically unanimous verdict of all military nations that modern wars do not admit of much time for preparation before the first blow, and often it is the first battle which counts most when the appeal to arms has been made. The prestige of a proud nation may be sadly lowered by lack of foresight and preparedness. The general government has generously undertaken through liberal appropriations to supply the means for arming, equipping and training the National Guard in conjunction with the regular army. Patriotism and material interest alike suggest the propriety of giving the highest active support to those who undertake to fit themselves in time of peace for defense in war.

GLIMPSES OF BRET HARTE

BY S. R. ELLIOTT

His close personal friend

"TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean." No, it was not any one trying to "quote poetry"; it was only Bret Harte in the act of describing the condition of his eyes, in the office of a specialist to whom he had repaired.

I saw him now for the first time—a gracious, shapely figure surpassing but little the medium stature, and remarkably well dressed, inasmuch as his clothes seemed always a part of himself; indeed, nothing could well have been more unlike the stage ideal of the frontiersman all boots and sombrero, who looked as if he missed his sixshooter and wanted to make a lariat out of the curtain cord! It might even be deemed that Harte's deft use of modern attire was in some sense reactionary, as eastern capitals had grown weary of such trappings in a few predecessors, and the gentleman who submitted to being lionized in London drawing-rooms with his trousers stuck in his boots had ceased to be regarded as a rare exotic. Yet, although the aim of Harte was rather to avoid notice, as was shown by conventional garments and ways, there was still something in his movements, and especially in his walk, that recalled the unconscious grace of some wild animal. Many a time have I stood at the door to watch him as he walked down the street, and have wondered whence could come that supple ease of motion, which seemed to do everything by mere volition. Once only, in his writings, do I detect a hint of self-consciousness as to this resemblance. It is in the story entitled "The Carquinez Woods," in which he describes a creature so adjusted and attuned to the forest as to seem a part of its belongings—that person an Indian. Although at the period of which I write Harte was

even then acknowledged *facile princeps* in all that pertained to frontier lore, his affectations, if any, did not point that way. True, he had studied the language, habits, and, so to speak, the natural history of pioneers, whose barbarism was a retrograde movement, and whose civilization was an occasional lapse into a state of things now almost forgotten. Still he had evidently parted from such scenes without regret, and in his conversation seldom referred to them save as something done with forever, not to be revisited, nor much to be desired. Only once did I observe any trace of the old faith that must have been in him to impart vitality to his creed: this was one summer morning, when an account appeared in the journals of an eastern railway train being held up by a party of tramps, who boarded the cars and proceeded to make themselves at home (some of them even sitting in ladies' laps), while the crowded train sped on. There were, of course, no police present, and the train-hands were few and timid, so the ruffians escaped unpunished.

"By Heaven!" said Harte, who had listened to the reading of this account, "such a thing couldn't have happened in California! One man armed with a toothpick would have made more display than that! At thought of such a disgraceful scene, I almost regret the frontier, although I was born East and shall die East."

At another time, I remember how outraged he was in witnessing a play evidently vamped up of forest-side improbabilities, on eastern or European methods, and representing a sylvan hero and a settlement belle undergoing a betrothal ceremony amid orange flowers and many another imported absurdity.

From a photograph in the possession of S. R. Elliott

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

London, December, 1891

"This is what makes it so impossible to produce a realistic frontier play! Can't they get through a plain American scene without dragging in the properties of continental Europe?" On the whole, Harte's opinion as to the exaggeration and hyperbole which then entered into all descriptions of California was, perhaps, best shown when one day an enthusiastic exponent of the Golden State took him up on a matter hitherto deemed unassailable ground—namely, her fruits. "Yes," he said, "you take the flavor of a single plum of ordinary size, make that flavor serve for one five times larger, and then you have California fruit!"

Of all the processes conducing to a lasting unpopularity, I know of none so swift, none so lasting as that implied in a poor memory for names and faces. The fetish which the wisest carries ever in his bosom, the small comfit of self-love which the beggar cherishes in his ragged pocket, must be recognized and appeased at every turn. Nothing, perhaps, so makes us feel the emptiness of life as when the celebrity fails to know us, when only yesterday, on being introduced, he showed such flattering interest (and such good judgment) in his preferences! The metaphor of the cow that gives a full pail of milk and then steps in it is weak to convey an idea of the angry disappointment of the forgotten one, or of his sudden change from the milk of human kindness to the lactic acid of realistic criticism! In a word,

"As Machiavel shows those in purple raiment,
Such is the shortest road to general curses."

This forgetfulness was poor Harte's chief social defect; and what it must have cost him is hinted at in many allusions contained in his stories, as, for instance, when he refers to Mr. Oakhurst's "kingly craft of remembering faces"; also, when he adverts, with bitter regret, to

the characteristic gift of Kentucky's Thunderer, who could be introduced to thousands at a horse race and remember them all minutely in subsequent stump-storming. I have myself seen the most enthusiastic admirer, who had greedily sought an introduction to Harte, ignored the very next day, with blank countenance and unrecognizing eye. The mildest epithet resulting would be "snob," or "swelled head." Finding himself tripping, Harte used to say: "Oh, the rare and rapturous gift of memory—memory of a kind that can seize its subject and photograph it mentally for all time—that can and will fit a name to a face but once seen in the past, and unhesitatingly add glimpses and dates and localities scarce hoped for and conjured up by the magic of association! Well may such faculty be called a gift of the gods. No study can illumine it—no toil aid in the preparation of its mysteries!"

Probably one of the greatest blessings to a rising author must ever be the accident of timeliness. And here Bret Harte considered himself supreme—as one born with a caul. "You observe," he would say, "what a success greeted the worst poem I ever wrote—possibly the worst poem that any one ever wrote, 'The Heathen Chinees!' I was almost ashamed to offer it; but it helped to silence the orator of the sandlots; and it put a stopper on Senator Casserly by furnishing a fair statement of how his famous anti-Chinese eloquence must be viewed by the world; and just then this was the burning issue of the hour." Seldom, however, was Bret Harte heard to speak of politics; political views he undoubtedly had, as was frequently shown in his writings; but his was an assenting stand with his section, rather than such as might proceed from radical conviction, and he was, in general, content to leave the details of statesmanship to the high priests of party. An occasional expression of impatience at too frequently employed methods of expediency might

have been noted, as when he applauded the famous saying of Ben Butler, "We can not run an engine by brakes alone."

A very singular characteristic of one so distinguished as a limner of wild life was his extreme modesty in relating the part borne by himself amid the scenes he so doughtily describes. For a long time I fancied that familiarity with such scenes had blunted the eager zest for oral recital, or that by some obscure moral statute of limitation he had passed the period when the sweetest of all praise is that which is accorded to one's courage (since "Ay, by my valor," has ever been held as a knightly imprecation); but Harte apparently placed no value whatever upon any reputation for bravery, as regarded himself; so much was this the case that more than once I was forced to the conjecture hinted at by Browning:

"No novice, we've
won our spurs
elsewhere;
And hence, can afford the confession,
We exercise wholesome discretion
In keeping away from this place."

Once, indeed, on my remarking the graying of his hair, he told me it was

due to the continued influence of fear while a rider with Yuba Bill. Several of his predecessors in charge of the specie casket having been shot, he never mounted the stage, so he declared, without some apprehension of a dark glen, a

flash therefrom, a report, and a tumble from the seat; and, although he nerved himself to his new duties as best he could, they grew more uncongenial with every repetition. Then it was he had noticed that he was growing gray about the temples. I reminded him of his own military career—of his having enlisted as a volunteer in the war between the Eel River and Scott River Indians. To which allusion he replied: "Yes, that was after the Humboldt Bay massacre. I was escorted to the recruiting officer by indignation and hunger! But although the hardships and privations endured then left me a feeble stomach and irritable nerves, I came to no other harm. Having no blood to spare, I

From a photograph in the possession of S. R. Elliott

"HARTE TOLD ME HIS GRAY HAIR WAS DUE TO THE CONTINUED INFLUENCE OF FEAR WHILE A STAGE RIDER WITH YUBA BILL."

shed my digestion for freedom. You see," he continued, "I never had any sympathy with those mess-pork heroes, although their ways, and, above all, their point of view, were to me an inexhaustible source of amusement and interest. I cared little

whether they wore their own scalps on their heads or wore the scalps of others to trim their buckskins. I only saw some reckless men ready to fight for their country, as did Hampden, Washington, and—with a twinkle—Jeff Davis! For, after all, why was not Benedict Arnold the most conscientious of our Revolutionary heroes? Washington died an impenitent, if successful, rebel—Lafayette was only a filibusterer—but Benedict Arnold had the courage of his convictions: he alone had the grace to 'ground down the weapons of his rebellion and sin against his king no more!'" And now we all knew—at least all the initiated knew—that Bret was guying—a habit attributed to Byron. But, observing that these and such like travesties of his were not always taken in good part, especially by those returned veterans who were still voting, Bret would say: "Boys, don't take it too seriously. I always was a Union man, and ready to sacrifice, as Artemus Ward said,* 'any able-bodied relative' I possessed. So don't look so solemn."

On several different occasions Harte had tried to learn the Indian dialects; but failing in this, as he declared, he

* "Sooner than see the rebellion triumph, I would sacrifice my wife's brother."—Artemus Ward.

had to content himself with mastering the "many-corridor complexities" of slang and pictography which constituted the spoken tongue of the miner and cowboy of those days. "I worked harder, and studied longer, to learn that language than probably would have sufficed for the acquirement of French, Italian—or even English," he would say.

And here let me state that any one who supposed the "finish" of Bret Harte's prose was accidental, would have been enlightened on finding that this writer often made four or five copies of a note accepting an invitation to dinner! Although he was wont to deny to himself the critical faculty, his mind was keenly alive, not only to the sense but to the sound of a passage in verse. I can not soon forget the excited interest with which he read aloud those lines in "Enoch Arden" which describe the prison-paradise of the poor widowed castaway in the summer isles of the South Pacific,

From a photograph in the possession of S. R. Elliott

"THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HARTE THAT RECALLED THE UNCONSCIOUS GRACE OF SOME WILD ANIMAL"

beginning with "The mountains wooded to the peak." Then he would say: "There you have the whole atmosphere of that boy's fairy tale, Robinson Crusoe—grown from nursery prose to adult poetry. But observe how deftly the poet mingles the idea of suffering and loneliness with the keen interest of this primitive life; how conscientiously he shows

the alloy in the gold of the romance. And how he makes us feel the pitiless monotony of a tropical day; one's very eyes ache at that 'Blaze upon the waters to the east,' etc."

One fact at which Harte marveled much was his own feeling for Browning and for the work of this poet. "I can not describe how I am affected by the man-flavor which pervades, so easily and naturally, all that Browning does. When I was fifteen Jack Oakhurst and his ilk seemed to be the male of my species; now that my hair is gray, it is Robert Browning!" "You created your first idol," I observed. "No," he replied, "Oakhurst was pieced up from odds and ends of western character, much in the way a sculptor takes an arm from the gladiator, a leg from the winged-foot fraternity, and a head from some one's Jove. I desired to make the character possible and probable, and added what I thought needful." "You have done much to make gamblers respectable," I hinted, "if not heroic." To which Harte would rejoin: "Some element of heroism, or at least of recklessness, may be assumed in the gambler's choice of a profession, while his code was the simple

one in vogue among barbaric peoples—"And highwaymen," I slyly added—"in fact, the criminal classes generally." "Certainly, unformed peoples require primitive rules for their guidance; and to reward a friend and punish an enemy is convenient for all." "But all this makes Jack Oakhurst a perilous model for boys?" "Not a bit of it," he sturdily maintained, "excepting, perhaps, those boys whose ideal has already been shaped to that end. You observe that Oakhurst scarcely speaks outside of his trade: he is a model of propriety—doesn't drink—in short, is throughout silent and self-contained."

Harte was frequently approached by others besides prospectors, who asked him why he did not return to California. His reply was invariably to the effect that the scenes which he had himself described, and which he was wont to assign to the era of the lariat and the revolver, were things of the past; and that all interest therein, and all literature thereof, would also before long be of the past. But whatever the misgivings of this gifted man, may we not truly say, for his prose and verse (if no longer for himself, alas!), *serus in cælum redeas!*

TO A LADY'S PORTRAIT

By DONALD BABCOCK

Thou art the Lovable, no other name
Hast thou, and deep within their hearts men feel
Thy presence, sweet and calm. Thou dost reveal
That ancient mystery from whence we came
And whither we return, and the great game
Of life and death and love, of woe and weal,
Why this man trampled sin beneath his heel,
And why this other sold himself to shame.

And in thy open gaze and calm, wide eyes,—
Pure as the flowers that dot the meadow-field,
And reminiscent of eternity,—
The maiden and the mother in thee rise
As marveling to see themselves revealed,
And waiting for a kiss to set them free.

Drawn by E. M. Ashe

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THE COLONEL KNELT DOWN AND EXAMINED THE STAINS. "YES," HE SAID VERY QUIETLY,
"YOU ARE
BLOOD"

THE LION'S SHARE

By OCTAVE THANET

Author of "The Man of the Hour," etc.

CHAPTER V

BLIND CLUES

"BUT this is preposterous," cried Mrs. Melville, "you *must* have seen him had he come out of the room; you were directly in front of the doors all the time."

"I was," admitted the colonel; "can — can the boy be hiding to scare us?" He spoke to Miss Smith. She had grown pale; he did not know that his own color had turned. Millicent stared from one to the other.

"How ridiculous!" she exclaimed; "of course not; but he must be somewhere; let *me* look!"

Look as they might through all the staring, empty rooms, there was no vestige of the boy. He was as clean vanished, as if he had fallen out of the closed and locked windows. The colonel examined them all; had there been one open, he would have peered outside, frightened as he had never been when death was at his elbow; but it certainly wasn't possible to jump through a window, and not only shut, but lock it after one.

Under every bed, in every closet, he prowled; he was searching still when Mrs. Winter returned. By this time, Mrs. Melville was agitated, and naturally irritated as well. "I think it is unpardonable in Archie to sneak out in this fashion," she complained.

"I suppose the boy wanted to see the town a bit," said Aunt Rebecca placidly. "Rupert, come in and sit down, and he will be back in a moment; smoke a cigar, if your nerves need calming."

Rupert felt as if he were a boy of ten, called back to common sense out of imaginary horrors of the dark.

"But, if he wanted to go out, why did he leave his hat and coat behind him?" asked Miss Smith.

"He may be only exploring the hotel," said Mrs. Winter. "Don't be so restless, Bertie; sit down."

The colonel's eye was furtively photographing every article of furniture in the room; it lingered longest on Mrs. Winter's wardrobe trunk, which was standing in her room. Randall had been despatched for a hot water bottle in lieu of one which had sprung a leak on the train; so the trunk stood, its door ajar.

"Maybe he is doing the Ginevra stunt in there! Is that what you are thinking?" she jeered. "Well, go and look."

Light as her tone was, she was not unaffected by the contagion of anxiety about her; after a moment, while Rupert was looking at the wardrobe trunk, and even profanely exploring the swathed gowns held in rigid safety by bands of rubber, she moved about the rooms herself.

"There isn't room for a mouse in that box," growled the colonel.

"Of course not," said his aunt languidly, sinking into the easiest chair; "but your mind is easier. Archie will come back for dinner; don't worry."

"How could he get by *me*?" retorted the colonel.

"Perhaps he went into one of the neighboring rooms," Miss Smith suggested. "Shall I go out and rap on the door of the next room on the left?" On the right the last room of the party was a corner room.

"Why, you *might*," acquiesced Aunt

Rebecca; but Mrs. Melville cut the ends of her words. "Pray let me go, Aunt Rebecca," she begged; suiting the action to the words, and out of the door almost ahead of her sentence.

The others waited; they were silent; little flecks of color raddled Mrs. Winter's cheeks. They could hear Millicent's knock reverberating. There was no answer. "Telephone to the adjacent rooms," proposed the colonel.

"I'll telephone," said Mrs. Winter, and rang up the number of the next room. There was no response; but when she called the number of the room adjoining, she seemed to get an answer, for she announced her name. "Have you seen a young lad?" she continued, after an apology for disturbing them. "He belonged to our party; has he by chance got into your room? and is he there?" In a second she put down the receiver with a heightened color, saying, "They might be a little civiler in their answers, if it is Mr. Keatcham's suite."

"What did the beggar say?" bristled the colonel.

"Only that it was Mr. Keatcham's suite; Mr. E. S. Keatcham, as if *that* put getting into it quite out of the question. Some underling, I presume."

"There is the unoccupied room between. That is not accounted for. But it will be. I will find out who is in there." Rupert arose as he spoke, pricked by the craving for action of a man who was accustomed to quick decision. He heard his aunt brusquely repelling Millicent's proposal of the police, as he left the room. Indeed, she called him back to exact a promise that he would not make Archie's disappearance public. "We want to find him," was her grim addenda; "and we can't have the police and the newspapers hindering us."

In the office, he found external courtesy and a rather perfunctory sympathy, based on a suppressed, but perfectly visible conviction that the boy had stolen

out for a glimpse of the city, and would be back shortly.

The manager had no objection to telling Colonel Winter, whom he knew slightly, that the occupant of the next room was a New England lady of the highest respectability, Mrs. Winthrop Wigglesworth. If the young fellow didn't turn up for dinner, he should be glad to ask Mrs. Wigglesworth to let Mrs. Winter examine her room; but he rather thought they would be seeing young Winter before then—Oh, his hat? They usually carried caps in their pockets; and as to coats—boys never thought of their coats.

The manager's cheeriness did not especially uplift the colonel. He warmed it over, dutifully, however, for his womankind's benefit. Miss Smith had gone out; why, he was not told; and did not venture to ask. Mrs. Melville kept making cautious signals to him behind his aunt's back; otherwise she was preserving the mien of sympathetic solemnity which she was used to show at funerals and first visits of condolence and congratulation to divorced friends. Mrs. Winter wore an inscrutable composure. She was still firmly opposed to calling in the aid of the police.

Did she object to his making a few inquiries among the hotel bell boys, the elevator boy and the people in the restaurant or the office?

Not at all, if he would be cautious.

So he sallied out, and, in the midst of his fruitless inquisition, Millicent appeared.

Forcing a civil smile, he awaited her pleasure. "Go on, don't mind me," said she mournfully; "you will feel better to have done everything in your power."

"But I shall not discover anything?"

"I fear not. Has it not occurred to you that he has been kidnapped?"

"Hmn!" said the colonel.

"And did you notice how perturbed Miss Smith seemed; she was quite pale; her agitation was quite noticeable."

"She is tremendously fond of Archie."

"Or—she knows more than she will say."

"Oh, what rot!" sputtered the colonel; then he begged her pardon.

"Wait," he counseled, and his man's resistance to appearances had its effect, as masculine immobility always has, on the feminine effervescence before him. "Wait," was his word, "at least until we give the boy a chance to turn up; if he has slipped by us, he is taking a little 'pasear' on his own account; lads do get restless sometimes if they are held too steadily in the leash, especially—if you will excuse me—by, well, by ladies."

"If he has frightened us out of our wits—well, I don't know what oughtn't to be done to him!"

"Oh, well, let us wait and hear *his* story," repeated the soldier.

But the last streaks of red faded out of the west; a chill fog smoked up from the darkening hills, and Archie had not come. At eight, Mrs. Winter ordered dinner to be served in their rooms. Miss Smith had not returned. The colonel attempted a military cheerfulness, which his great aunt told him bluntly, later in the evening, reminded her of a physician's manner in critical cases where the patient's mind must be kept quiet.

But she ate more than he at dinner; although her own record was not a very good one. Millicent avowed that she was too worried to eat, but she was tempted by the strawberries and carp, and wondered were the California fowls really so poor; and gave the sample the benefit of impartial and fair examination; in the end making a very fair meal.

It is not to be supposed that Winter had been idle; before dinner he had put a guard in the hall and he had seen Haley, who reported that his wife and child had gone to a kinswoman in Santa Barbara.

"Sure the woman has a fine house intirely, and she's fair crazy over the baby that's named afther her, for she's a

widdy woman with never a child excipt wan that's in Hivin, a little gurr!; and she wudn't let us rist 'til she'd got the cratur. Nor I wasn't objectin', for Oi'm thinking there'll be something doin' and the wimin is onconvenient, thim times."

The colonel admitted that he shared Haley's opinion. He questioned the man minutely about Mercer's conduct on the train. It was absolutely commonplace. If he had any connection (as the colonel had suspected) with the bandits, he made no sign. He sent no telegrams; he wrote no letters. He made no acquaintances, smoking his solitary cigar over a newspaper. Indeed, absolutely the only matter of note (if that were one) was that he read so many newspapers—buying every different journal vended. At San Francisco he got into a cab and Haley heard him give the order: "To the St. Francis." Having his wife and child with him, the sergeant couldn't follow; but he went around to the St. Francis later, and inquired for Mr. Mercer, for whom he had a letter (as was indeed the case—the colonel having provided him with one), but no such name appeared on the register. Invited to leave the letter to await the gentleman's arrival, Haley said that he was instructed to give it to the gentleman himself; therefore, he took it away with him. He had carried it to all the other hotels or boarding places in San Francisco which he could find, aided greatly thereto by a friend of his, formerly in "the old —th," a sergeant, now stationed at the Presidio. Thanks to him, Haley could say definitely that Mercer was not at any of the hotels or more prominent boarding-houses in the city, at least under his own name.

"And you haven't seen him since he got into the cab at the station?" the colonel summed up.

Haley's reply was unexpected: "Yes, sor, I seen him this day, in the marning, in this same hotel."

"Where?"

"Drinking coffee at a table in th' coort. He wint out, havin' paid the man, not a signin', an' he guv the waiter enough to make him say, 'Thank ye, sor,' but not enough to make him smile and stay round to pull aff the chair. I follied him to the dure, but he got into an autymobile—"

"Get the number?"

"Yis, sor. Number—here 'tis, sor, I wrote it down to make sure." He passed an old envelope on which was written a number over to the colonel.

* "M. 20139," read the colonel, carefully noting down the number in his own memorandum book. And he reflected, "That is a Massachusetts number, humph."

Haley's information ended there. He heard of Archie's disappearance with his usual stolid mien, but his hands slowly clenched. The colonel continued:

"You are to find out, if you can, by scraping acquaintance with the carriage men, if that auto—you have written a description, I see, as well as the number—find out if that auto left this hotel this afternoon between six and seven o'clock. Find out who were in it. Find out where it is kept and who owns it. Get T. Birdsall, Merchants' Exchange Building, to send a man to help you. Wait, I've a card ready for you to give him from me; he has sent me men before. Report by telegram as soon as you know anything. If I'm not here, speak Spanish and have them write it down. Be back here to-night by ten, if you can, yourself."

Haley dismissed, and his own appetite for dinner effectually dispelled by his report, Winter joined his aunt. Should he tell her his suspicions and their ground? Wasn't he morally obliged, now, to tell her? She was co-guardian with him of the boy, who, he had no doubt, had been spirited away by Mercer and his accomplice; and

*Of course, no allusions are made to any real M. 20139.

hadn't she a right to any information on the matter in his possession?

Reluctantly he admitted that she did have such a right; and, he admitted further, being a man who never cheated at solitaire, that his object in keeping the talk of the two men from her had not been so much the desire to guard her nerves (which he knew perfectly well were of a robuster fiber than those of most women twenty or forty years younger than she); no, he admitted it grimly, he had not so much spared his aunt as Janet Smith; he could not bear to direct suspicion toward her. But how could he keep silent longer? Kicking this question about in his mind, he spoiled the flavor of his after-dinner cigar, although his aunt graciously bade him smoke it in her parlor.

And still Miss Smith had not returned; really, it was only fair to her to have her present when he told his aunt; no, he was *not* grabbing at any excuse for delay; if he could watch that girl's face while he told his story he would—well, he would have his mind settled one way or another.

Here the telephone bell rang; the manager informed Colonel Winter that Mrs. Wigglesworth had returned.

"Wigglesworth? what an extraordinary name!" cried Millicent when the colonel shared his information.

"Good old New England name; I know some extremely nice Wigglesworths in Boston," Mrs. Winter amended with a touch of hauteur; and, at this moment, there came a knock at the door.

There is all the difference in the world between knocks; a knock often as not conveys a most unintentional hint in regard to the character of the one behind the knuckles; and often, also, the mood of the knocker is reflected in the sound which he makes. Were there truth in this, one would judge that the person who knocked at this moment must be a woman, for the knock was not loud, but almost timidly gentle; one

might even guess that she was agitated, for the tapping was in a hurried, uneven measure.

"I believe it is Mrs. Wigglesworth herself," declared Aunt Rebecca. "Bertie, I'm going into the other room; she will talk more freely to you. She would want to spare my nerves. That is the nuisance of being old. Now open the door."

She was half-way across the threshold before she finished, and the colonel's fingers on the door-knob only waited for the closing of her door to turn to admit the lady in waiting.

A lady she was beyond doubt, and any one who had traveled would have been sure that she was a lady from Massachusetts. She wore that little close bonnet which certain elderly Boston gentlewomen can neither be driven nor allured to abandon; her rich and quiet black silken gown might have been made any year within the last five, and her furs would have graced a princess. She had beautiful gray hair and a soft complexion and wore glasses. Equally evident to the observer was the fact of her suppressed agitation.

She waved aside the colonel's proffered chair, introducing herself in a musical, almost tremulous voice, with the crisp enunciation of her section of country. "I am Mrs. Wigglesworth; I understand, Colonel Winter—you?—y-yes, no, thank you, I will not sit. I—I understood Mrs. Winter—ah, your aunt, is an elderly woman."

"This is my sister-in-law, Mrs. Melville Winter," explained the colonel. "My aunt is elderly in years, but in nothing else."

Mrs. Wigglesworth smiled a faint smile; the colonel could see a tremble on the hand that was unconsciously drawing her fur collar more tightly about her throat. "How very nice—yes, to be sure," she faltered. "But you will understand that I did not wish to alarm her. I heard that you wanted to speak to me, and that the little boy was lost."

"Or stolen," Mrs. Melville amended.

The colonel, in a few words, related the situation. He had prevailed upon his visitor to sit down, and while he spoke he noticed that her hands held each other tightly, although she appeared perfectly composed and did not interrupt. She answered his questions directly and quietly. She had been away taking tea with a friend; she had remained to dine. Her maid had gone out earlier to spend the day and night with a sister in the city; so the room was empty between six and seven o'clock.

"The chambermaid wasn't there, then?"

"I don't think so. She usually does the room and brings the towels for the bath in the morning. But I asked her, to make sure, and she says that she was not there since morning."

"She seems a good girl; I think she didn't—but I have found something. At least I am af—I may have found something. I thought I might see Mrs. Winter's niece about it"—she glanced toward Millicent, who said, "Certainly," at a venture; and looked frightened.

"And you found?" said the colonel.

"Only this. I went to my rooms, turned on the light and was taking off my gloves before I untied my bonnet. One of my rings fell on the floor. It went under a rug, and I at once remarked that it was a different place for the rug than the one where it had been before. Before it was in front of the dresser, a very natural place, but now it was on the carpet to one side, a place where there seemed no reason for its presence—these details seem trivial, but—"

"I can see they are not," said the colonel. "Pray, proceed, madam. The ring had rolled under the rug!"

Mrs. Wigglesworth gave him a grateful nod.

"Yes, it had. And when I removed the rug I saw it; but as I bent to pick it up I saw something else. In one place

there was a stain, as large as the palm of my hand, a little pool of—it looks like blood.”

Mrs. Melville uttered an exclamation of horror.

The colonel's face stiffened; but there was no change in his polite attention.

“May we be permitted to see this—ah, stain?” said he.

The three stepped through the corridor to the outside door, and went into the chamber. The rug was flung to one side, and there on the gray velvet nap of the carpet was an irregular, sprawling stain about which were spattered other stains, some crimson, some almost black.

Millicent recoiled, shuddering. The colonel knelt down and examined the stains. “Yes,” he said very quietly, “you are right, it is blood.”

There was a tap on the door, which was opened immediately without waiting for a permission. Millicent, rigid with fright, could only stare helplessly at the erect figure, the composed pale face and the brilliant, imperious eyes of her aunt.

“What did you say, Bertie?” said Rebecca Winter. “I think I have a right to the whole truth.”

CHAPTER VI

THE VOICE IN THE TELEPHONE

“Well, Bertie?” Mrs. Winter had gone back to her parlor in the most docile manner in the world. Her submission struck Rupert on the heart; it was as if she were stunned, he felt.

He was sitting opposite her, his slender, rather short figure looking shrunk-en in the huge, ugly, upholstered easy chair; he kept an almost constrained attitude of military erectness, of which he was conscious, himself; and at which he smiled forlornly, recalling the same pose in Haley whenever the sergeant was disconcerted.

“But, first,” pursued his aunt, “who

was that red-headed bell boy with whom you exchanged signals in the hall?”

The colonel suppressed a whistle. “Aunt Beckie, you're a wonder! Did you notice? And he simply shut the palm of his hand! Why, it's this way: I was convinced that Archie must be on the premises; he *couldn't* get off. So I telephoned a detective that I know here, a private agency, *not* the police, to send me a sure man to watch. He is made up as a bell boy (with the hotel manager's consent, of course); either I, or Millicent, or that boy has kept an eye on the Keatcham doors and the next room ever since I found Archie was gone. No one has gone out without our seeing him. If any one suspicious goes out, we have it arranged to detain him or them long enough for me to get a good look. I can tell you exactly who left the room.”

“It is you who are the wonder, Bertie,” said Aunt Rebecca, a little wearily, but smiling. “Who has gone out?”

“At seven Mr. Keatcham's secretary went down to the office and ordered dinner, very carefully. I didn't see him, but my sleuth did. He had the secretary and the valet of the Keatcham party pointed out to him; he saw them. They had one visitor, young Arnold, *the* Arnolds' son—”

“The one who has all the orange groves and railways? Yes, I knew his father.”

“That one; he only came a few moments since. Mr. Keatcham and his secretary dined together, and Keatcham's own man waited on them; but the waiter for this floor brought up the dishes. At nine the dishes were brought out and my man helped Keatcham's valet to pile them a little farther down the corridor in the hall. The butler broke some of the dishes and was uncommonly flustered; he offered to give the bell boy money to pay for them so they shouldn't appear on the bill. If Mr. Turner knew, he would be angry.”

These items the colonel was reading out of his little red book.

"You have put all that down. Do you think it means anything?"

"I have put everything down. One can't weed until there is a crop of information, you know."

"True," murmured Aunt Rebecca, nodding thoughtfully. "Well, did anything else happen?"

"The secretary posted a lot of letters in the shute. They are all smoking now. Yes—" he was on his feet and at the door in almost a single motion. There had been just the slightest tattoo on the panel. When the door was opened the colonel could hear the rattle of the elevator. He was too late to catch it, but he could see the inmates. Three gentlemen stood in the car. One was Keatcham, the other two had their backs to Winter. One seemed to be supporting Keatcham, who looked pale. He saw the colonel and darted at him a single glance in which was something poignant; what, it was too brief for the receiver to decide, for in the space of an eyeblink a shoulder of the other man intervened, and simultaneously the cage began to sink.

There was need to decide instantly who should follow, who stay on guard. Rupert bade the boy go down by the stairs, while, with a kind of bulldog instinct, he clung to the rooms. The lad was to fetch the manager and the keys of the Keatcham suite.

Meanwhile Rupert paced back and forth before the closed doors, whence there penetrated the rustle of packing and a murmur of voices. Presently Keatcham's valet opened the farther door. He spoke to some one inside. "Yes, sir," he said, "the porter hought to be 'ere now."

The porter was there; at least he was coming down the corridor which led to the elevator, trundling his truck before him.

Doggedly the colonel stuck to his

guard until the valet and another man, a young, clean-shaven, fresh-faced young man whom the watcher had never seen before, came out of the room. The valet superintended the taking of two trunks, accepting tickets and checks from the porter with a thoroughly Anglican suspicion and thoroughness of inspection, while the young man stood tapping his immaculate trousers-leg with the stick of his admirably slender umbrella. "It's all right, Colvin," he broke in, impatiently; "three tickets to Los Angeles, drawing-room, one lower berth, one section, checks for two trunks; come on!"

Very methodically the man called Colvin stowed away his green and red slips, first in an envelope, then in his pocketbook, finally buttoning an inside pocket over all. He was the image of a rather stupid, conscientious English serving creature. Carefully he counted out a liberal but not lavish tip for the porter, and watched that functionary depart. Last of all, he locked the door.

With extreme courtesy of manner Winter approached the young man.

"Pardon me," said he. "I am Colonel Winter; my aunt, Mrs. Winter, has the rooms near yours, and she finds that she needs another room or two. Are you leaving yours?"

"These are Mr. Keatcham's rooms, not mine," the young man responded politely. "*He* is leaving them."

"When you give up your keys, would you mind asking the clerk to send them up to me?" pursued the colonel. "Room three twenty-seven."

"Certainly," replied the young man, "or would you like to look at them a moment now?"

"Why—if it wouldn't detain you," hesitated Winter; he was hardly prepared for the offer of admittance.

"Get the elevator and hold it a minute, Colvin," said the young man, and he instantly fitted the key to the door, which he flung open.

"Excuse me," said he, as they stood in

the room, "but aren't you the Colonel Winter who held that mountain pass to let the other fellows get off, after your ammunition was exhausted?"

"I seem to recall some such episode, only it sounds rather gaudy the way you put it."

"I read about you in the papers; you swam a river with Funston; did all kinds of stunts—"

"Or the newspaper reporter did. You don't happen to know anything about the price of these rooms, I suppose?"

The young Harvard man did not know, but he showed the colonel through all the rooms with vast civility. He seemed quite indifferent to the colonel's interest in closets, baths and wardrobes; he only wanted to talk about the Philip-pines.

The colonel, who always shied like a mettled horse from the flutter of his own laurels, grew red with discomfort and rattled the door-knobs.

"There the suite ends," said the young man.

"Oh, we don't want it all, only a room or two," Colonel Winter demurred. "Any one of these rooms would do. Well, I will not detain you. The elevator boy will be tired, and Mr. Keatcham will grow impatient."

"Not at all; he will have gone. I—I'm so very glad to have met you, Colonel—"

In this manner, with mutual civilities, they parted, the young man escorting the colonel to his own door, where the latter was forced to enter by the sheer demands of the situation.

But hardly had the door closed than he popped out again. The young man was swinging round the corner next the elevator.

"Is he an innocent bystander or what?" puzzled the soldier. He resumed his march up and down the corridor. The final room of the Keatcham suite (he put it down in his note-book) was 339; the next room was evidently held

by the agent of a Fireless Cooking Stove, since one of his samples had strayed into the hall and was mutely proclaiming its own exceeding worth in very black letters on a very white placard.

"If the young man and the valet are straight goods, the key will come up reasonably soon from the office," thought the watcher.

Sure enough, the keys, in the hands of Winter's own spy, appeared before he had waited three minutes. He reported that the old gentleman got into a cab with his secretary and the valet, and the other gentlemen took another cab. The secretary paid the bill. Had he gone sooner than expected? No; he had engaged the rooms until Thursday night; this was Thursday night.

The colonel asked about the next room, which was directly on the cross corridor leading to the elevator. The detective had been instructed to watch it. How long had the Fireless Cooking Stove man had it? There was no meat for suspicion in the answer. The stove man had come the day before the Keatcham party. He was a perfectly commonplace, good-looking young man, representing the Peerless Fireless Cooking Stove, with much picturesque eloquence; he had sold a lot of stoves to people in the hotel, and he tried without much success to tackle "old Keatcham"; he even had attacked the sleuth himself. "He gave me a mighty good cigar, too," chuckled the red-headed one.

"Hmn, you got it now?"

"Only the memory," the boy grinned.

"You ought to have kept it, Birdsall would tell you; you are watching every one in these rooms. Did it have a neck-tie? And did you throw that away?"

"No, sir, I kept that; after I got to smoking, I just thought I'd keep it."

When he took the tiny scrap of paper from his pocket-book the colonel eyed it grimly. "A de Villar y Villar," he read, with a slight ironic inflection. "Decid-

edly our young fireless stove promoter smokes good cigars!"

"Maybe Mr. Keatcham gave it to him. He was in there."

"Was he? Oh, yes, trying to sell his stove—but not succeeding?"

"He said he was trying to get past the valet and the secretary; if he could only get at the old man and demonstrate his stove he could make the sale. He could cook all right, that feller."

The colonel made no comment, and presently betook him to his aunt. She was waiting for him in the parlor, playing solitaire. Through the open door the white bed that ought to have been Archie's was gleaming faintly. The colonel's brows met.

"Well, Bertie? Did you find anything?"

"I'm afraid not; but here is the report." He gave it to her, even down to the cigar wrapper.

"It doesn't seem likely that Mr. Keatcham has anything to do with it," said she. "He, no doubt, has stolen many a little railway, but a little boy is too small game."

"Oh, I don't suspect Keatcham; and I wish I had caught the elevator to-night. He looked at me in a mighty queer way."

"Did you recognize his secretary as any one whom you ever saw before?" asked Mrs. Winter.

"I can't say," was the answer, given with a little hesitation. "I'm not sure."

"I don't think I quite understand you, Bertie; better make a clean breast of all you know. I'm getting a little worried myself."

The colonel reached across the cards and tapped his aunt's arm affectionately. He felt the warmest impulse toward sympathy for her that he had ever known; it glistened in his eyes. Mrs. Winter's cheek slowly crimsoned; she turned her head, exclaiming, did she hear a noise; but the colonel's keen ears had not been warned. "Poor woman,"

he thought, "she is worried to death, but she will not admit it."

"Now, Bertie," said Mrs. Winter calmly, but her elbow fell on her cards and spoiled a very promising game of Penelope's Web, "now, Bertie, *what* are you keeping back?"

Then, at last, the colonel told her of his experience in Chicago. She heard him quite without comment, and he could detect no shift of emotion in her demeanor of absorbed but perfectly calm attention, unless a certain tension of attitude and feature (as if, he phrased it, she were "holding herself in") might be so considered. And he was not sure of this. When he came to the words which stuck in his throat, the sentence about Miss Smith, she smiled frankly, almost laughed.

At the end of the recital—and the colonel had not omitted a word or a look in his memory—she merely said: "Then you think Cary Mercer has kidnapped Archie, and the nice-looking Harvard boy is helping him?"

"Don't you think it looks that way, yourself?"

She answered that question by another one: "But you don't think, do you, that Janet is the Miss Smith mentioned?"

His reply came after an almost imperceptible hesitation: "No!"

Again she smiled. "That is because you know Janet; if you didn't know her you would think the chances were in favor of their meaning her? Naturally! Well, I know Cary a little. I knew his father *well*. I don't believe he would harm a hair of Archie's head. He isn't a cruel fellow—at least toward women and children. I've a notion that what he calls his wrongs have upset his wits a bit, and he might turn the screws on the Wall Street crowd that ruined him. That is, if he had a chance; but he is poor; he would need millions to get even a chance for a blow at them. But a child, a lad who looks like his brother—no, I'm sure he wouldn't hurt Archie! He *couldn't*."

"But—the name, Winter; it is not such a common name; and the words about a lady of—of—" The polite soldier hesitated.

"An old woman, do you mean?" said Aunt Rebecca, with a little curving of her still unwrinkled upper lip.

"It sounds so complete," submitted her nephew.

"Therefore distrust it," she argued dryly. "Gaboriau's great detective and Conan Doyle's both have that same maxim—not to pick out easy answers."

Winter smiled in his own turn. "Still, sometimes the easy answers are right. Now, here is the situation: I hear this conversation at the depot. I find one of the men on the same train with me. He, presumably, if he is Cary Mercer, and I don't think I can be mistaken in his identity—"

"Unless another man is making up as Cary!"

"It may seem conceited, but I don't think I could be fooled. This man had every expression of the other's, and I was, too, struck by the—I may almost call it malignant—look he had, not to recognize him. No, it *was* Mercer; he would certainly recognize you, and he would know who I am; he would not be called upon to snub me as a possible confidence man."

"That rankles yet, Bertie."

He made a grimace and nodded. "But," he insisted, "isn't it so? But if he is up to some mischief, any mischief—doesn't care to have his kin meet him—that is the way he would act, don't you think?"

"He might be up to mischief, yet have no designs on his kin."

"He might," said the colonel musingly. A thought which he did not confide to the shrewd old woman had just flipped his mind. But he went on with his plea.

"He avoids you; he avoids me. He is seen to go into Keatcham's drawing-room; that means some sort of an ac-

quaintance with Keatcham, enough to talk to him, anyway. How much, I can't say. Then comes the attack by the robbers; he is in another car, so there is no call for him to do anything; there is no light whatever on whether he had anything to do with the robbery.

"Then we come here. Keatcham has the next but one room. Archie goes into his own room; we see him go; I am outside, directly outside; it is simply impossible for him to go out into the hall without my seeing him; besides, I found the doors outside all locked except the one to the right where we entered your suite; then we may assume that he could not go out. He could not climb out of locked windows on the third floor down a sheer descent of some forty or fifty feet. Your last room to the right, Miss Smith's bedroom, is a corner room; besides, she was in it; that excludes every exit except that to the left. We find Mrs. Wigglesworth was absent, and there were evidences of—an—an attack of some kind carefully hidden, afterward. But there is no sign of the boy. I watch the rooms. If he is hidden somewhere in Keatcham's rooms, the chances are, after Keatcham goes, they will try to take him off. I don't think it probable that Keatcham knows anything about the kidnapping; in fact, it is wildly improbable. Well, Keatcham goes; immediately I get into the room. The valet and the young man visiting Keatcham, young Arnold, let me in without the slightest demur. Either they know nothing of the boy or somehow they have got him away, else they would not let me in so easily. Maybe they are ignorant and the boy is gone, both. We go to the rooms very soon after; there is not the smallest trace of Archie."

"How did he get out?"

"They must have outwitted me, somehow," the colonel sighed, "and it looks as if he went voluntarily; there was no possible carrying away by force. And there was no odor of chloroform about;

that is very penetrating; it would get into the halls. They must have persuaded him to go—but how?”

“If they have kidnapped him,” said Mrs. Winter, “they will send me some word, and if they have persuaded him to run away, plainly he must be able to walk, and that—mess in Mrs. Wigglesworth’s room doesn’t mean anything bad.”

“Of course not,” said the colonel firmly.

Then, in as casual a tone as he could command: “By the way, where is Miss Smith? She is back, isn’t she?”

“Oh, a long time ago,” said Mrs. Winter. “I sent her to bed.”

“I’ve been frank with you. You will reciprocate and tell me why, for what, you sent her out?”

Mrs. Winter made not the least evasion. She answered frankly: “I sent her with a carefully worded advertisement—but you needn’t tell Millicent, who has also gone to bed, thank heaven—I sent her with a carefully worded advertisement to all the papers. This is the advertisement. It will reach the kidnappers, and it will not reach any one else. See.” She handed him a slip of paper from her card-case. He read:

“To the holders of Archie W.: Communicate with R. S. W., same address as before, and you will hear of something to your advantage. Perfectly safe.”

The colonel read it thoughtfully, a little puzzled. Before he had time to speak, his quick ears caught the sharp ring of his room telephone bell. He excused himself to answer it. His room was the last of the suite, but he shut the door on his way to the telephone.

He expected Haley; nor was he disappointed. Haley reported—in Spanish—that he had traced the automobile; it was the property of young Mr. Arnold, son of the rich Mr. Arnold. Young Arnold had been at Harvard last year, and

he took out a Massachusetts license; he had a California one, too. Should he (Haley) look up young Arnold? And should he come to report that night?

The colonel thought he could wait till morning, and, a little comforted, hung up the receiver. Barely was it out of his hand when the bell shrilled again, sharply, vehemently. Winter put the tube to his ear.

“Does any one want Colonel Winter, Palace Hotel?” he asked.

A sweet, eager, boyish voice called back: “Uncle Bertie! Uncle Bertie, don’t you worry; I’m all right!”

“Archie!” cried the colonel. “*Where are you?*”

But there was no answer. He called again, and a second time; he told the lad that they were dreadfully anxious about him. He got no response from the boy; but another voice, a woman’s voice, said, with cold distinctness, as if to some one in the room: “No, don’t let him; it is impossible!” Then a dead wall of silence and Central’s impassive ignorance. He could get nothing.

Rupert Winter stood a moment, frowning and thinking deeply. Directly, with a shrug of the shoulders, he walked out of his own outside door, locking it, and went straight to Miss Smith’s.

He knocked, at first very gently, then more vigorously. But there was no answer. He went away from the door, but he did not reënter his room. He did not bear to his aunt the news which, with all its meagerness and irritating incompleteness, had been an enormous relief to him. He simply waited in the corridor. Five minutes, ten minutes passed; then he heard the elevator whir, and, standing with his hand on the knob of his open door, he saw his aunt’s companion, dressed for the street, step out and speed down the corridor to her own door.

The other voice—the woman’s voice—had been Janet Smith’s.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

FOUR POEMS: BY JAMES E. RICHARDSON

SAPPHICS

Low the night-wind sings in the aisles of cedar,
Low and mournful, here by the cooling sandhills;
Low the voice of one who had loved me, pleading,
Calls me and calls me:

"I who loved thee, here unto Earth returning,
Cry to thee as ever, thou Unforgetful,
In thine arms forgiving, no more to leave thee,
Fold me, my Lover!"

So the night-wind sings, and the tears requicken,
Tears long dead, aye, dead as the dust in drifting,
Now reborn in darkness and pain to mind me
Who had forgotten.

THE DEAD CLOWN

By two and two the dumb clods dunching fall,
The planished spades are plied and plied above;
The sly contemptuous crow's a meekly dove,
Lugubrious in the willow 'gainst the wall.
But one thing hurts: I'd hoped (as I recall),
At "Dust to dust" my pretty perfumed love
Might not think shame to soil her tiny glove;
But, as for that, I do not care at all.

Not much, that is; and now I must be sure
To try and sleep, and not to think of her
Who loved me in the wastrel nights of old.
I have it now, my hard-won sinecure,
But somehow Life, I deem, is cheerfuller,



"BEHOLD! THIS BROKEN SHELL"

Behold this broken shell, which in the sere
Still waterpool with idle hand we throw,
To watch the ordered wave-rings till they know
The distant marge, and this which lies anear.
If so we deem that Fate, with vision clear
And hand more skilled cast thus for me and thee



THE GOVERNMENT OF DEPENDENCIES

"IMPERIALISM"

THE FIFTH IN THE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON

THE PROBLEMS OF THE PEOPLE

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

WEAKENING THE REPUBLIC

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

IMPERIALISM is the policy of an empire, and an empire is defined as "A territory or nation governed by an emperor, composed generally of several countries once separated, but now united by conquest, colonization or confederation." The term does not suggest a homogeneous nation in which the people share in a common destiny and co-operate in the administration of a government which they themselves have created. It rather implies variety in race and method of government, and recalls the Roman empire with its citizen at home and its subject abroad, or the British empire with its parliament in England, its governors-general in Canada, Australia and New Zealand, and its viceroy and legislative council in India.

A HALF-KEPT PROMISE

Imperialism is so objectionable a word that in the United States it is only used in indictments. It is now more than eight years since the word imperialism began to be used in this country, and yet no party has confessed that it intended to establish an imperial policy. For more than eight years we have been administering a colonial system, and yet no party has ventured a platform declaration in favor of colonialism. Strange

that that can be retained which can not be defended!

When the Spanish War was entered upon our nation went before the world with a declaration of its intention, and no nation ever took arms with greater disinterestedness or took more pains to deny selfish connection with the controversy. Congress expressly declared that our nation had no desire to extend its territory and no purpose but to assist the Cubans to obtain the freedom and independence to which, according to our theory of government, they were entitled. That promise has been kept in regard to Cuba, but it has not been kept in regard to the Philippines, although it applied to the Philippines in spirit, and would doubtless have been applied to them specifically if the subject had been presented to Congress.

Porto Rico, where no insurrection existed, welcomed our troops, and, so far as could be observed, desired annexation. The treaty of peace provided for the cession of Porto Rico to the United States. It would have been more in keeping with our ideas of government to have made the cession dependent upon a favorable vote of the people of the island, but acquiescence on their part has given sanction to the action of the two nations in making the transfer of

allegiance. Our country has been slow to clothe the Porto Ricans with the privileges of citizenship; the party in power acting on the theory that the constitution does not necessarily follow the flag. The president, however, has recommended full citizenship for the Porto Ricans, and it is only a question of time when the people of that island will fully share in the privileges and guarantees of our constitution. As Porto Rico is too small to maintain an independent government without outside aid, and so near to us that we could not afford to have her under the protection of any other country, we are in duty bound to admit her to fellowship. It would be unjust to exclude her from the benefits of our co-partnership and then forbid her to associate herself with any other country.

THE BROWN BABY ON OUR DOORSTEP

The conditions in the Philippines are entirely different. These islands have some eight millions of people and are a part of another hemisphere. The possession of them is a weakness to us and an aggravation to them. We can not afford to make them an integral part of our nation, and we can not hold them as subjects without violating all that is fundamental in our traditions and principles. The ocean which separates us from the Filipinos makes it as impossible for them to understand our domestic affairs as for us to understand theirs. They can not share intelligently in the legislation which our country needs, and we can not intelligently devise the legislation which they need. We are brought, therefore, face to face with the proposition whether we shall exploit the islands in our own interests or prepare for their independence. There are two intermediate courses, but neither is likely to prove satisfactory. The first is to tax ourselves for the development of the islands, conscientiously governing the Filipinos with an eye single to their interests. This is

doubtless the plan of those who feel that our occupancy of the islands is providential and that we are in duty bound to take care of "the brown baby left on our doorstep." While such a policy would be entirely inconsistent with our theory of government it is put forth with earnestness by those who have more faith in their interpretation of the plans of the Almighty than they have in our constitution.

PHILANTHROPY AND FIVE PER CENTS,

There are several objections to this plan, one of which is that the Filipinos would distrust our motives and criticize our administration. They could point to our mistakes as evidence of our ignorance of the situation, and to our legislation as evidence of the care with which we guard the interests of the foreign capitalist. Another objection would be made by our own people, who would grow weary of taxing themselves to help others, when that help was resented. Mr. Gage, then secretary of the treasury, said, when the Philippine question first arose, that "philanthropy and five per cent. would go hand in hand." The reader of history will recognize this familiar pair, and will recall many instances in which philanthropy has been taken along to guard the front door while five per cent. has entered the premises from the rear. It was supposed by many that the Philippine islands would prove a great commercial prize, besides being a stepping-stone to the Orient. Now that this delusion no longer inflames the imagination of our financiers, less is said about "duty and destiny." Those who justify wars of conquest for the extension of trade never see the hand of God in such a war unless they also see a dollar in the hand. Experience—a rather expensive experience, too—has convinced even the most sanguine that that Philippine trade costs more than it is worth, and that a harbor

and coaling station would serve as well for a stepping-stone to the Orient as a whole group of islands inhabited by hostile people. No party could long continue a colonial policy which required an annual appropriation to maintain it, an army to support it, and a repudiation of the Declaration of Independence to defend it.

A BIG NAVY OR THE OPEN DOOR

The second half-way policy is that which England employs in dealing with Canada, Australia and New Zealand. This plan permits the colony to have what is equivalent to self-government, the governor-general retaining but never using the veto power. England has only experimented with this policy where she has built up a colony of her own race; she has not attempted to apply it where she is governing alien races. It is not likely that such a policy would be satisfactory if applied by our government to the Philippines. It would not be defensible on principle, for we are not familiar with any theory of government upon which we could justify the exercise of sovereign authority over people who are denied the privileges of citizenship, and no trade advantages could compensate for the expense which the defense of the islands would under such an arrangement entail upon us. England offers the protection of her navy in return for the allegiance of her self-governing colonies, but she has an imperial policy in support of which she keeps a large navy. We would find it much easier to protect the independence of the Philippines than to hold them as England holds Canada, for if the Filipinos were independent we could secure a treaty from other nations by which her independence would be recognized by all in return for equal trade advantages.

The alternative propositions which the American people have to consider are, first, shall the Filipinos be governed

under a colonial policy similar to that administered by England in India? Or, second, shall we treat the Filipinos as we have treated the Cubans, and make them at once a pledge of independence, the pledge to be fulfilled when a stable government is established?

THE FREE MUST GIVE FREEDOM

The objections to the first policy are numerous and, to my way of thinking, conclusive. To attempt to govern the Filipinos as England governs India would be an abandonment of that theory of government which has given to this country its prestige among the nations. A nation which recognizes a hereditary king as the source of power—a government in which the people accept such favors as the king may choose to grant—can have self-government in one portion of the empire and arbitrary government in another portion, but people who believe in the inalienable rights of man and find no authority for government except in the will of the people can not consistently secure subjects by conquest or purchase, or retain them by force. I say "consistently," for a nation can not lead a double life. It can not preach one thing and practise another, nor can it in one place defend as inalienable, rights which it extinguishes in another place.

No matter what advantages may be held out as a reward, a republic can not abandon its foundation principles. The fruits of imperialism, be they bitter or sweet, must be left to the children of monarchy; this is the one tree of which the citizens of a republic may not partake—it is the voice of the serpent, and not the voice of God, that bids us eat.

Imperialism must be viewed from two standpoints, namely, from its effect upon the United States, and from its effect upon the Filipinos.

Viewed from the standpoint of our own people, we find that imperialism can

not be defended without attacking our form of government. During the Revolution Buckle called attention to the fact that the people of Great Britain could not defend their part in the war without asserting principles which, if carried out, would destroy English liberty as well as American liberty. And so we can not defend a colonial policy without asserting principles which, if carried out, would destroy liberty in this country as well as in the Philippine islands.

WEAKENING OUR OWN FOUNDATIONS

Lincoln declared that the protection of our country was not in fleets or armies, forts or towers, but "in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all people in all lands everywhere." "Destroy this spirit," he exclaimed, "and you plant the seeds of despotism at your own doors." It is not an uncommon thing now for people to speak of liberty as a gift which the people of one country may graciously confer upon the people of another country, and we hear much of the doctrine that only so much liberty should be given as the people are capable of enjoying. All of these expressions betray infidelity to the republican form of government. When liberty becomes a chattel, to be separated from the person and sold at will, the person himself is little more than a political chattel.

The daily denial of the doctrine that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and the constant qualifying and amending of the doctrine of inalienable rights—these can not but weaken the foundation of our own government.

The soldiers who go abroad to give physical support to a carpet-bag government have drilled into them doctrines antagonistic to the ideas of a republic, and those who enter with enthusiasm upon the administration of a colonial government can hardly escape a change

in their conceptions of government. No gold that could be brought back in our merchant ships, if a Philippine colony were really profitable, could compensate us for the surrender of that ideal of government which, planted on American soil a century and a quarter ago and watered with the blood of patriots, has become the hope of the world.

But what of imperialism from the Filipinos' point of view? Well, to begin with, it is objectionable because so long as it is continued the Filipino can not speak in praise of American institutions without exposing himself to the charge of stirring up insurrection. We become the enemies of free government rather than its exponents when we make it unlawful for those living under our flag to espouse the political principles for which the flag stands.

Second, the Filipinos have reason to complain of the expensiveness of our government in the Philippines. American officials do not go to Manila for their health; they must not only be paid as much as they would be paid at home for the same work, but more. The salaries there are higher than the salaries paid for the same work in this country, the members of the Philippine Commission, for instance, receiving more per year than our cabinet officers. Not only are the salaries high, but the officials require larger expenditures for the protection of their health and the health of their families than they do at home.

The high pay of the American official residing in the Philippines leads to an increase in the pay of natives, or there is a discrepancy between the pay of the two classes which is at once noticed.

JUGGLING SALARIES

If the Filipino is paid the same as the American, the expense of the government is still further increased; if, on the other hand, the Filipino receives less than the American for the same class of

work—which is the fact—dissatisfaction is the result. An attempt has been made to conceal this difference in pay by giving more than one office to the American. For instance, the members of the commission receive five thousand dollars per year each as members of the commission; then the American members of the commission are given ten thousand dollars each as heads of departments. This is merely a device to avoid the payment of high salaries to the native members of the commission. The Philippine government could be conducted by Filipinos for at least a half less than it can be conducted by Americans, and the Filipinos would be better satisfied with their own administration than with ours.

The Filipinos can justly contend that the American Congress does not understand the needs of the Filipinos as well as a native government would, and that the resident Americans do not stay long enough to identify themselves with the people. No matter how well-meaning Congress may be, it can not have the knowledge necessary, and no matter how upright in intention the resident Americans may be, they lack the sympathy with the people which is necessary to successful administration. Those who are wisest have the least faith in their own ability to govern others and the least confidence in their lack of race bias. Jefferson, when invited to frame a constitution for a French colony which was locating on one of the rivers of the South, replied that no one outside of their own community was sufficiently acquainted with their history, their traditions and their habits of thought to frame a constitution for them, and yet what the wisest of statesmen in the ripeness of his wisdom hesitated to attempt for a people coming to the United States, some fledgling statesman would confidently undertake for people of another race in a distant part of the globe.

A colonial policy denies to the Filipinos that experience which only par-

ticipation in government can give. There is an educational advantage in self-government; responsibility sobers and trains. Other things being equal, he does best from whom we expect most, for each one desires to win the commendation of his fellows. Some insist that we must govern the Filipinos until their capacity for self-government is developed. If we must govern them until they catch up with us, we have an endless task before us, for, assuming that we are now ahead of them, how can the gulf be closed unless they advance more rapidly than we do? And how can they make more rapid progress in the art of self-government if they are not allowed to exercise their powers at all, while we strain ours by governing both ourselves and them?

THE ONLY AMERICAN PLAN

Should we treat the Filipinos as we have treated the Cubans? That is the only American plan. It recognizes the principles of our government, is in harmony with the wishes of the Filipinos, is justified by their capacity, and is consistent with our commercial interests. If the Cubans were entitled to liberty and independence, so are the Filipinos; no line can be drawn between the rights or the capacities of the two peoples. (The recent insurrection in Cuba has been cited by some as an evidence that they are incapable of self-government, but that argument can have no weight with us, since we had the greatest civil war in history.)

The Filipinos desire self-government. That has been disputed, but my observation in different parts of the islands convinces me that there is no division among the people as to the desirability of independence; some ask for it immediately, some are willing to wait a few years, but all demand it and expect it as the ultimate solution.

Now, as to their capacity; this is the

question upon which the controversy turns. There are two theories, and there is a material difference between them. One is that capacity for self-government is a cultivated rather than a natural quality; the other is that capacity for self-government is an inherent quality, subject to development, to be sure, but a thing that does not have to be grafted upon the parent stalk.

HUMANITY INHERENTLY CAPABLE

The first is the theory of kings. They must assume incapacity upon the part of the people in order to justify their own usurpation. Once admit the doctrine that people below a certain level—a level never yet defined—are incapable of self-government, and you confess that governments rest upon force and force alone, for the king never admits capacity for self-government until the people compel a recognition of their demands.

The second theory is the one adopted by our forefathers. They assumed the capacity for self-government as a starting point, and believed that experience in government would develop the people. The advantage of our form of government is that it suits itself to the capacity of the people; they can make it as good as they deserve to have. It is not that all are equally capable of self-government, for there are degrees of capacity in people, whether for business or government, but, as a rule, people can govern themselves better than any outside authority can govern them. When people govern themselves they are interested in correcting their mistakes, for it never pays the people to make mistakes. But when people are governed from without they suffer from the mistakes of others, and those who make the mistakes do not always have an interest in correcting them.

Every village in the northern group of the Philippine islands has enough

educated men to direct public sentiment, and every year increases the number of those who are intelligent. There are a thousand students in Manila above the bachelor's degree, and there are thousands that have already graduated, and half a million who are now pursuing their studies in the lower schools. Our occupation of the Philippine islands has had one good result—although that result might have been better secured in another way—viz., the increase in education among the people; and to this may be added a common language. But the more we educate the people the more insistent will they be in demanding self-government and independence; the more we train them in the English language the more unity will there be among them in pressing their demands.

The Japanese government rests upon a limited suffrage, less than one-tenth of the adult males being able to vote; and yet behold the progress that Japan has made! I am satisfied that the legislative body to be established in the Philippines in the near future will prove that the Filipinos are competent to select worthy representatives, and that these representatives will be equal to the task of conducting the government.

THE PROSPERITY OF THE SELF-RULED

A word in conclusion as to our commercial interest in the question. How can we extend our commerce in the Orient? Not by forcing our trade upon an unwilling people, but by implanting our ideas and making friends. Only as we teach the Orientals to imitate us can we hope to increase our trade with them. The first fruit of our colonial policy has been to depress rather than to encourage the industries of the Philippine islands; we have cut off the markets that they formerly had and have refused them access to our markets. If we would allow them to make the commercial arrangements most profitable to them, their in-

creased prosperity would enable them to enlarge their trade with us.

The Orient is ripe for the establishment of governments patterned after the American plan. The Filipinos framed a republic like ours, and would be conducting it to-day but for us; the Japanese have a constitutional government which is becoming more and more democratic; the Chinese are preparing for a constitution, and the people of India are demanding representation in their government. By establishing a republic in

the Philippines our government would at once make friends with all the progressive men of Asia. No tie is so strong as that which unites those who cherish the same ideals, and by this tie we could unite to us the hundreds of millions of the Orient. We could draw their students to our shores and send them back to carry tidings of our civilization. Policy and principle join in urging us to extend our influence westward by the same policy that has made the United States the foremost nation of the world.

TRUE LIBERTY UNDER LAW

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

IF by "imperialism" is meant our taking of the Philippines, that is an event so many years in the past that it is no longer an issue. The American people do not fight about bygones.

If, on the contrary, it means American retreat from those islands, it is conceded by all that this must not occur until the Filipinos are prepared for self-government; and that it is an event so many years in the future that it is not yet an issue. The American people do not cross bridges before they get to them.

Or again, if by "imperialism" is meant our present method of administration in the Philippines, where would our opponents improve that administration?

Certainly not in granting more "self-government" to the Filipinos at the present time, since they already have more of that than they are now able to use. This is stated by the Philippine Commission itself, whose members have spent many years on the ground in personal contact with the natives and in actual application of this "self-government." This, too, is the testimony of all students of Philippine conditions—wit-

ness Colquhoun, Ireland *et al.*—who have carefully and patiently informed themselves by actual investigation.

PROGRESS ALREADY ACHIEVED

For example, under American administration the people at the ballot-box elect mayors of the municipalities; they elect at the ballot-box the governors of provinces; and they are now electing at the ballot-box a Filipino Legislature. In addition to this, Filipinos have been thrust into public office everywhere, until the large majority of those who run the government in the Philippine islands are Filipinos. Would Mr. Bryan go faster with "self-government" than the amazing progress in that direction already made or under way? He must necessarily answer "no," because he could not extend practical "self-government" faster than we have done even if he would.

If Mr. Bryan says that he would leave the Filipinos entirely alone to "work out their own destiny," how could that be done?—since the north star is not a more fixed and certain fact than that the

moment we Americans surrender the Philippines either Japan, Germany or England would take them—almost surely Japan. And, of course, it is absurd to say that the Filipinos would be “left to work out their own destiny” under Japanese, German or English rule (and especially Japanese), since we have both present and past examples of what each of these powers does under such circumstances. Witness Japan’s government of Formosa and present absorption of Korea. Though splendidly efficient, Japanese administration of dependencies is autocratic and harsh to the last degree.

If Mr. Bryan would withdraw from the Philippines and insure the Filipinos the opportunity to “work out their own destiny,” keeping out Japan, England or Germany by the device of an American “protectorate,” what then? This—we would have all the responsibility now ours without any of the power to meet its difficulties. For example, the first necessity of government is money. No money means no government, and no government means anarchy. This is true even in the case of highly developed peoples.

WOULD JAPAN GIVE LIBERTY?

Very well! This Filipino government, secured from the aggression of other powers by an American “protectorate,” would be compelled to issue bonds. These bonds either could or could not be sold in the money markets of the world without the guarantee of the American government. If they could not be sold without that guarantee, would Mr. Bryan and the Opposition favor American indorsement of this Filipino indebtedness? If they could be sold without the American guarantee and the government of Japan bought them, as it probably would, and the Philippine government defaulted in the payment of the bonds, as it most certainly would, what

would we Americans do as Philippine “protectors” when Japan demanded the alternative of payment of the bonds or possession of the islands?

We could do only one of three things: First, pay the bonds ourselves. Second, go to war with Japan. Or, third, abandon our “protectorate.” The first would make certain a worse tangle than our present administration of the islands would produce in a century; the second means the shedding of rivers of American blood and the sinking of hundreds of millions of American treasure; and the third means disgraceful repudiation of American honor, pledged in the proposed “protectorate,” and unbearable humiliation in the eyes of sister nations and on the pages of history. All this would be equally true if Germany, England or any other power bought the bonds.

The truth is, as all witnesses agree, that the success of American administration in the Philippines has been impaired, and the progress of the Filipinos themselves in the growth of their personal characters as well as in the development of their land has been retarded by going too fast in crowding New England’s self-government down the throats of Malays who are not prepared to digest it. To use a humble and rather coarse illustration which, however, fits the case, our giving of New England self-government to the Filipinos is like feeding ham, eggs and beefsteak, washed down with coffee, to an infant.

EIGHTY PER CENT. ILLITERATE

This is proved by the following facts: It took us about a thousand years to work up to our present capacity for self-government; and we are a self-governing race. The Filipinos are Orientals, and in all the thousands of years of human history no Oriental people ever established any kind of “self-government” as we understand that term. But

not only are the Filipinos Orientals, they are Malays; and, worse than that, Malays inoculated with three centuries of Spanish medievalism. Again, perhaps eighty per cent. of them can neither read nor write any language; and the immense majority of them do not speak the same tongue. They are as yet not even one people, but a number of tribes, using different dialects, having opposite religious faiths and diverse customs. Until we have finished the system of railroads and highways which we have already devised, the people of one province in the Philippines are farther away from the people of another province than the people of Nebraska are from the people of Massachusetts.

At this point I will leave the Philippines, to return to them after discussing "imperialism" as applied to our administration of Porto Rico, our work in Cuba, and the present situation in San Domingo. Having examined all of these with the brevity which this debate requires, I shall bunch them all together and consider the problems and principles common to all of them.

Next, then, of Porto Rico.

Does Mr. Bryan find any fault with the progress of "self-government" in Porto Rico? Except as to the governor and his executive staff (who are appointed by our American president and confirmed by our American Senate), the ballot is as free and general in that island as in Mr. Bryan's own State of Nebraska. The people not only elect their local officers at the voting booth, but by the same method choose the representatives who make their statutes. And the Porto Ricans have done this, mind you, under American law for the last six years.

OUR GOVERNMENT GOOD EVERYWHERE

If you ask why, if this is good for the Porto Ricans, it is not also good for the Filipinos, the answer is that the Porto

Ricans are better fitted for it than the Filipinos. They are far more cultured and advanced than the Filipinos; they are a compact body of human beings, with excellent roads, in constant and easy touch with one another; and they speak a common language.

Just what improvement would Mr. Bryan suggest? Would he and the Opposition withdraw from Porto Rico altogether? If not, it must be because the American government is a good thing for the Porto Ricans. But if it is a good thing for the Porto Ricans, why is it not a better thing for the Filipinos, since it is admitted that the Filipinos need more assistance than the Porto Ricans? Would Mr. Bryan and the Opposition make Porto Rico a State as Nebraska is? If so, would he permit everybody, including the negroes, to vote—the negroes constituting a considerable percentage of the population of the island?

If he and the Opposition would exclude the negroes from the ballot in Porto Rico, why? since Mr. Bryan and his party have planted themselves upon the academic proposition that "no man is good enough to govern another man." And if he would place the ballot for all officials in the hands of the negroes in Porto Rico, would he do the same thing with the negroes here at home? If not, why the discrimination? Are Porto Rican negroes better than American negroes?

And apply Mr. Bryan's proposition that "no man is good enough to govern another man" to the Filipinos. If it is wrong to govern the Filipinos without their consent, why is it not worse to govern several million negroes in this country without their consent? Or, if it is wrong to deny the Filipinos the ballot in Asia, why is it right to deny the negroes the ballot in America? And, upon the proposition of "government without consent," are Asiatic Malays more entitled to its application than American women?

In this review of our "imperialism" we now come to Cuba. The Spanish War over and the American flag flying from Havana to Santiago, would Mr. Bryan and the Opposition have done differently from what Theodore Roosevelt did? For example, would Mr. Bryan and the Opposition party have immediately evacuated Cuba? If not, they approve our "imperialism" so far as our three years' occupation of that island is concerned. If, on the other hand, they would have withdrawn upon the signing of the treaty of peace, the chaos and bloodshed that would have followed is faintly indicated by what the Cubans did when they were left to themselves with a perfectly constructed government set smoothly going under our guidance and direction.

Again: If they approve our remaining there until the Cuban government was established, would Mr. Bryan and the Opposition have refused to enact the Platt amendment, which established over Cuba an American suzerainty—the most perfect suzerainty, so far as written words are concerned, existing in all the world to-day? Perhaps this question is not fair; for neither Mr. Bryan nor the Opposition disapproved of the Platt amendment. Not a single Democrat in House or Senate voted or spoke against it, nor did Mr. Bryan utter a word of protest; this, too, although, by right of power, merit, and of the affection and confidence of the rank and file, he was then, as he is now, his party's unquestioned leader.

CUBA AND THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Since, therefore, both Mr. Bryan and his party approve of the Platt amendment, do they disapprove of President Roosevelt's "imperialistic" action when the Cubans, left to themselves, ridiculously failed in "self-government" and called upon us to intervene? Had Mr. Bryan been president, and the Opposi-

tion in power, would they have refused to respond as Theodore Roosevelt responded? Would they have held aloof and let assassination, arson and terror riot throughout Cuba?

Is it not better to have an American governor in Cuba, peace sovereign, brigandage suppressed, business prosperous, children in school throughout the island, law observed and industry protected over every foot of it than to have left the Cubans to cut one another's throats and the children to revert to savagery, both of which actually were occurring under Cuban "self-government"? I know that these questions are practically useless, because there is only one answer to them; but I have a right to put them, because it shows how silly is the cry of "imperialism" and how bizarre are academic catch-words when applied to real situations.

"ELECTIONS" BY FORCE OF ARMS

But one more example of American "imperialism" remains—I refer to our response to the cry for help that came to us from San Domingo. It would take several papers like this to detail the history and present conditions in that spot most favored of nature and most abused of man. So I must sketch it in broad lines. Under French rule San Domingo prospered, and, so far as physical comforts went, her people were happy. Up rose Toussaint l'Ouverture, whom Wendell Phillips immortalizes in perhaps his most fervid oration. The negroes, under the leadership of this man, expelled the white race. Then they instituted "self-government"—established a "republic." But nobody ever made a government a "republic" and people "republicans" just by calling them such. It is qualities of character, and not names, that make free institutions—which is a distinction that Mr. Bryan and those who think with him fail to observe.

Under this "self-government" San Domingo relapsed to the level of the qualities of her inhabitants, and the inhabitants themselves "reverted to type," to use the scientific phrase. Their "presidents" were "elected" by that band of outlaws which had the most guns. These presidents were brutal, thieving, ignorant despots, very little above the bloody chiefs that rule in the African jungles of their ancestral homes. Still a form of government existed, and under this form debts were piled upon the miserable people, who, although they received little benefit from the money thus borrowed, yet were and are legally bound to pay it. This debt was Italian, English, German, Dutch, American. Some of it was honest; some fraudulent. It was a terrible tangle, which the San Domingan "government" was as much able to straighten out as a babe in arms is capable of administering the complex affairs of the Standard Oil Company.

The various foreign governments whose citizens held these tens of millions of San Domingan indebtedness were, very properly, demanding payment therefor, and, in default of payment, what amounted to practical possession of the islands. In doing this they were entirely within their rights. We should not have respected those governments if they had not thus cared for their own citizens. For when a government can not take care of the interests of its own people, it had better go out of business. In this situation the San Domingan government appealed to us for aid; and our own citizens were among San Domingo's heaviest and most valid creditors.

RECEIVERS FOR A BANKRUPT NATION

One of two courses was open to us: First, to refuse the cry for help, deny our citizens that aid in the collection of their just debts which every government owes to its citizens. Or, second, to do practically what we have done by treaty

—place an American receiver in charge of the revenues of the island and pay out the proceeds, first, to the running of the San Domingan government, and second, to the extinction of the San Domingan debt—this debt, be it remembered, having had all the fraud cut out of it by an American board and the result agreed to by the various creditor powers.

So we see that by practical examination of actual conditions in the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba and San Domingo there not only is not, but never has been an issue of "imperialism," if by that term is meant the doing of something we ought not to have done. On the contrary, if by "imperialism" is meant the general policy of permanently holding and administering government in these various possessions, that, as I have pointed out, is so far in the future that it is not a subject for immediate or even early settlement.

Entering the philosophical discussion of the general plan of territorial expansion and government of possessions (which, however, is academic), we find that every reason of history, of nature and of the character of our race supports this policy. So does geography; so does the progress of civilization, which, speaking by and large, is the all-compelling power that gradually uplifts and advances the world.

THE MOTTO OF OUR BLOOD

No! Expansion is our racial nature. "What we have we hold" is the motto of our blood. Show me an instance where England has set up her permanent dominion over an inferior people which she has withdrawn; an instance where Germany has done the like and withdrawn; an instance where we Americans have done the like and withdrawn. No American public man has ever survived resistance to American territorial expansion; no American political party has ever successfully opposed it; the

proudest monuments of many American statesmen have been their championship of this expanding instinct of our people. For example, in final history Jefferson will be remembered chiefly for the Louisiana Purchase; Seward would be little known to the masses to-day but for his acquisition of Alaska; and William McKinley's name would, in the record of a century hence, have received no more than commonplace mention but for his bringing of the islands of the sea beneath the folds of our flag.

Take the reasons of commerce: We must have more foreign trade. If you do not think so, ask our manufacturers and farmers. It is impossible to have too many markets. Even in our present comparatively undeveloped state we have not enough foreign markets—for we produce a surplus after we have supplied ourselves and all the foreign markets we now reach. The markets of the Orient should naturally be ours. We are nearer to them than any other supplying country of like character to ours, excepting only Japan, which is our natural trade antagonist. Hawaii and the Philippines increased American interest and activity over the Pacific and in the Orient. Explain it how you will, this means trade. The trade of those islands themselves is worth while, but the trade to which they lead will be infinitely greater.

INCREASED ORIENTAL TRADE

This is proved by the increase of American Oriental commerce since we took those islands, as well as the increase of our commerce with those islands themselves. Look at the figures. The total annual sales of American products to the Philippines before we took them was \$94,597—and this in spite of our foolish policy of keeping a tariff wall up between ourselves and our own possessions. It is now \$6,200,620. The total foreign trade of the Philippines before we took them was \$12,366,912. It

is now \$31,917,134. Our sales to Hawaii before we took those islands were \$4,354,290 annually. They are now \$12,036,675 annually. Our sales to China before we took our Oriental possessions were \$11,924,433 annually. They are now \$53,453,385 annually; and this is our direct shipment—our total sales are much larger. Our trade with Oceania was formerly \$22,652,773, and it is now \$35,141,751 every year. This can not be explained on the ground of independent American enterprise, since we were fully as enterprising before we took Hawaii and the Philippines as we have been since. It is explained only by the fact that the attention of the American people has been drawn to Oriental trade, on the one hand, and the attention of Oriental people has been drawn to American trade, on the other hand.

Think of the work England has done for her colonies—her crown colonies. Hongkong and Singapore did not exist fifty and seventy years ago. The site of one was a barren mountain blazing in the tropical sun, with a few score starving Chinese fishermen clinging in a miserable village at its base. Hongkong is now one of the world's most beautiful cities and greatest centers of commerce and civilization. Singapore was a rush-and-jungle-grown island seventy years ago, infested with bloody pirates, savage beasts, poisonous serpents. To-day it is one of the wonders of modern times and an infinite blessing to the people of the whole Malay peninsula.

INSPIRING PARALLEL CASES

Or, take Calcutta or Bombay. It is unnecessary to describe them to Mr. Bryan—he has been there. Yet when the English took them they were noisome culture spots of plague and pestilence—citadels of ignorance and fanatic superstition. Under English administration they have been transformed; and it

is a fact that the hygienic and general municipal regeneration of Birmingham, Glasgow and Edinburgh was inspired by the cleansing and purifying of these decadent capitals of the East.

These are concrete illustrations of what government by an administering and civilizing people does for the backward people thus governed. Is it better to have Hongkong with its trade, serving the human needs of both Orient and Occident, with hundreds of thousands of Chinese employed, well fed, even prosperous, than to have Hongkong still a repellent waste and the miserable Chinese that live around it still perishing of hunger and disease? Is it better to have Singapore with the industry and happiness it has brought to the Malays of the Straits Settlements and the prosperity and power it gives to England, than to have that island once more desolate save for its deadly thickets and their poisonous inhabitants?

WHAT ENGLAND DID, WE MAY DO

Or, put it on a still broader scale. Much just criticism can be made of the career of England in India; and yet, when all is said against British administration of the Indian Empire, the balance in England's favor is so great that in the light of her benefits to that people her errors fade from sight. Before England took India, native princes, the decadent descendants of great, strong, wise ancestors, murderously oppressed their subjects and warred with one another with the ferocity of the tigers of their jungles. There was no law but caprice; no commerce but barter; no care for human health and life but the fakir's incantations and prayers. Irrigation, once highly developed, had fallen into insignificance, and if drought occurred, human beings died by the hundred thousand. There was no sanitation, no knowledge of hygiene, few and difficult highways; and if pestilence broke out in one

section of the country, the rest of the land was helpless to aid.

To-day equal laws are administered all over India by impartial and incorruptible judges with the same exact justice that is meted out in England itself. Railroads and highways cover the land, and if famine occurs in one part, the whole country can send supplies to the afflicted region. Irrigation has been developed until the parched earth yields food for hungry millions. To be sure, famine and pestilence still occur, but in a degree almost infinitesimal compared with the old times. Crime and injustice still exist, but the former period was a saturnalia of cruelty, murder and theft compared with present conditions.

Taken all in all, England's administration of government is one of her people's highest claims to immortality as an uplifting, saving force in the world.

Or, consider the regeneration of Egypt, whose beginnings are quite recent and which still proceeds. Let me use the words of Benjamin Kidd:

"Some seventeen years ago that country, although within sight of, and in actual contact with, European civilization, had reached a condition of disaster through misgovernment, extravagance and oppression without example, as a recent writer who speaks with authority has insisted, 'in the financial history of any country from the remotest ages to the present time.' Within thirteen years the public debt of a country of only six million inhabitants had been increased from three million pounds to eighty-nine million pounds, or nearly thirtyfold. With a submissive population, a corrupt bureaucracy, and a reckless, ambitious, and voluptuous ruler, surrounded by adventurers of every kind, we had all the elements of national bankruptcy and ruin."

Such was "self-government" in Egypt when left to itself. In this condition England took charge, and here is Professor Kidd's summary of the results:

"Within a few years the country had emerged from a condition of chronic and apparently hopeless bankruptcy, and attained to a position of solvency, with a revenue tending to outrun expenditure. Public works which have greatly contributed to the prosperity of the country had been completed; the native administration of justice had been improved. Under an improved system of irrigation the area of land won from the desert for cultivation was enormously increased. The cotton crop, representing one-third of the entire agricultural wealth of the country, had increased fifty per cent. in a few years. The foreign trade increased to the highest point it had ever attained; and the credit of the country so far improved that within nine years the price of its unified stock had risen from fifty-nine to ninety-eight."

In a single word, Egypt's sandy barrens have been made into farms of grain and gardens of fruit; her miserable people, whose degradation was an offense to humanity, have been redeemed, taught orderly industry and enjoy the proceeds of peaceful and unvexed labor; and the debased and disgusting fellaheen have actually been made self-respecting and useful men.

THE HUMANISTIC COURSE

Mr. Bryan is not only a statesman, but he is a humanist just as Lincoln was, just as Roosevelt is, just as every great leader and uplifter of his kind must be. Speaking, then, from the point of view of the greatest human happiness and broadest practical liberty, would Mr. Bryan or the Opposition restore India, Burma, or Egypt to the awful conditions that prevailed there before the English took possession?

But we have conclusive illustrations in our own recent experiences. Cuba is the best of these. Will Mr. Bryan or the Opposition deny that under the three years of American administration in

Cuba the Cubans enjoyed greater prosperity and a larger actual liberty than they ever did before or have known since? They can not deny it, for there is the record freshly written. The few schools were empty; the plantations were deserted and rank with weeds; business had all but ceased; robbers held every highway; pestilence festered in every center of population.

In three years of American administration law was being administered throughout the island; brigandage absolutely extinguished; the highways as safe as the roads of Nebraska; Cuban cities made cleaner than New York; yellow fever exterminated. Plantations were alive with busy and contented workers; business houses were hives of activity, caring for an ever-increasing commerce ever growing in prosperity; the treasury was filled; and hundreds of thousands of children rescued from the bushes were being educated by as fine a corps of American teachers as ever trained the youth of our own republic.

If it is said that Cuba's condition which was thus improved was the result of war and Spanish oppression, the answer is given in what the Cubans did when, having worked these wonders for them, we left them to themselves. It did not take them as long to tear down our splendid work as it took us to do the work itself. When, under the Platt amendment, we intervened, all of the terrible situation which we originally found in Cuba was again fast approaching, and much of it had actually arrived.

ACTUAL, NOT THEORETICAL, LIBERTY

Then came again American administration, and under Governor Magoon precisely the same phenomenon has repeated itself that occurred under General Wood. The people have actual liberty, not theoretical freedom. They have real, not imaginary justice. They are free in the deed and not in the word only, in

spirit and not in letter alone: Churches are unmolested, schools are crowded, and he who will may work and enjoy the product of his toil unspoiled by brigand, unhindered by incendiary or thug.

THE POWER, THE APTITUDE, THE DUTY

The end of all is this: We have come to that estate at which every nation, and indeed every man, in time arrives—the period where we have the power, the aptitude, and, above all, the duty of caring for others. We dare not, we will not, keep aloof, and as a nation give to history, to mankind, and to our God the

answer of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" We will discharge the task set for us to do by a Power higher than our own in the spirit in which He would have us do the work He has appointed us to do, and not in the spirit of glory or gain. Of course, both glory and gain will be two of the minor results, "for profit follows righteousness," saith the Lord. Nothing is more certain, as to nations as well as to men, than that the tree of duty, cared for and nourished, bears the fruit of material reward and the world's applause, as well as the crowning joy of duty done for its own sake.

The replies to these papers on "Imperialism" will appear in the August *READER*.



THE CAVALRY TRUMPETS

By S. H. KEMPER

The trumpets blowing to the desperate riding,
Our squadrons forming on the long hill's marge!—
Trumpets, O trumpets, with your strepitous chiding,
Blow out the signal for the furious charge!

The angry sunset flaring in our faces,
Up from the hollow South the rushing rain,
A cold wind out of devastated places
Riffling the guidon and the tossing mane.

Kin to all brave emprise and high endeavor,
Lift us, O music; let our hearts not fail!
Link us with all heroic fight forever,
Sib to the seekers of the Holy Grail!

Fly out and fling us far in dust and thunder,
Down through the rushing struggle's fierce increase—
To living victory, to death and the still wonder
Of God's great, sudden Peace.

THE STAKES OF DEFEAT

By BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST

"JUDGE a man's hand by the cards he throws down, gauge his scale of values by what he is willing to lose," the governor was saying. "A leg for a day's hunting, eh, Jack?" quizzically to his brother. "A quiet mind for a girl's smile—you must be easy with them, Miss Dame," glancing from the face beside him to the flushing countenances of the half-dozen young officers. "A collar-bone for a football reputation, I take it, Breckinridge?" smiling at the American. "Even to this fellow Morris what he loses will count for little if he wins his game and escapes us."

"I say, that last clue turned out a fake, then?" asked Jack Durham.

Sudden silence fell upon the table. The governor's voice broke it grimly:

"Yes. He's off, I fancy."

"For which I'll wager the governor's not sorry," confided Durham to Evelyn Dame, "though under the circumstances he's had to try jolly hard to catch the chap; worse luck."

"I am glad he did not succeed!" Her own earnestness provoked the girl to half apology. "He is so plucky, this Morris, he deserves to win out, and, being a fellow-countryman of mine, of course I have to stand up for him, though truly he has caused me any amount of bother."

"You?" queried Breckinridge.

"Didn't you know I had a private indictment against Morris? Let me see," counting on her fingers. "Item number one; he is such a *pièce de résistance* of conversation. I could endure hearing about him once a day, just as one reads the newspapers in the morning and gets it over with, for a little of him really interests me. As steady diet he is too monotonous. Ever since we came here the news or conjecture about him has been

served us as regularly as the clock has pointed to the meal hours. No dinner, not even afternoon tea, is complete without him. I thought I was secure over my coffee and roll, but that is just the time Aunt Emma takes to congratulate herself on having escaped his clutches another twenty-four hours. I believe she regards him in the light of burglar, bandit and abductor rolled into one. You see, not even the governor is proof against him."

Breckinridge pulled his mouth into gravity, while his eyes danced. "Morris is running up a pretty heavy score," he said soberly. "Are the rest as bad as the first charge?"

"Judge for yourself. My second grudge: Morris is uncompromisingly heterodox. He doesn't allow me any freedom of the will. Auntie and I decided to run over to the continent; people tell us we shall be waylaid at every stop by English or Turkish officials looking for Morris. We are invited to the Faynes' villa for a night; the house is under strict surveillance because Morris has been seen in the neighborhood. Third, he's an enigma, and I've always had a prejudice against puzzles. They are an imposition on nice, ordinary, comfortable brains. Who is this man, and what has he done anyway? Offended the sultan, nobody knows exactly how—nobody unofficial, I mean—and the official won't tell, of course. He is an American correspondent for a London daily, and a tantalizing will-o'-the-wisp to the Turkish authorities; that is all I know. Do you wonder I said he had bothered me?"

The men laughed. From across the table Breckinridge leaned toward the girl. "Morris is certainly an ungallant codger, Miss Dame, not to deliver him-

self up to you at once and make a clean breast of his secrets."

"And what would I do with him then, Mr. Breckinridge? Put him in chains, or suppress Aunt Emma and smuggle him off the island disguised as my chap-eron? Poor Aunt Emma! She would not take kindly to suppression. And that would be a shocking trick to play while we are the governor's guests!"

"I'll wager Morris couldn't escape chains after he'd seen you," Breckinridge retorted, with an admiring look.

"By Jove, that's right," said Durham. "None of us manages to go free, Miss Dame. Oh, forgive us," he pleaded, "and I won't do it again—not if I can help it; can't speak for Breckinridge. I say, I forgot you don't like men to tell you the truth. But it slips out so naturally when we're talking to you, Miss Dame."

"Jack means we don't have to lie," explained Breckinridge. "'Pon my honor, that's so."

The girl regarded the two with amused eyes. "You are incorrigible," she said.

But she noted with satisfaction the friendly glance that passed between them.

"Odd case, this of Morris," Durham went on diplomatically. "Political row. I've heard a good bit about the man. Fine chap. Don't know him myself. Wish I did. Sorry he's queered himself with the sultan, for if the Porte gets him he'll have precious little variety in his life for one while, I fancy—and his country can't help him, either. But it's a nasty trick to make the governor halve the hunt. He thinks Morris is off. I hope so."

"At what price, I wonder?" mused Miss Dame. "What does the governor hold he is losing? The chance to roam around Turkey and this part of the world, I suppose. Governor," the soft voice, with its odd little holds and rushes, struck whimsically into the quiet

current of English dinner talk, "Governor, you say a man ventures last the card that he values most. If he wins he can go on playing; but is he ever willing to lose the *chance* of winning?"

Breckinridge answered for the governor. "If he counts the stakes of defeat higher than those of victory."

The ladies rose, and Miss Dame gathered up her gloves and fan to follow her hostess.

"Is there ever a man who does that?" she asked wistfully, stopping for a moment with her eyes on Breckinridge's face. "A man who, if he could have victory, would choose defeat—voluntarily?"

"I know one." He held open the door as she passed out. "It's not to his credit, because he pleases himself. Some time I'd like to tell you about him."

The girl crossed the cool drawing-rooms and looked out on the terraced gardens. They lay mysterious and fairy-like in the half-tropical shadows. The splash of fountains sounded like the tinkle of elfin bells. Against a tangle of rose vines glimmered the figure of an Eros. By day he was a priceless "find" of the governor's, rescued from the picks of careless diggers, a slender marble boy lacking the right arm, with a charming, capricious grace of look, the gift of his old-time sculptor. Night turned back the years and reinvested him with divinity; the gardens became his temple, lying dim under the stars, around him the innumerable fragrances rose like mingling clouds of incense. It interested Evelyn Dame to try to single out the worshipers in the darkness.

"Roses, of course—and syringas, those are girls' friendships, sweet and simple, but sometimes a bit heavy. Isn't that a whiff of lemon verbena from that parterre? So fresh and spicy, like a nice, quarrelsome acquaintance. And—oh, you orange blossoms! What do you stand for, I wonder? Desire? Hope? No; you are too clamorous, too perva-

sive. You grow more insistent at every breath. Ah, violets—that's for delight, deep down at the heart of things—I don't care what the flower keys say. But you orange blossoms—why should you be so unearthly sweet?"

"Evelyn," her aunt's hand touched the girl's arm. "A word of caution, my dear. Remember, we know nothing about that young man with whom you were speaking just now—a trifle too earnestly, as I thought."

"Mr. Breckinridge? He is the governor's friend." Miss Dame's thoughts flew back to the day a week before when she had first seen the young American as, the sunlight on his hair, he swung up the stone steps of the terraces. He had introduced himself as Richard Breckinridge, and the name, together with his whole-hearted, magnetic personality, had won for him the governor's heartiest welcome.

"Bless me, haven't seen Dick Breck for thirty years—not a ghost of an idea as to his relatives—but I'd know you for his nephew anywhere!"

Then her aunt's voice brought the girl back to the cool drawing-rooms and the moonlit garden.

"True, the nephew of the governor's old friend, but his position, his prospects—I can find out nothing—"

"Oh, you funny aunt! Did you think I was falling in love with him? Well, I am not—at present. So don't worry about his prospects."

She turned to the garden again with a firm little smile lurking around the corners of her mouth.

"Just friends," she announced to the slender god. "Can't your divine nostrils scent mignonette as well as roses?"

Breckinridge's voice speaking to her aunt almost startled her. "You see, Mrs. Eversley," he was saying, "I have come to propitiate the gods. Miss Dame has promised me a ride to-morrow if it holds fair."

Perhaps the gods were friendly; cer-

tainly the face of the island smiled the next day. Scarlet poppies were beginning to light their torches through the purple vetch of the fields. From over the yellow walls that enclosed the fruit orchards came breaths of fragrance, the intermingling of orange, lemon, pomegranate, citron, fig. At the foot of the cliffs the sea laughed and tossed dimpling arms of spray toward the two riders. Wandering breezes puffed at their hair and blew away the lingering heat of the midday sun.

Evelyn Dame drew her horse to a walk and let her eyes feast on the old-world picture before her.

"A veritable island of Elysium," she said. "A rose garden—"

"With thorns." Breckinridge pointed with his riding whip to a placard posted on the wall a rod beyond them.

"What is it?"

"One of the bills offering a reward for Morris' capture. Always Morris, Miss Dame. He shows no mercy to you."

They walked their horses forward and Breckinridge read the notice aloud. The girl sat motionless.

"And while the sun shines and the roses bloom," she said at last, "a man is hunted—for an indiscretion, I suppose—that he may be shut away from it all, from the sun and the roses and the beauty. That is what they will do with him, is it not?"

She shivered and touched her horse quickly. "Let us ride."

With the free rush through the golden air her mood lightened. "Come," she said, and, leaving their horses, they climbed out across the rocks. The incoming tide lapped the shore hungrily, and Miss Dame leaned over and watched the waves break against the stone. Breckinridge had stretched himself on the ledge below her.

"Now," she said, "tell me about that friend of yours, the man who chose to lose rather than to win."

He rolled over on his back and looked

up at her. "He's a man I know awfully well," he began, picking his words with the deliberate air she liked. "He'd made a mess of things and had to dig ditches. That's pretty abrupt. Truth is, he was in a scrape and had to lie low for a while, and he thought the safest way of putting in his time was to dig ditches with a government gang. They were good ditches." Breckinridge contemplated the low line of the horizon for a moment. "I think he'd have made a success of ditch digging," he said dreamily. "He made a mess of other things, as I remarked. But one day, while he was digging, he saw some people, the kind that don't go into the ditch-digging business, you know, and they stopped a bit near him to look at the view, and he saw—oh, well, there were a lot of men and a girl. She didn't see him, I suppose—he pretended to dig pretty hard. He never could get her out of his mind after that, though—oh, yes, he saw her again once or twice. I'm not going to tell you how she looked; you can imagine all that. But just as soon as he laid eyes on her he understood a lot of things he'd never understood before."

Breckinridge broke off and watched the sea in silence. "He'd learned how to spell love, you see."

The girl nodded sympathetically.

"Anyhow, he felt he'd got to know her, and there came the rub. He could have, well enough, if it hadn't been for this scrape. But he thought it all over, and he decided to give up ditch digging. It was a choice between knowing the girl and getting safely out of his hole. Somehow his old life, the life he'd been living, interesting enough, with good fun and hard work and all that, didn't look so attractive to him, now he'd seen *her*, and if they did catch him," he smiled grimly, "he'd have plenty of time with nothing to do but think of her. So he risked it, and they got acquainted."

"I don't quite understand," inter-

rupted Miss Dame. "You speak as if it was very simple. How did he manage it?"

"Nothing easier. Got in with her friends, and they were invited to the same houses. She was a true blue, tall, you know, and gracious, and—and different from the women he had known, not prettier, perhaps, nor wittier, but *different*—a revelation to him. He liked nothing better than just to sit and watch her. There was magic for him in the commonest thing she did. And she was his friend—his very good friend," he repeated.

A little silence fell between them. The girl leaned forward and broke it gently.

"And she—didn't she love him?"

Breckinridge sat up suddenly, a flash coming into his eyes.

"He wasn't a cad!" he cried hotly. "I beg your pardon, Miss Dame, but you don't understand. He couldn't try to make her love him, don't you see? He hadn't any right. He was in a hole, and he couldn't tell how long his ruse would work. No, she didn't love him. She would remember him as a friend, that's all—he couldn't ask any more."

"But," the low voice hurried on eagerly, "what good would that do him, if he didn't get out of the mess, as you put it? Would it pay him for giving up the life he lived and all the things in it he loved just to have known a girl a little while?"

Breckinridge turned his eyes to the far sky-line. "This fellow thought so," he answered simply. "You see, he would have the memory of her."

"Oh," said Evelyn Dame. "Oh!" She rested her chin on her hand and stared down into the blue water. By and by she looked up again, and her eyes were full of light.

"Did he get off?" she asked.

"I don't know; I never heard—that he was caught."

She searched his face quickly.

"I believe you imagine^d that man."

"No, honor bright, Miss

"Dreaming, Breck?" I floated over to them. "I don, Miss Dame. Thou Breckinridge, don't you you'll have to make a racer."

Three hours later E white gown was trailing o hedged paths of the rose. The Englishman and the paced beside her, discussing the world of affairs.

"I have it," cried she suddenly. "It is joy."

Durham looked bewildered, Breckinridge frankly amused.

"If only my mind were a kangaroo!" he meditated aloud.

Miss Dame smiled tolerantly. "I mean this fragrance of orange blossoms; it has been puzzling me. You see, I have my own private key to the garden odors, but the orange blossoms have stubbornly refused to be catalogued."

"And now you've decided they are joy?" queried Breckinridge.

"Yes, joy, unalloyed. A little goes such a long way. When I first came I thought I would be content to smell just orange blossoms all my life, they are so delicious, but now I am thankful for the geranium and hyacinth and lilac and all the other odors. Doesn't the fragrance in the orchard pall on you sometimes? I've a fancy joy needs sorrow and

BRECKINRIDGE BROKE OFF AND WATCHED THE SEA IN SILENCE.
"HE'D LEARNED HOW TO SPELL LOVE, YOU SEE"

longing and pain and all sorts of common things to keep it sweet."

"Queer," said Durham, "how a fellow takes most pleasure in the things that have a dash of tears about 'em. Poetry and bad-ending stories, and stuff like that. But I say, Miss Dame, do you place all these scents? What are the roses?"

"They are for love, I suppose. Do you smell those great yellow beauties over there? They are strong, true loves, with the sun always shining on them. And these white ones—what a detached, haunting sort of sweetness they have! They are loves that never find words, girls' loves—"

A step sounded behind them, and Durham turned back to meet the governor, leaving the others to wander on alone for a moment.

"And these? What do these red ones mean?" asked Breckinridge.

"Oh," touching the petals gently with her fingers, "these are the queens of the garden. They are very rare, you know. The governor tells me they make the costliest perfume; perfume that lasts for years and years. Can't you feel even in the darkness how rich and warm and wonderful they are? Their color passes into fragrance."

"And they stand for—?"

The girl bent her face to the splendid roses. "I think," she said dreamily, "they must mean a love like that of your ditch-digger: almost too wonderful even for a garden of dreams."

"Rose culture?" asked the governor. "Or was it attar of roses, Jack?"

"Not exactly either," said downright Jack Durham. "We grafted on love."

His brother suppressed a chuckle.

"Governor," said Miss Dame, "why don't we have new fashions in love-making as well as in clothes? Roses are really hackneyed in that connection, used over and over again in books, and, I suppose, in life. Just imagine the novelty of being able to tell the period a

heroine lived in as easily by the way the hero makes love to her as by the clothes the author puts on her! We have motor cars for horses. Why doesn't some one invent a successor to the old way of love-making?"

The governor cut a long-stemmed red rose before he answered.

"Because that some one is content to let well enough alone, Miss Dame. The most original girl, when she loves, can't improve on the old-fashioned way of saying so."

With mischievous eyes he held out the rose.

"Which, being interpreted, is, She gives him a rose?"

"Precisely so," said the governor, with a bow.

Miss Dame took the rose and poised it lightly in her hand. "Governor," she said sweetly, "won't you walk in the direction of the fountains with me? I foresee we shall have much to discuss together. And besides," she added, as they moved away, "these paths are rather bewildering."

With long days of delight the governor's house party wore on. The islands lay at his guests' disposal; each hour contributed its unique quota to their pleasure. To the American girl at home in a land of clear-cut outlines, of slight perspective, the dim historic blur that softened all contours, the sense of countless antecedent days and nights, wrought a charm doubly entrancing. She had strayed into one of her childhood's fairylands, and the knowledge that this magic realm staged tragedy as well as pastoral seemed only to accentuate the joy.

Now and then Durham would bring her some more intimate information concerning the sterner play than was allowed the rest of the world. "Your *bête noire*, Morris, turned up near Rabbato yesterday," he said once. "Not much chance of a fake this time, I'm afraid. That quashes the idea he was off for good."

"In every fairy-land there are wicked magicians," mused the girl. "This man-hunt is the work of the bad imps. I confess I can not make it seem real. I have only mastered part of the language, I see—the happy words."

Durham and Breckinridge saw to it that she learned no others. Wherever she went, bargaining in the quaint shops of the Strada Reale, following old threads of story along Roman roads, trying the fortunes of the gay canvas-hooded boats that darted like dragonflies over the blue water, one or the other or both the men were always with her, able interpreters. Living, which had never been uninteresting to Evelyn Dame, took on new zest. Half unconsciously she began to attribute this to the presence of the Englishman. Both men liked her, but she recognized a subtle difference in their attitudes. Durham's was that of a lover; Breckinridge never courted her even with his eyes. Therefore, she was frankly friends with the one, and wondered in the depths of her heart whether she might not look to be something more with the other.

She knew the onlookers did not differentiate. Miss Dame had a very fair idea of the appearance of the situation. Her fellow guests considered themselves spectators at a game of hearts, wherein the only unconventional element was the friendliness which existed between the two players. Her aunt openly took sides. A scrap of talk floating from the smoking-room window had told her that the less scrupulous among the officers were betting on the chances. The knowledge vexed her. Love begets love. The girl was honest with herself. She acknowledged she had always been interested in her lovers because of their feeling for her. If, as her blood quickened at a word or look from Durham, her thought sometimes reverted to the story of the ditch-digger Breckinridge had told her, it brought only a half-defined longing. Such love was rare. As for Durham,

was she not perhaps fated to kindle her torch from his flame?

The question was in her mind as Durham and Breckinridge established themselves beside her on the last night of her stay.

"I am turning over the final pages of the fairy story," she said, making way for them on the carved stone seat. "Tomorrow, presto! All this vanishes, and the governor and Mr. Durham will be left to recite *Finis*."

The Englishman gnawed his mustache gloomily. "Worse luck!"

"But you know the closing formula, Miss Dame, 'the princess lived happily ever after.'"

"The old-style ending, Mr. Breckinridge. Moderns think differently. But I hope this is a good old-fashioned fairy tale."

"Let's make it so," said Durham pointedly.

"Or continue it in New York," suggested Breckinridge. "You will be coming home before long, won't you? To America, I mean. Look for me on the pier as you steam in. I'm counting on seeing you next fall—if I may." There was a sparkle of exultation in his eyes. "I'm off for home to-morrow."

"I may manage to see you in Athens, Miss Dame," said Durham. "I'm thinking of running over to the States next winter, too. I've a cousin in New York, and I must say I've been beastly stupid about her invitations."

The girl glanced from one to the other; from Durham, the well-groomed Englishman, with that touch of doglike devotion in his eyes, to Breckinridge, his whole vigorous young body breathing a gay abandon he had never before allowed to slip beyond his cool control. Her glance dropped from his, and a little flush rose in her cheeks.

Years after for Evelyn Dame the faintest scent of orange blossoms mingled with roses would invoke the spell of that night; the warm darkness, fragrant

with a hundred half-tropical odors, the splash of fountains and the quiet flow of voices broken by soft laughter, the witchery of light and shadow in a centuries-old garden, a garden which afterward seemed to her to have been created only to fall away in dramatic background from that file of soldiers on the lower terrace. The governor was talking with the sergeant in command. They turned and came up the steps. By some strange foreseeing the girl knew at the moment that, though she grew to be an old woman, she would never outlive the memory of what was at hand. Remembrance of other nights and days might pass; youth, joy, the rest of memory life might outstrip, but the lines of that picture would neither blur nor fade. Like a scene from some mental vitascope endowed with sound, it would endure.

"Morris!" the governor was saying, with an incredulous catch in his voice, "Morris!"

Breckinridge tossed the fair hair back from his forehead, rose quickly and stepped forward. The gladness had died out of his face, leaving it very quiet.

"Yes, Governor, it's all right," he said clearly. "I'm mighty sorry, but that is certainly my name—Morris, Richard Breckinridge Morris," he added.

Men jumped up with amazed exclamations and crowded forward. Mrs. Eversley screamed. Her niece did not heed her. She had ears only for that deep, easy voice speaking his few words of explanation and apology.

"One moment, sergeant." He shook off the officer's restraining arm and turned. Durham met him with outstretched hand. Then Breckinridge stood before her.

"I did not pay too high." He spoke low. "And you—you will forgive and forget?"

Afterward, when he had gone out along the rose walk that led past the Eros, his guard's sleeve brushing the god's arm and sending a shower of

glowing petals over the slim figure; when the first shock had passed and the instinct for readjustment had asserted itself; when the exclamations had ceased and groups talked quietly, not without sorrow, then it came to her that she had not answered him.

Why had she been so stupid? To stand there silent and only give him her two hands! There were so many things she might have said. Now that the chance was past, they crowded in upon her consciousness. Her outward presence mingled with the governor's guests, moved, spoke, listened. Her mind, like some lost thing, went round and round, continually formulating the answers she might have given. It made her brain dizzy. Breaking away, she tried another path. All the things that Breckinridge had said and done in those two weeks of her acquaintance with him rose up and ranged themselves before her. By and by Durham drew her into the garden. Her passing disturbed the white night moths till they fluttered in a sleepy cloud above the yellow roses. But the immediate necessity for a personal application of Breckinridge's story of the ditch-digger would not be denied. Dimly she felt Durham was saying something important, something she could not understand, for she had no attention to give it.

Once he waited for her to make reply, and when she did not speak he stooped and looked keenly into her face.

"Oh—forgive me," she said quickly. "I am very rude to-night. I am afraid I did not understand your question. I—we are all rather upset. If you were to ask it again—"

When he spoke, what he said proved not so important after all. Some simple remark about the beauty of the great white moths. But she noted a new gentleness in the way he put her slipping scarf about her shoulders, and when he took her back into the drawing-rooms he stayed near her and, without seeming to do so, monopolized the conversation, that

Drawing by George Brecht

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EVELYN HAD EARS ONLY FOR THAT DEEP, EASY VOICE SPEAKING HIS FEW
WORDS OF EXPLANATION AND APOLOGY

she might be silent unnoticed. Evelyn was grateful, and with her good night tried to tell him so, yet it was luxury to be at last utterly alone.

The evening reminded her of a chemistry experiment in her college days, when into a familiar-looking liquid she had dropped a reagent and the precipitate had not been what she had expected. She did not recognize herself. She did not know what she wanted or how she wanted it. She was too confused. Of only one thing she was sure: she must contrive—through Durham, perhaps—to let Breckinridge know he had not vexed her.

The chance almost passed her by. The last hours dragged themselves away and she did not see Durham alone. The experience of the night had made him strangely old and busy.

A little crowd gathered at the steamer to see the Americans off. The governor had stripped his rarest bushes to heap Miss Dame's arms with roses. Her cheeks seemed to catch fresh beauty from their glowing color. In the sight of the young men about her she was altogether satisfying. A shy, elusive gladness dwelt in her face and in her eager eyes searching the shore.

"Durham's lucky," groaned one. "Where is the beggar anyhow? Why's he not here?"

"Stopped to see Breck—Morris, I mean. Jove! I pity that chap! Lost his game—lost both games."

"There's Jack!" interrupted an officer. "I thought he was going to miss it."

They made way for Durham as for one whose right is unchallenged.

"Plucky as ever," he said, answering the unspoken question in the girl's eyes. "Asked me to wish you *bon voyage*, Miss Dame."

He turned to Mrs. Eversley.

The gong struck. All was hurry, the exchanging of good-bys. The officers vowed undying remembrance. Evelyn heard her aunt pressing Durham for a promise to visit them in New York. A dull ache woke in her heart. There was to be no time, no chance.

Durham put aside the last man peremptorily. "And what message shall I take from you to Dick?"

There was but one moment left.

"Trust me," he said gently.

Evelyn Dame lifted one of the red roses from the mass on her arm. Her thoughts were back in the governor's garden. After all, old-fashioned ways were best. "He will remember," she said, "and understand."

The young man leaped ashore with the rose in his hand. Mrs. Eversley smiled content. Soon she turned from the rail, but her niece did not follow. She stood a long time looking back over the water, watching the terraced city fade into a dim tracery of domes and spires, its shipping into a mazy network, its forts into blurring lines in the clasp of the swift-coming twilight.

AT times it would seem as if everybody everywhere, without regard to profession or position, was writing a play. There is a subtle fascination about the stage that appeals strongly to the imagination and drives one through many hours of labor and many reams of manuscript. Perhaps it is the creative spirit legitimately trying to express itself in the form of drama, but it seems more plausible that the great financial rewards that a successful play is believed to bring inspires this universal interest in playwriting. It would do no good to recite the almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of such success, nor would Punch's advice about matrimony stop the ambitious author. So one must accept the situation and, if possible, try to guide, in a humble way, the writers who are eagerly seeking a production. For only by productions are authors made accepted dramatists.

With thousands of plays copyrighted annually in Washington and with managers at their wits' end for new plays, why is it so few, by unknown writers, are produced? The obvious explanation is that the plays are bad. But while this may effectually dispose of a great number of useless attempts at playwriting—which are little more than a mosaic of

unrelated scenes or a string of dialogue—unfortunately, it does not quite answer the question or explain the situation. There are doubtless skilful writers whose plays never see the glare of the footlights, whereas others, with less skill, less culture, easily find a market for their wares. It is on this phase that I desire to comment, for perhaps I may be able to suggest several helpful things to the playwright with his first play. Had Don Quixote known a little more about windmills he might have approached them differently. The average business man surveys the ground before he invests his money. Yet the ubiquitous playwright is often absolutely ignorant of theatrical conditions. What, then, are these conditions? And what should the unproduced playwright do to avoid unnecessary friction?

In the first place, the manager is a business man; he is looking for the play that will make money. Whether this is art or not, is from the point. Facts, not criticisms, illuminate conditions. The manager generally takes all the risk in producing a play; he pays for the scenery, the advertising, the traveling expenses, the theaters and the salaries. The playwright does not invest money; he only contributes the play. So, it is

natural the manager should seek an adequate financial return. Should the author succeed in placing a play with the manager, he, too, will generally share in the profits. Consequently, the beginner must bear this commercial aspect in mind, for if he wants to interest a manager his play must offer possibilities of financial success. A play from an unknown pen, requiring a lavish outlay, will seldom be considered, since a manager can not afford the risk of so great a failure. A simple play with simple settings, without costumes, will appeal more strongly; for it must be emphasized that a manager invests his money in a play *before* he knows anything about its prospects. No one can tell what they are till an audience sees it acted. And it is this final test, rather than the mere outlay of money, that is most to be considered; for the audience is the real autocrat that makes or breaks. As a result, the manager strives to discover

what the average theater-goer wants, and, from experience, the producer has made several deductions, which, though subject to countless exceptions, have become settled convictions. It is these convictions the beginner must consider, for while the audience might ultimately sustain him if he violates them, he will not get to an audience unless the manager first believes in his play.

A play should not be disagreeable or offensive; it should please. The stress of modern life is bringing to the theater more and more men with tired minds and tired emotions who prefer to see some phases of life as they should be rather than as they are. Nor does the average audience want to see the stage a clinic, and the manager most certainly will not consider a play that is wrapped in iodoform. The theater is no place to examine the scrofulous blotches that creep over much that is beautiful in life. Hence, the abnormal sex problem, the intricacies of mental diseases, and many disgusting social complications are most certainly debarred to the young writer seeking production. It is well, also, to keep in mind that the audience is a mixed assemblage of all creeds and beliefs, and no manager will deliberately noose himself with plays that will offend sectarian prejudices. He will also avoid the consciously didactic drama—one with too obvious a desire to teach lessons of life. If life is only pictured, the audience will get the message, but somehow it does not want to feel it is being instructed. The subject-matter of a play, then, is vital to its acceptance by the business manager.

The student of the drama will doubtless recall that many of the great masterpieces of the world are founded on disagreeable themes, but the manager is not concerned with the past. Ibsen, with all his wonderful penetration into the foul labyrinth of life, is not a "good" proposition. What manager would produce Strindberg's distorted studies of femi-

MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY

Mrs. Ryley wrote over thirty plays before scoring such a success as "Mice and Men," played by Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliott.

ninity? Those who desire to read deep into life, relish the great masters who present so many intricate human problems; but again the young writer who wants to get his play produced is not concerned with this limited class of theater-goers. He must not think, consequently, that morbidity is virility or that the avoidance of these specialized human emotions detracts one bit from the force of the great normal passions that sway men and women. Indeed, the healthy casual facts of life are often more difficult to treat than many of the miasmatic problems that fascinate the masters, and many good commercial plays have the merits of the masterpieces. So, while it has become the fashion to attribute genius to the misunderstood, surely the ability to feel and to present the natural facts of life is also of some merit. For do not these natural facts make the greatest appeal to the greatest audiences? This is why very often the path of least resistance to a manager's check-book lies along the highways of common experience.

Obviously, the play that has the greatest appeal will have the greatest probabilities for acceptance. The manager is looking for "heart-interest." Husband and wife, parent and child, lover and lass, we are all tied to these by our heartstrings. We have a real sympathetic interest in their happenings because we understand. Consider any of the great perennial plays and see how true this holds. Recall "The Old Homestead" with its fundamental story of a father seeking and saving his son who is slowly going to ruin in a great city. Back of all the drama of the city is shadowed the charm of the old home with its simple ideals. It is no mere accident this play has lasted so long. Time will never gray "East Lynne"; bad as it is in motivization, it has lived because of the strong appeal made through the mother's love for her child. To illustrate further this demand for heart ap-

CHARLES KLEIN

Author of two of the wonderfully successful plays of recent years, "The Music Master" and "The Lion and the Mouse"

peal, think what a stock situation self-sacrifice is, and yet, it seldom fails. It is probably true that we all think we'd like to be martyrs. In each of us there is a genuine sympathy for a man on the stage who loses all to save another. Had *Camille* not given up *Armand*, the theater would have given her up long ago. She makes the great sacrifice for the welfare of the man she loves and thus becomes one of the great dramatic fixtures. *Zaza* turns her lover out of the house, but to her own detriment she refuses to destroy his home because of his child. In the dramatic version of "The Tale of Two Cities," in order to bring happiness to the woman he loves, *Sydney Carton* substitutes himself for her lover and goes to the guillotine. "Beau Brummel," "Arizona," "The Music Master," "Cyrano de Bergerac" and

have succeeded are generally exceptions, and an exception is a bad thing for a beginner to follow. Often outside influences cause interest. Shaw is a fad; Ade, a humorist; Sherlock Holmes, the best advertised detective in fiction. They would serve as bad models, for no one would imitate their virtues. Again often plays will live by reason of an actor's associating with some particular play, as James O'Neill in "The Count of Monte Cristo" or Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." But these are hardly normal examples and too rare to influence the young writer.

Though one's story may be pleasing and the underlying theme a sympathetic one, a play that is badly constructed has naturally little to recommend it to a manager. Again there are exceptions, but it is wise for the unknown dramatist to build well. We must assume some

ARNOLD DALY

The young actor who leaped into prominence by his interpretation of G. Bernard Shaw's plays

other successes may be mentioned that contain this element of self-sacrifice. Of course, the variations of heart-interest are numerous; but these few examples may serve to show that the manager believes in a play which comes near our own personal experience.

Naturally many instances will spring to mind to prove that plays have succeeded without this heart-interest. A good example was the late remarkable vogue of G. Bernard Shaw. Certainly "Man and Superman," "You Never Can Tell," and "Candida" are devoid of anything sentimental. George Ade's "The College Widow" and "The County Chairman" were also quite removed from it. "Sherlock Holmes" had nothing but an exciting struggle between a criminal and a famous detective. But these will not alter the fact that, in the new playwright, heart-interest is the thing most potent; for the plays devoid of it that

GEORGE ADE

Who gave up writing successful "Fables" to write even more successful comedies

important in themselves. It is here, also, that dialogue plays its important part; for if free, and immediately appealing, it gives grace and naturalness to the well-planned play. Then, too, the dialogue should be in character, should advance the story, and, above all, should be interesting. In it lies the author's wit, that tickles the intelligence; and the humor, that strokes the gentler emotions. But no mere glittering gaudiness of words is of any use unless it cloaks a human story.

Even though a play is ably written—and one can scarcely go more deeply into play construction here—even though pleasing in theme, and fundamentally sympathetic, there is still another very important condition on which its acceptance may depend. It is a realm in which practical experience proves the best guide, and where any advice will necessarily be very inadequate. Yet this hap-

WILLIAM GILLETTE

Who takes stellar roles in the plays he writes

technical knowledge, or playwriting is hopeless at the start. If one is lacking in the scenic sense—that is, in the ability to put a scene together so that an audience will see its cardinal points—or if one has no intuitive feeling for what is “of the theater,” he is no more prepared to write a play, let alone sell it, than an architect is to build a house without plans. If he has this knowledge, realizing that a play is a struggle, he will unfold his story clearly through a series of cumulative scenes, properly climaxed, and containing the *scène à faire*—the scene in which the inevitable and final explanation must occur. Each scene of a play must be a loss if omitted. All sub-plots should contribute to the main plot and its *dénouement*.

Of course a too conscious loyalty to technic often kills ease and spontaneity: episode and color relieve the rigidity of the scheme, provided they are not too

WILLIAM A. BRADY

A well-known manager who has brought out many successful new plays

pens to be, at present, one of the most pronounced features of the stage in this country. So much has been said about the "star system" that one need only call attention to the star's attitude. It is asserted that the public pays to see personalities; that the play is not a show wagon, but a vehicle. In a way this is true, but no star can succeed in a bad play—bad in point of plot, character, dialogue or interest. Dramatic monologues have ceased to be absorbing and stars themselves are now admitting it. But, while the condition a few years ago was conducive, even more than now, to weak scenes and bad psychology; while playwrights ceased to be original and simply became tailors, nevertheless, it is still quite obvious that the star, who is being featured, and in whom the manager is financially interested, should at least predominate over the other members of the cast. Now it is just here that

the beginner in playwriting does not take account of conditions. Knowing this fact, he should endeavor to focus the interest of the play on some one part and make that more attractive than any other. The star should dominate all the scenes in which he figures; he should "have the curtains." But more important than mere length of part is perhaps—and it is the most vital thing of all—that the star's rôle must be sympathetic. The audience must never question his actions at the time. It must not think with him, it must feel with him; he must be always right, not necessarily right *ethically* but right *sympathetically*. He may do any wrong in the calendar, provided the audience pities, not blames.

This particular point is so important to the acceptance of a play that one may pause and illustrate what is meant. In a play now running in New York, for instance, a woman who has committed a

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BRONSON HOWARD

President of the American Dramatists' Club; "the dean of American playwrights"

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

First known as a poet, Mr. Moody studied the art of the drama and wrote the powerful success "The Great Divide"

fault and been deserted by the man she thought her husband, becomes an army nurse. While there, another woman passing through the lines is shot. As this woman was going to live with relatives in England whom she had never seen, the nurse, thinking her dead and desirous of beginning anew, takes her place and goes to England. Here she enters a lovely home and in short order a minister wants to marry her. Of course, the big scene occurs when the real woman returns and confronts the impostor. Now, ethically, there is absolutely no excuse for the story. The plea of the impostor will not bear sensible analysis, yet, sympathetically, the audience is with her and desires to see the real woman cast into the streets. If one stopped to think, the play would fall to the ground; but the audience only *feels* the impostor's desire to live a good life

EDWARD MILTON ROYLE

Who first came into prominence by writing "The Squaw Man," in which Faversham starred last season

without realizing to what extent the other poor woman has suffered. Now every trick in the trade is skilfully utilized to make the impostor's a sympathetic rôle. The father is made a scoundrel, yet she forgives him, and hence wins sympathy; her fault was committed when she was very young and very innocent; she has been driven from place to place, as it never happens in life; she indulges in all sorts of good works in her stolen position, and, most of all, when the two women meet in the first act the nurse is made unusually appealing by contrast with the other woman, who is absurdly cold and brutal. Yet the play, vitalized by the star's wonderful acting, is a big success, mainly because the spectators sympathize and do not analyze, and, further, because they do not blame her in anything she does while she is doing it.

Nobody really blames *Raffles* because, while ethically wrong, he is sympathetically interesting. *Captain Swift*, *Jim the Penman*, and many of the notorious gentlemen who have blotted their lives on the pages of history, are on the stage appealing characters, whose wrongs are accident, and whose vices are decorative without being harmful. Only occasionally, where an actor has a large personal following, can he assume an unsympathetic rôle.

You can't have an income till you have an outlet. After the play is finished, where and how is the author going to place it? Here we come upon the windmills! Often a completed play is a white elephant. It can, of course, repose conveniently and inexpensively in a manager's desk or in a star's trunk. Frankly, the chances against the unknown writer are almost hopeless. Seldom, if ever, is a play taken that is "just sent in." True, even the successful men

have had to begin, and new writers are coming to the fore every day—but of that later. The unknown writer has several openings to get his play read. It may be sent to a big manager, but he is a very busy man, and while it is turned over to his play-reader, it seldom comes to the manager's personal attention. The star herself may read it, but alas, she, too, has so much trash sent her that no one can blame her for her little interest in the unrecommended manuscript. Besides, she is not always free to choose her own plays. Then there is the play agent. Here, perhaps, if the play has any merit, the opportunities for placing it are best, for the agent at least knows who are in need of plays much better than the writer himself. Few playwrights can afford the luxury of an "angel" to back their plays and put them on. Though several authors have fortunately come before the public that way, it may be consolation to know that all plays produced are not offered on their merits alone. Very often the author himself may pay for the production.

What, then, is the best help to placing a play? The first thing that comes to mind is personal contact. Only in this way is it possible to be known and to know the wants of the stage and its people. For, while the stage door has hurt many a man not strong enough to remain individual, surely slow advancement this way is better than stagnation, which is bound to happen unless one is in personal touch with the people who need what one has to offer. This is the way most successful writers have begun. It is just here that the man who is on the spot—and that spot is New York City—is more likely to advance than he who is removed from the heart of theatrical activity. Here gossip soon whispers that a play has failed, and this may prove opportunity for placing a manuscript. If a manager is suddenly thrown into a lurch, he will often be forced to give an unproduced playwright a trial,

ELIZABETH MARBURY

Miss Marbury is the most widely known dramatist's-agent in the country

provided generally, however, that the manager has known something of the author's ability and is interested in him.

Sometimes it will be easy to get a small star interested in a play. Road production will help much, for if the play "makes good," sooner or later the author will get a New York hearing which is the crown of his endeavor. Or, if one is willing to get a production without compensation, one can send a play to Franklin Sargent, of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, Carnegie Hall, New York. Mr. Sargent is always looking for plays in which the students may appear in public performance. These productions often attract attention, and many one-act plays here produced have eventually been sold for vaudeville and curtain raisers. At the least, it offers an opportunity for the manager to see the play acted, and that is much better than having it to read.

Should an author be fortunate enough to have his plays considered, why, he asks, are they rejected? Aside from the reasons mentioned before—unpleasant themes, unsympathetic parts and expense—there are many other causes. Very often the period militates against acceptance. At present managers fight shy of costume plays: a modern play will receive more careful attention. Colonial and revolutionary plays, unless written by well-known dramatists, are hardly ever considered. This naturally suggests the many prejudices stars and managers have. Some believe the chances are against the play in which the principal story revolves about husband and wife; some pin their faith only to the plays of modern life. Another will not read farce comedy; another will only deal in musical plays; some will frankly acknowledge that a play is good but will not touch it. One seldom hears of a poetic drama being produced. Often bitter financial loss has made a manager skeptical, and one can scarcely blame his diffidence.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN

A manager who risked all his money on a single theatrical enterprise—and won

But plays are very often declined through lack of judgment. The anecdotal literature of the drama is full of such examples, and perhaps disappointed playwrights may find consolation there. "My Friend from India," "Leah Kleschna," "Nathan Hale," "Captain Swift," are a few that wandered many years before production. Good plays have been rejected and bad ones taken. Just as much money has been lost on good plays that some one else got as on bad plays produced that nobody else wanted.

There is still another reason why the unsolicited plays are not accepted. These are the reasons that are not explained. They may be temperamental: the actor may not feel equal to the rôle; they may be physical: the actress may not look well in boy's clothes. Then there are the "previous plans." You never know what any manager has up his sleeve till he takes his coat off. Very

often he has contracted with a professional dramatist to furnish his star with a play. It is quite natural the manager turns to the dramatist who has made a success and knows his business rather than wait for the man that has not arrived. The manager can not trust to chance to bring him a practical play. Besides, the dramatist knows the star's methods and will fit the part to his or her personality. This kind of work often spoils the playwright, since it limits his scope, and it often discourages creative acting by keeping a star in a certain line of parts; but it is claimed that this is what the public wants. So when manuscripts come back without criticism, perhaps a few of these reasons may explain the possible cause of rejection.

But, if by chance a play is taken, after the contract is signed and the play put into rehearsal, the playwright is by no means finished with his task. In fact, very often "here begins his sadness." This is not the place to go into long comment concerning the changing period of a play. The cutting and padding, the rearranging and building up, the thousand and one things that must be done before the play is produced are proverbial. At this critical point many a play has been ruined through lack of sympathetic understanding of the playwright's intention and many a play saved by the manager's instinctive appreciation of its faults. Certainly this is the most trying time for all concerned and an experience every one is glad to get through with.

And when the play is produced, on what does success or failure depend? Seldom on the play alone. So many things contribute to a good or bad production: an unusually good or extremely bad cast, a sympathetic or a cold first-night audience. Often an accident may mar or save a play. The size of the audience, the timeliness or lateness of a production, the popularity of a star—these are but a few of the things upon which thousands of dollars depend and

by which the heart of the unseasoned writer is made to bound or stop. Success makes all things easy; managers then gladly take the plays they previously rejected. Failure harms no one. A writer who has had a play produced is a dramatist; he will have his hearing ever afterward. The unproduced playwright, with what may be a good play, will have second choice. For in the theater it is what a man has done that counts. In the rush and tear of this vertiginous profession accomplishment is the only standard by which a man is judged.

If people will write plays they should endeavor to keep in mind certain theatrical conditions. These demand that a play should be a commercial proposition which seems to depend upon the quality of the story and the sympathetic opportunity it gives the star. Though a play may be well written, it is very difficult to get it produced because of so many different and ever-changing reasons. Even after it is accepted and rehearsed a playwright must still labor on it, and success and failure are not always in his hands. If, however, success does come, the rewards are a most generous compensation.

A successful playwright is quite a curiosity. The field is large for him to develop, and the opportunities greater than ever before. But he who succeeds will learn it is from his disappointments that his royalties come; not from his plays. He will succeed because he has recognized conditions, accepted them, and then risen above them to command where he has once obeyed. Because he has been persistent in endeavor and hopeful, not of immediate, but of ultimate success. Because he has learned a little about windmills before he rushed madly, if heroically, upon them. This may not be very ideal, but it is fact, and the sooner the would-be writer of plays finds it out, the better for his peace of mind and for his chances of success.

THE DREGS AND THE FROTH

By GUSTAVE FREDERICK MERTINS

Author of "The Storm Signal"

AS Joseph Kershaw lay drooling in the sand in front of his mother's home, his mouth half open, his vacant eyes staring at nothing, and his claw-like hands aimlessly scooping up the dirt, somebody named him "No-head Joe."

The home itself was of a type formerly general in the piny-woods or wire-grass section of southern Alabama. It was built of skinned logs, and there were two rooms with a wide hallway between, a stick chimney standing at either end. It was old and weather-worn, and a single glance sufficed to impress one with its history of continued neglect and abuse. There was no yard about it and no fences. A clump of jimson-weeds furnished the only blossoms with which Nature sought to cheer the dullness of scene, and, search as one might, no trace of a garden was to be found.

But the fields and the woods were full of berries in the proper season, and these Sarah Kershaw could gather and sell to the townspeople some five miles away, and the swamps provided palmetto from which Joe's father, a hare-lipped man, might fashion brooms that always had a ready sale. Then, too, a cart was standing near the house with uplifted and yawning shafts, and somewhere in the woods ranged a spotted steer, whose occasional duty it was to draw a load of light-wood to the village with Kedge Kershaw perched on top and half asleep. The purchase was usually a half-bushel of meal, some few necessary household articles and some tobacco—but always the tobacco. Sometimes, however, the cart was brought back empty, and on these occasions the hare-lipped man and the slatternly woman jabbered and shrilled at each other with great anima-

tion. There was much unkindness in what they said, and pointed references on the part of each to the character, the quality of wisdom and the personal peculiarities of the other, were not withheld. The central argument, and the one in which lurid word-combinations were hurled like chain-shot, usually turned upon the advisability of Kedge's having invested almost the entire proceeds of the sale in a quantity of wretched corn-whisky. The controversy frequently resulted in an exchange of blows, Sarah Kershaw being always the victor. As an exhibition of her prowess and a fruit of her victory, she would then seize what remained of the stuff and drink it to the last drop. Thereupon followed sleep and consequent peace and tranquillity.

Upon these occasions No-head Joe promptly crawled out of harm's way, finding refuge under the house, and, when all was silent, he returned to sit in the doorway and wonder what gnawed and ached inside him.

Now, the subject of fools is one not lightly to be entered upon nor safely written about; the world is wide, the judges many and with varied points of view, and our words may too frequently come back and claim us for their very own. But concerning such as No-head Joe, the case is different and we may rest at ease, for he was that tragic parody—just a fool.

Even Sarah Kershaw, from her comparative mental height, at times gave plaint to the charge against the boy. There was, however, no mockery in what she said; it was simply a statement of the patent fact, coupled with a dull wonder that her child could be so lacking.

"You is sech er fool!" she would say,

twisting her snuff-stick about in her mouth and blinking slowly and thoughtfully.

Notwithstanding all these things, the years of No-head Joe's boyhood passed without great mishap. Ignorance stared heavily from every friendly face, and Stupidity that knew not even a crooning song had ministered to him from the first tug at the meager breast to the period of the inevitable clay pipe and the comforting quid.

When No-head Joe was twenty-three, his father and mother having died, he drifted into employment in an illicit distillery in the piny-woods country not far from his home. Here he worked in a desultory way, gaining a scanty livelihood and being known to his fellow workers for just what he was, a harmless, witless thing—No-head Joe, the fool.

Raids upon the part of government officials were infrequent enough in the time of this man's employment, but, finding that he evinced an unusual degree of interest in the subject, his employers stirred their imaginative faculties and began to recount to him fearful and wonderful stories.

They told of men who had been captured by deputy marshals, hung up by the toes and cooked to death over slow fires. They remembered, too, how Eph Satterwhite, who had lived long ago over on Turkey Creek, had been made prisoner in the very act of distilling whisky, and how the officers had toasted one another over goblets of Eph's blood. All these things afforded them much amusement, and they laughed heartily at No-head Joe's fear.

And then, one day, there was a rush of strange men; the sunlight flashed upon drawn revolvers, and the workers at the distillery scattered and ran, stooping, dodging and falling in their efforts to escape.

Rushing behind a clump of bushes, No-head Joe ran southward along the small stream upon which the distillery

had been set up. Speed was the one real quality he possessed, and though the officers followed as rapidly as they might, he soon distanced them and entered a thick wood. Here he overtook some of his fellow workers; but chance favored him, and, striking off to the left, he was soon lost to sight.

For a whole day the man continued in his flight toward the south, and at last reached a little stream which cut its way through a cane-brake. This he followed until at last he reached the higher land inside, which, upon examination, he found to be entirely surrounded by a dense brake fully a half-mile across in its narrowest part. Except by one pathway, it was absolutely impenetrable to the foot of man and enclosed a heavily wooded swamp something over two square miles in area. There was, indeed, a swamp within a swamp, for beyond the brake a dense forest stretched for many miles in every direction, broken only here and there where a creek cut its way through the dark, fertile soil, or some slimy lagoon lay putrid in the sun.

Through this inner swamp two streams made their way. The larger, running from north to south, spread and lost its muddy waters in the brake at either end. The other came from the northeast, rushing down from the hills and passing through the brake to join the creek near the lower end of the inner swamp. This smaller stream was quite shallow, but in its rapid course from the hills it had brought down a volume of sand, and upon this accumulation of the years one might find a precarious footing to and from the outside world. It was along this pathway that the stern pursuit of the law had driven No-head Joe, to halt at last within the inner swamp and there to make his home.

Under similar conditions a man of keener wit would have suffered greatly, and at times the life was cruelly hard. He had learned something of woodcraft from his father, but this small informa-

tion did not suffice. When there was a pressing need he would sit with his hands folded about his knees and stare and stare, blinking slowly the while. At last he would rise and go about the pursuit of some other matter, or else would construct some rude implement suited to his requirements. These things never came to him through thought or reasoning. They flashed upon him suddenly and like a picture, and he shaped the desired object according to what his mind had seemed to see.

He selected a hollow cypress, and, daubing the inside with mud, shaped a fireplace that would be protected from the weather. About this same tree he constructed a rude but serviceable hut or lodge, cutting down reeds and poles with his knife and building according to the plan of chimney-building that he had known.

He had but three matches, and with two of these he lighted fires for the cooking of rabbits that he had snared, but while the third fire was still blazing he felt suddenly in his pocket, and then grunted and sat staring at the flame. This fire was thereafter carefully tended and was never allowed to expire. Wind-falls and driftwood were piled high in the rude dwelling, and when the rainy weeks of the spring and fall set in, dry fuel was at no time lacking.

About through the swamp he placed snares, and fish-traps were set in the two streams. Rude weapons, both of offense and defense, also grew and took shape under the tireless application of his knife, when the thing that was in him stirred his blood. He learned to rely upon it, to await its coming, and he knew for very truth the vision that appeared when the caveman called to him through the centuries that had slept.

And yet, No-head Joe was not of the stock that knew no higher type of man. Colonial Virginia had placed his ancestors among her proudest and most cultured men, and still a later day had seen

them gentlemen of wealth and refinement, and in the years of war they had done valiant service in their country's need.

But the story was the old one. The weakening strain crept down and down from generation to generation until it reached the commonplace. There was a flicker of the ancient virility; it struggled and burst its enwrapping lethargy and weakness, and one firm-footed, proud-faced man had worn a sword at King's Mountain. And then it sank again, doubly weakened in that last strength it gave.

After those days the journey to the West and to the South began. From each little family circle, the stronger, the harder and the braver passed out and made their way into the wilderness, leaving the weak, the shiftless and those of lesser wit.

Weak mated with weak at an early age, and from each generation the best passed on. Those who remained behind followed slowly upon the heels of civilization, seeking the easier paths and drifting to where the smoother currents ran.

From this dwindling vitality and narrowing wit sprang both Sarah Griggs and Kedge Kershaw, and following out the laws of life, there came the last of this unfit strain, the froth, the throw-off, the end—No-head Joe, the fool.

But at times the pulse, the mystery and unrest of the great deep sea stirs an unsteady quickening in the sleeping shallows, and now, suddenly, at the age of twenty-five, No-head Joe had become a philosopher. He knew nothing of affairs biblical, nor had the lessons of any book ever touched his life; but a stress of circumstances had furnished him with a stirring equivalent of the scriptural admonition that a living dog is better than a dead lion.

And for this reason No-head Joe was afraid. He lay behind a fallen tree, anxiously peering over the huge boll and

striving to pierce with his sight the thick growth of the swamp that surrounded him. Now and then an uncertain sound as of dry leaves being crushed under foot seemed to come to his straining ears, and in these moments he shook like one with an ague.

As he lay thus concealed he was, except for a loin covering made of rabbit skins, entirely naked. He was of low stature; his feet were flat and with wide-spreading toes, and his arms and legs were thin and scrawny. His skin was a yellowish brown, and the vertebræ along his narrow back showed with startling clearness.

If the form of the man as he lay thus was unattractive and even pitiable, the face that peered over the fallen tree was worse. His chin was sharply receding, and his eyes seemed almost lacking in pigment. The right was slightly crossed inward, and the lid of the left drooped so as half to cover the pupil. From the round and thin-lipped mouth long, yellow teeth protruded, and, to complete the picture of dullness and disarray, nature had furnished him with a scanty beard, fuzzy and dingy, and of unclean appearance.

For some hours this man had been creeping about the swamp from hiding-place to hiding-place, until at last he had reached this spot. Behind him lay an impenetrable cane-brake that bounded the swamp on the north, and here he had been forced to halt and make his stand.

The afternoon had worn away and darkness was beginning to settle. In the realization of this fact he cast a hurried glance upward through the interlaced branches of the trees. Suddenly he started as though stung by some flash of hope, but, at the first movement of his feet among the dry and crackling leaves, an involuntary spring of his muscles brought him to his knees, startled at the noise that he himself had made. For a moment he knelt thus, and then, with a

quivering sigh, sank slowly back, his trembling limbs noiselessly seeking their former position of comparative ease.

Minute after minute dragged its weary length. Fireflies began to circle and wink in the tangles, and vague, light-footed rustlings arose in places just out of sight.

In the uplands the day still lingered, but here the increasing gloom seemed to come suddenly and at uncertain intervals, as though an added film of darkness had rushed across the sky. From the cane-brake and the banks of the near-by creek came the croaking of innumerable frogs, and all the night life of the swamp began to stir in wider ranges.

After No-head Joe had lain thus for some time, his quick ear caught the sound of the movement of a heavy body through a neighboring clump of alders. A sudden rigor of fear passed over him, but he struggled slowly and silently to his knees, taking up a light cane spear that lay beside him on the ground. It shook as he held it, and the drooping lid of his left eye fluttered strangely, but after one quick, deep breath, he closed his teeth with a snap and waited in silence.

After a moment a brushing, grating noise was heard, a twig was broken sharply, and a figure emerged from the alders, taking rude shape against the dark background. At the sight No-head Joe's desperate and momentary courage fled. His face was contorted by a paroxysm of fear, his lips moved rapidly but without sound, and his feet slid and shuffled upon the ground as he sought to draw them closer under his body.

The figure was that of a negro. He was of only medium height, but deep-chested and with tremendous breadth of shoulder. His retreating forehead was seamed across by deep wrinkles, his nose was flat and with wide-flaring nostrils, and his mouth was thick-lipped and sullen.

To even the casual observer this man

would have appeared both dangerous and repulsive, but to No-head Joe he was as the very image of doom. His deep-set, cruel eyes were red-lidded and inflamed, and his small ears were half hidden behind powerful jaws. His arms were long and knotted with muscle, and he carried a heavy club.

While the alders still shook from the impact of his passage, the negro stood and looked slowly about. Then, stooping low, he studied carefully the faint outlines of a pathway leading toward the fallen tree, behind which crouched the man he was seeking. Rising after a moment, he walked cautiously forward, grasping his club tightly and gazing about with quick, searching eyes.

Suddenly No-head Joe sprang to his feet. Then the two stood regarding each other—the one, the dregs, the sediment of the human race, the sullen, untamed product of the jungles where man ate man, while the ape in the tree looked on and wondered; the other, the froth, the throw-off from the blood of a great and ancient civilization—Cush, the son of Pealicker Jim and Sally Lou, glaring, with outstretched neck and snarling lips, into the wavering and terrified eyes of No-head Joe, the fool.

For some moments they stood thus, tense and tragic, and then the negro's figure slowly relaxed and there crept upon his face a contemptuous smile. He drew his body erect and began to laugh loudly and hoarsely.

"Wall!" he exclaimed. "You damned skin an' bones! I 'lowed you wuz er man!"

No-head Joe made no reply; his breath was quick and labored and his body swayed as he stood.

The negro slowly contemplated his intended victim, gazing at him from head to foot. His show of contempt increased and his laughter grew louder.

"An' you thought you wuz gwineter hab dis here whole swamp ter yerse'f, did yer?" he sneered. "You 'lowed no-

body warn't gwineter paddle down dat branch an' tumble on ter one er yo' fish-traps, didden' yer? You 'lowed you wuz safe an' easy fer er right smaht spell, but yer nebber read de moon right."

He stooped low and slapped his thigh with a show of utmost enjoyment.

"Now ef you doan' look lak er frawg-face' hopper-grass, I ain't nebber seed none!" he exclaimed with a cackle.

"Whut mud-hole did you come outen, anyhow?" he continued sneeringly, and then, as a new impression seemed to come to him from a further inspection of the white man, he added: "I bet, by Gawd, you is er cross betwix' er spring-lizard an' er crawfish, you damn sump'n nudder!"

The negro continued in this strain for some time, but, tiring at last of the sport, his manner changed, and he became more threatening.

"Know whut I'm er gwineter do wid yer?" he bellowed, leaning forward in a crouching position and baring his teeth. "I'm gwineter ram yer in de groun' an' stomp yer ter er mush, yer pizen-face', goggle-eyed debble-hawse!"

During all this time No-head Joe had scarcely moved. His limbs were as though paralyzed, and his whole body was covered with a clammy sweat. His dull mind had long since seemed to float entirely away from his body, leaving it standing there to await the negro's pleasure. There seemed no fear, no heart-beat, not even the inhalation of a breath.

Suddenly the light spear fell from his nerveless fingers and clattered against the tree-trunk with a hollow sound.

In an instant, and like a surge of blood, the man's weak and scattered faculties were regained. He knew it all, he realized it all, and, as the negro rushed forward, he caught up the weapon and hurled it toward his enemy's bowels with all the desperate force of his slender and weakened body.

There was a quick sweep of the heavy club and the light spear was turned

aside, hurtling onward through the bushes.

The negro uttered a yell of triumph.

"Oh, yas, damn yer! Now I got yer!" he cried.

Then No-head Joe turned; a frantic squeak like that of a rat in a terrier's mouth escaped him, and he fled wildly through the swamp. For some moments the chase continued; vines were snapped or brushed aside; the branches of the undergrowth tore their faces, and once the negro fell heavily. Soon they came to a deep creek, the waters showing black and forbidding. Here the white man sought to turn southward along the bank of the stream, but the negro was now almost upon him. He wavered in his course and began to shriek wildly.

"Doan' kill me!" he cried. "Doan' kill me! Oh, Lawdy, doan' kill me!"

As the negro raised his club No-head Joe stumbled, and, falling sideways, rolled and bounded down the bank of the stream, his body striking the water with a loud splash. The other halted and stood breathing heavily, waiting for his enemy's reappearance.

"Come up!" he yelled. "Come up! Come up!" accompanying his cries with taunting oaths.

He waited for some time, cursing and bellowing with meaningless sounds, but when he paused for reply the swamp and the stream seemed utterly silent. He heard neither ripple nor splash.

Far down the stream from the spot where he had fallen swam No-head Joe. How far he had been carried beneath the waters and how he arose to the surface he never knew. He only remembered that as he fell life had seemed to leave his body, and when he awoke his arms and legs were moving regularly and silently in the exercise of the art that, once learned, is never forgotten.

As he swam, the sound of his enemy's voice grew fainter and fainter, and at last it died away. In the deep gloom he saw a sand-bar, and, making his way to

it, attempted to crawl along it on his hands and knees, when suddenly he pitched forward on his face with a groan and fainted.

Fully a year and a half had intervened between the coming of No-head Joe and that of Cush, the negro; but the causes for their banishment from the places of men were not the same.

Born of the union of a runaway slave, known only as Pealicker Jim, and a full-blooded negress, named Sally Lou, Cush had been utterly ignorant from the day of his birth. At no time did he rise far above the racial blood that had stagnated through centuries in stupidity, in savagery and in cannibalism.

All his life he had been known as a fighter; his knife was ever ready, and when he had completed his growth he could crush a skull with one blow of his heavy fist.

And then one night the land where Cush lived awoke. Church bells were rung, and men whose faces were white and tense and whose jaws were set galloped wildly through the country. Telegraph instruments ticked to the outside world the awful story; trainmen told it as they passed along, and with the speed of the wind it spread abroad.

And so it was that the human net was spread; that men armed with shotguns came from neighboring counties, and the music of a yelping pack sounded in the hills and swamps, and across the sunny, smiling cotton fields; that the thing called Cush might be found; that the thing called Cush might die the fearful death of flame, and shriek, unheeded, to the stern-faced men whose daily lives had theretofore known only gentleness and kindly charity.

But Cush had fled to the south, following for safety the beds of smaller streams and swimming for miles down the larger ones, until he entered the inner swamp, passing along the way that No-head Joe had found many months before.

Now he stood shaking his club down

at the dark waters, where the white man had disappeared, and giving vent to the disappointment in meaningless yells.

He turned at last with a laugh and made his way through the trees to the white man's hut. Peering inside, he saw that a few embers still glowed in the hollow of the cypress. He replenished the fire with fuel that he found, and when it blazed up sat down and inspected the interior of the little dwelling with an air of ease and satisfaction.

"Wall, I be damned!" he exclaimed. "Had him er reg'lar house; had him fish-baskets an' rabbit-traps an evvy kind er bus'ness."

He leaned forward, and, taking off his heavy shoes, stretched his feet toward the flame, wriggling his toes with comfort at the release.

"I reckon I kin make out," he muttered. "I reckon I kin dig up ernuff grub fer ter hol' out till dat business blows ober an' I kin hunt up some new diggin's."

He stretched his arms above his head and yawned loudly, and then lay back at full length before the fire. Suddenly he thought of the white man and smiled.

"I reckon de catfish an' de eels is er wuckin' on him by dis time," he mused. And then he laughed. "Mighty sorry eatin'; nothin' seppen bone an' grizzle an' eye-balls."

He chuckled for some time as he thought over the matter.

"He sho' did hab monstus eye-balls, dat man," he continued. "I spec' de catfish gwineter sorter th'ow heads an' tails fer dem."

At this last thought he uttered a loud guffaw, and, rolling over, beat his fists against the ground in sheer delight over the product of his wit. At last he tired of it all, and, placing more wood upon the fire, lay down again and composed himself to sleep.

When morning broke it found No-head Joe lying crouched under a clump of swamp-laurel. He had slept but little

during the night, and, even when his tired and nerve-wrung body had forced his weary eyes to close, he had been almost immediately awakened by vivid and terrible dreams.

After sitting for some time pondering over his wretched condition, he crawled from his hiding-place and with stiff and heavy limbs made his way to the smaller stream.

The month was June and flowers were blooming everywhere. A cloud of yellow butterflies had gathered, and they were rising above the moist sand and settling again in selected spots, spreading and folding their wings in seeming enjoyment. No-head Joe sat with his hands about his knees and regarded them for some moments steadily but indifferently, when suddenly, and for some reason that had made its way through his dull brain, he bowed his head upon his hands and began to sob. Strange and inarticulate lamentations and complaints burst from his sputtering lips, until at last his tongue shaped the telling of his woes into clearer speech.

"Ain't never done nothin' ter nobody," he wailed. "Ain't got no sense an' ain't never done nothin' ter nobody."

He sat rocking backward and forward and then from side to side, bumping his forehead against his knees. Suddenly he leaned forward and gazed into the shallow stream. A crawfish was endeavoring by flirts and plunges to make its way through a little eddy in the water, and, reaching quickly, he scooped it up with his hand. He tore off its legs and, thrusting it into his mouth, began to crunch it greedily.

Then the memory of his troubles came to him again, and while his jaws still moved in the process of mastication, the tears rolled down his cheeks and he continued to sob.

"Ain't got no place fer ter go," was now his cry. "Ain't got nothin' t' eat an' no place fer ter go, an' he gwineter ketch me."

And the man's despair seemed justified. In the light of what had been told him, the outside world meant danger and death by some horrible means. To remain appeared equally impossible. The inner swamp was small and held for him but two prospects—the one, starvation in hiding; the other, immediate death at the negro's hands, should he be found. So he continued to sit upon the sand, nodding his head and sobbing hopelessly, but pausing now and then to lean over and scan the waters in search of another crawfish.

The day dragged through its long hours, and night sank upon the swamp with the dull blackness of a shroud. He could not sleep, for hunger gnawed and gnawed at his vitals, and for the first time in his life he knew the uncanny and freezing horror of the darkness. He lay upon his back, holding his open knife tightly clasped in his hand. Why he held it he did not know, for its once heavy blade was worn and broken until it now possessed but half its former breadth. With it he had built his home, and with it had fashioned his weapons, his traps and his snares. All that had made existence possible to such a witless being had come to him through it, and now he held it tightly, a frail weapon of defense and a weak reminder of the better days.

When morning came again he did not weep. His needs had made him bolder, and he set about the acquisition of food with nervous and trembling haste. Creeping silently from place to place, and with but indifferent success, he at last remembered a spot where certain edible berries grew, and directed his steps toward that part of the swamp. And then he heard a sound in the cane-brake. Cush was approaching on his way to a trap that had been placed in the smaller stream near the point where it entered the swamp.

No-head Joe slunk into a tangle of vines and squatted low. Remembering the negro's words in regard to the size of his eye-balls, he bowed his head be-

tween his knees, hoping that by this act he would be more effectually concealed.

But Cush passed on, and after some time was heard yelling loudly and seemingly without purpose in another part of the swamp. He felt that he was entirely safe from any danger. The brake was wide, and, try as he might, the sound of his voice could never reach beyond it.

The hours that followed passed slowly and painfully for No-head Joe. He had grown very weak, and in the late afternoon made his way to the edge of the brake and sat gazing at the little stream, the pathway to the outside world. Hunger had driven him to desperation, and he felt that he must go again to his former home. Fear of the officers had almost passed away, for the memory of feasts that he had known was upon him, and a nervous sweat gathered upon his face.

He sat staring down at the stream, when his gaze chanced upon a water-snake, a blunt-tailed moccasin of most venomous type, that was swimming and floating with the current. Reaching a sand-bar, it crawled leisurely from the water and lay sunning itself. No-head Joe studied it for a long time. The sight seemed to fascinate him, and, though some deeper and more griping pang of hunger now and then distracted his attention, his glance soon returned and settled steadily upon it. There was the snake—and that was all he knew. Its presence brought no thought to his mind; he only regarded it. There was a stream flowing by, a narrow stretch of sand, and a snake lying in the sun. At last the reptile seemed to catch sight of him; it drew back for an inch or two and slowly assumed a sinuous shape, licking out its tongue.

Then suddenly, and as though struck by a blow, No-head Joe recoiled from the sight. A picture had flashed upon him from somewhere out of the haze and lay before him as clearly cut as a cameo. He rolled backward upon the ground

and covered his face with his hands, but still it remained. He opened his eyes and looked anxiously about, but still he seemed to see it, and at last he crept forward and gazed silently at the moccasin, as though held in a dream.

After a while the pupils of his eyes began to grow wide; even the drooping lid was lifted, hunger was forgotten, and slowly and with increasing certainty No-head Joe began to grin. Wider and wider his perch-like mouth was spread; a strange guttural sound rattled in his throat, and then he began to laugh aloud.

Rising at last, and with a serious face, he opened his knife and then began to cut long and narrow strips from his loin covering, muttering unintelligibly all the while. From these strips he fashioned two stout leathern cords. This work completed, he proceeded to the edge of the brake and cut two canes, each being about five feet long and an inch in diameter. Splitting one end of each for a few inches and returning to the stream, he pinioned the snake to the sand with just enough force to hold it. With one of the canes he caught the reptile near its head, pinching its body tightly and securely. The split in the cane held it fast, but without injuring it, and, twist and lash as it might, it was unable to escape. Then he took one of the cords and fastened it to the snake's tail in such a manner that the knot could not slip. After this he began a hurried search along the water-course, gibbering and giggling in great glee. After an hour's search he returned with another snake of the same species, captured in like manner, and placed it beside the first one, and then sat down to contemplate the two. The afternoon wore away into evening, and he still continued to watch the captive snakes, sometimes with a serious mien and again grinning and mumbling incoherently.

When the sun had dropped from sight and the first thick darkness fell, he took up the two canes with the snakes at-

tached and began to walk cautiously along, proceeding northward and in the direction of his former habitation. When he had reached a thicket near the place, he halted and listened carefully. Then he placed the snakes upon the ground and crawled forward until he was but a few yards distant from the hollow cypress. Here he lay quiet for some moments, his mouth open and his hand to his ear, but still he heard no sound. The negro was evidently absent, having not yet returned from baiting the traps for the night's catch.

Realizing this, No-head Joe hesitated no longer. He took up the snakes and, hurrying forward, stopped by the well-beaten pathway that his feet had trod during so many months. He fastened the end of one of the cords to a root, released the snake from the grip of the cane and sprang backward. The reptile coiled and struck at him, but he was out of harm's way.

It took but a few moments to dispose of the other moccasin in the same way, and then, grinning with delight, he hurriedly returned to the near-by thicket.

And he had not long to wait. After some minutes Cush was heard approaching, brushing carelessly along and stumbling now and then in the darkness. At last he reached the clearer path, and then No-head Joe crept forward without thought or heed, seeking to find through the gloom the form of his enemy.

Suddenly there came a yell, and the negro began pounding upon the ground with his club.

"Lawd Gawd Ermighty!" came the cry. "Great Gawd er mussy! I'se snake-bit!"

Then followed the sound of hurrying footsteps. Cush was hastening toward the hut, that he might examine the wound in the firelight and seek to suck out the poison. But again a cry arose, and this time it was louder and in its tones there rang a frenzied fear and certainty of death. Reckless of all further

harm, the negro stamped frantically upon the snake's body with his heavy shoes, and the reptile struck deep with its fangs again and again.

After this there came a silence, and No-head Joe's mouth closed slowly and he tilted his head to one side, bird-fashion, arching his eyebrows inquiringly.

But the silence did not last long, for soon he heard Cush floundering blindly among the bushes, cursing hoarsely, the deep exhausts of his breath forcing a wheezing sound from his throat. About through the bushes he stumbled and wandered, seeking to find the lodge, and then at last came a whinnying sound and there followed a fall.

No-head Joe stretched out his arms and drew a long deep breath. His head was thrown back and the foolish grin had quit his face. Something strange was stirring in his blood. He drew his head farther back and slowly raised his hands toward the tree-tops. He waved them thus for a moment and then, closing his fingers, began to beat upon his breast with a hollow sound. His lips were parted, and from his throat there came a strange and exultant call, penetrating to the far distances of the swamp.

Why he sounded this call he did not know. Perhaps it had no meaning at all, but his mind had seen a picture and his tongue had shaped the cry.

The latter-day world and all that it held had quit his memory. Distant and apart from it during all his early days, it was to him now for the moment forgotten, a thing that he had never known.

He strode forward with firm tread, until he stood at the doorway of his lodge, gazing down at the body of his enemy, and then he lifted his voice once more.

A chunk of wood had fallen in the rude fireplace within his dwelling; the

flame was freshened and its flickering light wavered upon him, strengthening the weaker outlines of his face in the charity of uncertainty.

Like a caveman he stood there where the cycling ages had swept him, in fullest kinship with his ancient blood.

And then the man's hands slowly fell to his sides, his head sank and his shoulders began to droop. Everywhere there seemed a silence, as wide as the night and as mystically deep as the soundless empires of death.

A great and terrible loneliness crept over him. The silence seemed like a wall of blackness that shut him in, but within the wall, and as though cut off from the outer world, were sprawled the quiet feet of Cush, the vanquished.

No-head Joe's eyes rested upon them, and a chill seemed to enter into his blood through every vein. The ancient fear of his people, the fear of the deed of death secretly and silently done, was intensified in him an hundredfold, and the thing that had died lay before him as a quiet hell that gripped him with hooks that held his soul.

The firelight weakened and sank lower and lower, and the man's breast began to heave rapidly and tumultuously, while the quick exhausts of his breath were voiced in strangling gasps.

And so it held him until after a few moments, when the last gleam of firelight died and the thing that moved not faded slowly from his sight. After but an instant it seemed to appear again in wavering, imagined outline, and then, suddenly, and as in a stroke of blindness, the night was without form.

No-head Joe staggered back against the wall of his lodge and threw his frantic arms above his head.

"Oh, Lawd Gawd!" he wailed in anguish. "Whut is I done ter yer! O-o-h, whut is I done ter yer!"

THE FROG FAIRY

"NO, MA'AM, WE HAVEN'T SAW HIM"

"KISS AND MAKE UP"

SOME ANGUISH IN THE HOME

By MARION HILL

Author of "The Pettison Twins"



WHY, do you suppose, did they use to come?—those visitors who turned you out of your room, in the Long Ago, when you were a small boy and kept very many things in your bureau drawer which it seems you had no business to keep?

If they were invited, why did the feminine heads of the house, your mother and your Aunt Leila, so fret themselves with rebellious preparation? and if they were not invited, why were they not sent right about face, just as you were by irascible ladies when you called untimely upon your cronies who had the misfortune to be their sons?

Just here another question, irrelevant but pressing, intrudes—those little boys whose effervescing idiosyncrasies proved the most elevating and cheering to your health and spirits—why were they the ones always sure to be set down as pernicious for your morals?

But, from the time of shining Lucifer, there has never been any answer to *that* question; so let us hark back to the visitors.

For instance, will you ever forget that particularly baleful period when Uncle Wilbur brought his new bride? Though why anything as sere and yellow as Aunt Jane could ever be referred to as "new" or a "bride" is another unanswerable mystery. The grown-ups needed not to imagine that just because you were a child, and a boy, you did not perfectly well know a bride's prime requisites of few years and many charms, for you did. You had even had four or five of them yourself, mentally—and

they had all been fair-fashioned and sweet, like wild azalea, and they had been wound about with floating things, ribbons and sashes and flouncy skirts, with faint perfume in the folds, and they had shined brightly in their eyes and hair, and when they had smiled with their mutinous red lips, your glowing soul had leaped up and away to follow them gladly to life's end.

To follow Aunt Jane, you would have had to be mad first, and even then you would have left off soon.

Come to think of it, though, the following had been the other way around; for, according to family repute, Aunt Jane had unseemly "chased" your uncle.

You disliked them both even before they came.

"He is bringing Her on a visit!" your mother had exclaimed, looking up dismally from a letter.

"What a devilish bore," had been Aunt Leila's nonchalant reply.

As usual, her profanity had been vigorously frowned down, with a pregnant side glance in your direction. Not that "devilish" was anything to you. You could do better in your sleep, if you wanted. And, though you would not tell tales, so could Aunt Leila.

How queer it is that ladies who do not own little boys are yet gifted with the pictorial and fervent language most suited to them.

"We had better prepare the room at once," your mother had continued.

With a wild, shocked spurt, your astral self flew upstairs to examine into the state of your belongings, even though your visible body remained below so as not to miss anything in the way of conversation.

For well you knew what "the" room

meant. It was yours. Deeper back into the past, when they had bought that big bed, ostensibly for you, you had had misgivings. Not for nothing were they wont adequately to supply your needs. Something sinister was ever behind.

By now, you had grown fairly callous to the general idea that you would be ousted for every newcomer. But no amount of recurrence would accustom you to the painfulness of the discoveries your mother was capable of making among your possessions in cupboard and bureau, particularly bureau.

As now—you poignantly recalled a certain trivial turtle which you had hospitably bedded among your clean handkerchiefs a few days ago and temporarily forgotten. He was alive. That was not only the turtle's past charm, but was also your present possible salvation; for, ten to one, that turtle had wandered far by now, haply into the safe retreat of your mother's room and slipper.

You would erase the turtle from your sufficiently overburdened mind.

But the lizard! It had been sadly moribund at the time when you had thoughtfully wrapped your blue silk tie around him; and, if you properly interpreted certain fierce odors which lately had oozed from the bureau drawer of night and crawled insistently into bed with you, the lizard was now established in Paradise.

Among your white blouses was your well-filled bait box. But that had a tight cover. Why worry over sin that had a cover?

The package of cigarettes under the mattress outranked the lizard, both for unmistakable odor and as a trouble breeder.

Oh, well; they, your mother and aunt, went upstairs, and the premonitions fell short of the dire reality. You had not borrowed one particle of unnecessary trouble. You got it all.

Distracted as a bird which circles helplessly above its ravished nest, so you

from restless nooks and crannies watched the wanton destruction which accompanied the turning of "your" room into "Uncle Wilbur's" room.

Not being a fool, you understood and accepted tacitly as merited the scoring and scarifying you got for the cigarettes and the carcasses; you even squared your shoulders philosophically to the certainly undeserved abuse which descended upon you for the rips and tears and gashes and lapses in your rummaged wardrobe—for what is the mission of woman in the home if not to mend? the fault was theirs!—but to this day you have never forgotten nor forgiven the cruel right of selection which they arrogated to themselves in regard to the abolishment of your treasures.

"This trash is no good; we'll burn it," they said.

And into the fire went the wondrous shells and sticks and mosses and leaves and nests which meant the wealth of happy summers past that might never come again.

"No good," they said. How dared they—lacking the mighty alchemy of youth—test the worth of treasures whose witchery they had sordidly outgrown? For each twig you had climbed and fallen and ached and climbed again and sturdily triumphed. Each pebble was the record of some golden vacation spent in ecstasy beside the gemmed banks of a mountain stream. The frond of fern was given you by that little girl whose hair was shining, and whose mischievous smile—

To avoid witnessing more such holocausts, you attempted to disappear. But were you allowed that innocuous privilege? Certainly not. You were harried to your hiding place, badgered out of your seclusion, and wherreted off to work of some sort, being told that it was your especial failing always to be out of sight when you could be of any use.

Remaining stoically *in* sight, you were not a whit better off, being then told that it was your especial failing always to be

"underfoot" when your betters were busy.

Ah, the cark and dole of that bitter day! Perhaps the most shamefully erratic part of its whole exasperating program was the bath that your mother insisted upon giving you herself.

You had no special hatred of bathing. Quite otherwise. The things you could do in an *uninvaded* bathroom, with a zinc tub a-brim with hot soapsuds, a generous sponge to sop and squeeze and revel in, a bath brush floating on its back like a warship, were all provocative of keenest interest. And, though you did not particularly work to deceive, still, the slipping and sloshing of naval tactics, taken in connection with the sound of the profuse rain which descended at intervals upon the warship from the sponge, all helped the presumption from the outside that you were cleansing yourself with much thoroughness. The awful way the soap melted, too, in the making of a few trifling whitecaps served to strengthen the misconception.

Then, when you were leisurely drying yourself, you could be several kinds of an Indian with the one bath towel.

It was all more pleasant than not, which emphatically must remain unsaid of the Personally Conducted outrage.

"Stripped" is a vivid word; there was nothing leisurely about your disrobing when your mother took the helm—so to speak. You were unmistakably *stripped* of your clothes, which ripped, whipped and zipped off you at a giddy rate, as you spun dizzily around upon your unsteady feet, rotated by the maternal hand hastily locating buttons. Each garment, too, came off in a more or less faulty state of preservation—for which you were briefly but amply chid. Oh, it was a bad business, any way you looked at it. And angry grown folks are so inconsequential in their anger. Take the case of dusty knees. Suppose each knee *was* bull's-eyed with soot—what more natural? If not to kneel with, what are

knees for? Had your habit, now, been to kneel on your forehead, or your shoulder blades, to the blackening of those far portions of your anatomy, a mother might have reason to complain. But knees—she scoured them raw. Perhaps she had a right to.

But what right had even a mother to soap freely her one hand and slither it up and down your supersensitive front, and then with the other wetly to slap your resounding back because the front was ticklish and made you laugh?

Then, when you were being dried, how untenderly did the flying towel search out, to attack and aggravate, your honorable wounds! Before you could warn of a particular spot, "Be chary there!" lo, the damage had taken place; the small boil behind your ear was crestless, the nurtured wart upon your knuckle was crustless, the half-knit seam of a recent cut was puffed into a waterlogged ridge which threatened to yawn gorily at any moment, and no healing cicatrice was left on anything.

Finally, how you were *harrygaggled* into your clothes! You were allowed no time for excusable experiments—such as seeing how near you could come to imitating circus tights by putting your feet through the armholes of your undershirt—no little thing like that. You baldly, blankly *dressed*, that was all.

No, not all; for there was accumulation of misery in the fact that you were not meted out pity, but were served with cold disapprobation, as if the whole unseemly business had been at your request.

Once dressed, and on boyhood's glad road of swift forgetfulness, you might have garnered a few gleams of sunshine watching them cook rich things in the kitchen had you not had the misfortune to sneeze over the cake batter. Of course they credited you with malicious mischief, and equally of course your fault had been accidental, for who would intentionally affront so revered an article as a cake, even in its embryo?

Ostracized from the kitchen, you had time to ponder upon the problem of this inordinate cooking. If visitors were supposed to fill themselves comfortably full with the house's best in the cake line, why were *you* always sternly trained never to accept from your hostess more than one slim slice?

You soon dismissed this trend of thought as too futilely restricted in its scope to bother over. Why single out one sporadic inconsistency? Was not the whole world actively concerned in giving you but husks, while lavishing its richness upon the other fellow? And was there rhyme or reason in any of it?

Through the vexed lengths of that offending day you had not been able to speak or be silent without contumely; to sit or stand without blame; to move or poise unrebuked.

The grown-ups were tired, that is true; but surely their extreme foolishness in this matter of unnecessary overexertion was purely their own voluntary choice. Nobody made them.

The house and every one in it, though, wore satisfying aspects. And your mother put on her party dress for dinner. So did your Aunt Leila. They looked pretty nice.

Do you suppose Uncle Wilbur and Aunt Jane, when they finally did come, imagined that you lived in that placid ornateness all the year round?

Aunt Jane was even worse to see than to think of. With her you did not last a bit longer than ten minutes; maybe not so long. At the moment of shaking hands your mind became nervously cognizant of the hitherto unimportant facts that your shoestring was unlaced, a button was off, and your handkerchief had a hole in it. Such cognizances are symptoms pointing unmistakably to the one conclusion that the inspirer of them has no sympathy with little boys, and never will have. You could have averted a catastrophe by obeying your instinct and sheering off at once. But you unwisely

lingered, and in the course of her few chill remarks to you your Aunt Jane made use of the proverb that "beauty is but skin deep," and before you could stop yourself you had anxiously asked her why she had never adopted the expedient of having herself skinned—and there you were dished and done for, not only with Aunt Jane, but with every one else as well.

Your trouble with Uncle Wilbur held off for about half an hour; and then you were settled with *him*.

It happened when you were all at table. That Uncle Wilbur was a minister had practically slipped your memory. Not that to have remembered would have made much difference—you would have put your foot in it anyhow.

Time-honored by custom, at meal times it was your uneasy prerogative to say grace. Now, people "ask a blessing"; then, they "said grace."

The grace went: "*Bless the provisions of Thy bounty now set before us, and make us truly thankful. Amen.*"

Of course, there were Sacred Names through it, and, child though you were, you always gagged over those Names, holding them so very, very sacred that you really feared to profane them by flourishing them around over mere food. So you coughed and choked and mumbled, and got through somehow. And you know what you said; you said "Blessed visions of Thy boundings," and you never questioned the applicability of it till you had a little boy of your own. As for yourself when little, you vividly *had* blessed visions of those boundings, too.

Now, at heart, you were not irreligious. Indeed, you often thrilled most strangely with reverent musings, particularly in the dark, or when ill, and always about such intangible, spook-like abstractions as your soul, your sins, your salvation and your probable eternity—and it seemed very befitting to relegate those spiritualities to the concern of the

AUNT JANE WAS EVEN WORSE TO SEE THAN TO THINK OF

Lord. But when it came to carnal things, to food worked for by your father, ordered by your Aunt Leila, carted to the house by a red-headed grocer's boy, surreptitiously sampled by yourself, prepared by your mother and the maid, and gorged by all of you, it certainly seemed sarcastically preposterous to thank the Lord for it.

In ancient days, when He sent things around on ravens, or sprinkled them down during rains, it would not have been a waste of time to offer up thanks; but in later times, when He had so obviously discontinued serial benefices, what was the need?

Therefore—and perhaps to impress Uncle Wilbur with your intellectuality—you tersely voiced your private opinions on the matter.

Well—you found out that the hand of God had more to do with the food than you thought. As the irrevocable resultant of your remark, you ate not at all.

"Leave the table."

Thus your mother spoke. Her tone was ominously calm. It was not the threatened aftermath which clutched at your heart with misery—it was being disgraced in the eyes of people who already thought precious little of you. You shook as with chills as you quietly dropped from your chair and trickled out of the room. You must have trickled: for you were not conscious of any movement of your legs or of your shamed and burning body, yet in next to no time you were in the barren security of the hall.

Sitting for a moment upon the lowest stair, to re-establish control over your

limbs, and to wonder where you should go—for you had no room of your own now—you dimly recalled that some one, as you eclipsed yourself past the dining-room table, had cast upon you a flickering wink of satanic comradeship. Aunt Leila.

And the bountifulness of that table! Something besides grief began to gnaw fiercely at your vitals. It was hunger. You knew the servant would give you something if you asked, but you were too proud. In those days the lady in the kitchen was a servant, not a maid; and truly, in her capableness and tenderness with children she was more often "lady" than not. She would have fed you, but—she would have joked. And, emotionally crop-bound as you were then, one joke would have been fatal.

Listening to the clatter of knives and forks increased the poignancy of your starvation, so you removed yourself higher up on the stairs, ascending by a series of sittings-down. The listlessness of that style of locomotion appealed to you. At the first landing you snuggled against the wall and prepared to ruminate a little.

The rattle of the table tools was a trifle fainter, and you tried to comfort yourself by fancying it was a dream dinner you were forbidden to, not a real one. The fancy balked. That dinner retained its toothsome reality. All the things were the things you liked best—macaroons, peach ice-cream, shrimp salad, nuts and raisins, roast duck and oyster soup.

In your loyal heart of hearts you never once gave up the hope that it would *choke* your parents to eat that royal spread without you, and that they would eventually call you in. Bad as you were, *you* could not have gluttoned through it by yourself, knowing that your father and mother were hungry and lonely in the dark of the stairs. Your expectant ear grew tired craning itself around the landing and down the

bend to catch the forgiving summons. And you grew hungrier and hungrier.

Hope had to die some time. As an hour crept on you dully realized that they had forgotten you.

Then a line of light flashed on the landing from below, a warm smell of food and a flutter of talk gushed forth, and you knew that the well-filled diners were leaving the table for the drawing-room. No, one of them was coming upstairs in a bad-tempered rush. It was Aunt Leila, evidently *ennuied* beyond endurance. She fell over you before you could move.

"Oh, get out of the way for an everlasting nuisance!" she cried.

"Everlastinger nuisance yourself!" you assured her.

It is the chief charm of an aunt that you can say very many things to her that you would *like* to say to your mother.

Thus being made aware that the stair landing furnished a far from perfect hiding place, and wishing to postpone for as long as possible the pregnant parental interview which the future, held in trust, you slid cautiously down the dark side of the banisters and leaked out into the better security of the side porch.

"The peace of the night" is a misleading term; there is no peacefulness in night when one is at war with the world. On the contrary, the night is cold, lonely and sorrowful. Its many voices are all plaintive. The moonlight creeps stealthily from leaf to leaf, from flower to flower, casting a spell of unfriendly remoteness over objects which by day beckon with warm good-comradeship.

As you sat there on the edge of the porch, your toes softly scraping the gravel, you had an awed premonition of the dreary aloofness of all real sorrow. The swift shiver which ran through you was less the chill breath of the night than it was the stern whisper from your afar manhood, telling that it held for you many more moments of just such dreary forsakenness as this.

The vague shiver was followed by a very positive spasm of fright, for you now became aware that another foot besides your own was scrunching the gravel path. Some one was walking slowly around the corner of the house. You scented a whiff of tobacco. Then you saw the glow-point of a cigar. Your father was coming—he was there.

Your heart leaped awfully, then dropped with a sullen thud. Well, let him come. Let him score and flay you, and be done with it. You could stand a little more—perhaps. Under a passive exterior you hardened yourself resistingly. You ejected a bristling aura of defiance.

He sat down very near to you. You threw him a flickeringly sulky glance. How big he looked, looming against the moonlight! How handsome the clean lines of his profile!

Finally he spoke.

"I did not enjoy my dinner."

You nervously turned this remark over and over in your mind. You could make to it no

better reply than just itself; so:

"You did not enjoy your dinner?" you mumbled.

"No."

Your heart bumped up into your neck.

"Why?" you whispered.

"I wanted you."

Again you turned over the words, and again repeated them:

"You wanted me?"

"Yes, I missed you. And I was proud of you, too."

He was never a humorist. It behooved you to probe into this last mystery.

"Proud?"

"Not of everything, of course, but of the gentlemanly, contained way that you took your dismissal from the room. You

did not even let any expression of resentment cross your face. I admire strength of character."

"You admire—"

You dared not further trust yourself to speak. You edged closer up to the protectingly big body.

"Not but what your mother had her good reasons for sending you away. As for your remarks—some things are right only in the right place, son. In the wrong place they become wrong. When doubts—and things—get into your busy head, old boy, suppose you come to me. We'll turn them over and inside out, eh? as man to man. Shall we?"

"OH, GET OUT OF THE WAY FOR AN EVER-LASTING NUISANCE!" SHE CRIED

You gulped something inaudible and flung yourself tight up against his warm, breathing strength. He did not insult you by a kiss, but let his hand drop quietly on your knee, patting it in rhythm to the thoughtful puffing of his cigar.

The night unfriendly? Oh, blessed night of loyal fellowship and humble

self-elation! Oh, mellow moonlight, binding you to your brother-man with silver bands of love! You turned your back nonchalantly upon your past ignominy. You even forgave woman and her tyranny.

To be sure, woman was all right when trouble came in shape of cuts, actual fissures of the flesh, needing rags and lini-

ment; for retributive stomach-aches, needing hot-water bags and spicy drinks; but when it came to those heart-hurts, where the bleeding did not show—to those aches of the spirit, those bruises of the soul, whose dreary throb of suffering was too deep for woman's superficial, rag-bounded ministry—why, then, thank God for dear old Dad!

THE CAT'S-PAW STRIKES

By ANNE WARNER

* Author of "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop," "Find the Hero," etc.

WHEN Rayborn came into his office that morning the first thing he saw was Adalbert sitting in a chair by the large desk resting his head on his hand.

Rayborn crossed the room one way and placed his hat and stick where he was accustomed to place them, crossed the room another way and turned the thermostat considerably otherwise, crossed the room the third way and pushed up the window. Then he came back to his own chair, sat down, reached forth a hand for a pile of letters laid there, and as he did so, said in the briskest, most cheerful tone imaginable, "Well, my boy, how are you?"

At that Adalbert sighed with an especially mournful accent and said, "I'm afraid I'm not very well."

Rayborn ran the letters over as if they were a hand at whist and then put them all aside.

"What's the matter?" he asked, raking his desk fore and aft with one comprehensive glance,—“Ill?”—He put out his hand for a pen, “Just move your elbow; I want those schedules.”

Adalbert moved his elbow, and sighed dolefully.

"I'm afraid so," he said.

Rayborn dipped the pen in the ink and knit his brows over the sight before him for two seconds. Then he reached out again, “Just draw back a little,—I want the copies, too,”—Adalbert drew back and the copies were gotten. “Are you really ill?”

Adalbert nodded slowly and sadly. “My mother has thought so for a long time,” he said, “and lately I—well, I’m afraid I”—he stopped; it struck him as so pathetic, his stopping just there, that Rayborn’s dashing off of four steady signatures one after another appeared a striking evidence of great nerve.

“Just pass me that packet at your elbow,” the older man said, as he threw down the pen,—“thanks; well,”—now he was running over the contents of the packet—“so you’ve come to agree with your mother—have you?”

Adalbert coughed as hackingly as was possible on the spur of the minute and let it go at that.

Rayborn reached for the pen again. “What is it,—lungs or liver?” he asked, selecting certain sheets and holding his hand in judgment over their headings while he paused for a second ere signing.

“Is that so?—is that really so?”

"I fear it is."

"Have you seen a doctor?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Rivers."

"Ah, the specialist?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he said?"

"He said that it looked serious."

"What did he advise?"

"He said that—well, that I ought to go away."

"Where?"

"Well—to—well—up in the mountains somewhere."

"To live?"

"Oh, no; just for a few months."

At that Rayborn took on fresh ink and began to sign, saying as he did so: "Oh, well, if that's all, that's simple enough. Take your mother and go up in the mountains for six months or so."

"But, sir—"

"I know all that, but that doesn't matter—I'll see to the bills."

"But really, sir—"

"Now look here, there's no use discussing the matter further. Your father served my father's interests and mine faithfully until he died. I'm always glad to have a chance to do for those he left. You know that. There is no sense in going over it again. Hand me my cheque-book."

Adalbert did as he was bid, and a cheque of very generous proportions was made out at once.

"Never mind—never mind," said the donor hurriedly, as gratitude began to flow; "just run along home and pack up and get out, and good luck go with you."

Adalbert, with tears in his eyes and the cheque in his bill-book, departed forthwith.

He was gone a good many months, during which Rayborn went to Seattle once, to Europe twice, and then down through Mexico just to see if he thought business might be done profitably there.

It was a week after his return from the latter country that he again found Adalbert in his office one morning. Adalbert was much improved as to flesh and color, but carefully miserable as to expression. Rayborn beamed a welcome upon him, but Adalbert merely glimmered through a mist—so to speak—in return.

"Did the mountains agree with you?" asked the man who had paid for the trip.

"Sometimes I want to curse the day that I first thought of going among them," declared the young man, with that desperate vigor of despair which change of scene seems to produce as frequently as it does desperate vigor of appetite.

"Dear me, is that so?" said Rayborn, sympathetically; he got out a memorandum book as he spoke and began to take notes on one of its pages, "was it really as bad as that?"

"It was my fate, I suppose!" Adalbert declared, melodramatically.

"Oh—a girl?" said Rayborn, still noting.

Adalbert started—"How did you guess?"

"The usual blasting in the mountains."

"Yes, it's a girl"—a deep sigh.

"What sort of a girl?"

"The sweetest girl God ever made!"

"I asked what sort of a girl?"

"She's a school-teacher."

"What sort of a girl?"

"Dark—hair like a raven's wing."

Rayborn put up the note-book and got out another. "I asked," he said with great distinctness, "what sort of a girl?"

"Oh," said Adalbert, confusedly, "I didn't understand at first. She's—she's sweet and so bright and very affectionate—"

"—To you?"

"N-n-no—to her family."

"Has she a large family?"

"Just her parents and two brothers."

"Does she love you?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know!—How long since you first met her?"

"Three months."

"And all of them vacation months when she didn't have to stick to the school, too?"

Adalbert was conscious of some innuendo. "She's not a girl to be easily won," he said, proudly.

"Do you expect to win her?"

"I want to."

"I didn't ask if you wanted to—I asked you if you expected to win her."

"I hope to."

"How long do you think it will take?"

Adalbert hesitated — Rayborn (who was a very rich man) took the few spare seconds to consider the likelihood of his developing quite a little pension problem of his own out of his generous desire to be generous to the family of the dead and gone clerk.

"Well, really I don't know," Adalbert said at last.

"Don't you know anything about her feelings?"

"I fear not."

"Nothing whatever?"

"She's a very difficult girl to know."

"How so?"

"She won't allow me to—to—express my feelings."

"Can she make you keep your mouth shut about them?"

"I want to please her."

Rayborn finished with the second note-book and began to open his letters.

"Do you think you do please her?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Why don't you push it right along then?"

There was a pause.

"I wish you knew her," Adalbert said at last, "I'm modest—I can't bear to blow my own trumpet."

Rayborn bent above his letters for a minute.

"Couldn't you scrape up a few blasts?" he asked then.

"I can't bear to talk about myself."

"That's a pity—when you're in love, too."

"I can't help it—it's my nature."

Rayborn finished his letters and picked up a big folded document.

"What's her name and address?" he asked, as he removed two elastic bands. Adalbert told him.

"I'll go up and see her myself next week."

"Oh, Mr. Rayborn!"

"And come back and tell you what I think."

"Oh, Mr. Rayborn!"

"All right; and now you go on, for I've a lot to do this morning."

Adalbert, after some few flowery expressions of his everlasting state of blissful indebtedness, went away, and an hour after he was gone Rayborn, forced to cease work long enough to light a cigar, took the consequent leisure to wonder why he bothered himself with any of it. "Is it love of nature, meaning mountains, or love of human nature, meaning"—he intended to name his friend, but the cigar drew heat just at that second, and so he shut his eyes at once and began to do a contractor's problem in his head.

It was about a week later that he made time for the trip, leaving town at one o'clock and seeing his way clearly to returning on the five-o'clock train for an appointment at six-fifteen. He took a long proposition done in typewriting and freely commented on both by an expert's red ink and an especially able-bodied blue pencil which he always wore over his heart in business hours, to occupy the time to be consumed by the train in climbing the mountain.

Adalbert—who was in town at the time—did not know that that day was the day of his friend's departure. But he knew that he would go some time because he had said that he would, and so he had braced his case as firmly as he knew how by various eulogies upon

Rayborn's prominence, wealth, character, good judgment and devoted fondness for himself. The girl had listened open-eyed and thoughtful. "I don't think that I should like him if I ever met him," she had said in response. Whereupon Adalbert, with a vague sense of repaying all his indebtedness by ardent partizanship at this hour of apparent need, had redoubled his eulogies throughout five minutes more. The girl had listened to him way to the end, and when he was done—"I'm sure that I shall dislike him," she had said calmly, and Rayborn as a topic of conversation ceased between them.

Getting down at the station the visiting man from town asked where the girl's father lived. The father was, he knew, a broken-down clergyman who had come into the wilds for many reasons. Adalbert had never found out the tenth part as much as his protector already knew about the family—but then Rayborn was of the kind that writes a name on a slip of paper and puts it in the slot at night and finds a synopsis of the name's whole family history on the desk in the morning. There exists a necessity for such slots in the lives of men who want to befriend Adalberts—or do other questionable kindnesses.

On his way up the long road that led to the house he saw the girl coming toward him and knew her at once by intuition. She was a tall girl—taller than Adalbert and nearly as tall as Rayborn himself—and her head was set upon her shoulders very well and squarely. She had big gray eyes, and she looked steadily at the approaching man with a gaze of wide and rather cold curiosity. Rayborn took off his hat.

"Miss Fay?" he said, with no question in his face.

She stopped in some surprise.

"I am Rayborn," he said simply. And didn't at all like the look with which she received the information. Nor the way that she stood mute.

"You know me by name, surely."

"Yes, surely."

For the first time in his whole life the strong man hesitated. This was a very strange girl, apparently.

"What have you come for?" she asked while he was still hesitating.

"I see that I don't know," he replied frankly; "of course, I thought that I knew when I took the train, but, of course, I see now that I didn't."

She lifted her eyes and covered his face with the same sort of comprehensive sweep-up that he used exclusively upon the upper surface of his desk.

"Mr. Rayborn," she said, quite calmly, "did you come up here actually thinking that there was a woman in the world who was fool enough to marry that man?"

Rayborn felt absolutely taken aback.

"We're poor," she went on, "and I'm only a school teacher, but—my gracious—I want to make something out of my life. I shouldn't care to marry an invalid under any circumstances, but a man who goes to regain his health at another man's expense"—she paused—and then she said almost fiercely, "can't you find any better use for your money than to keep him alive?"

All the nerves and fibers in Rayborn's body seemed rushing to stand at attention. And she didn't take long in getting them in action either.

"A man who is eternally praising another man," she said, with a storm of knife-edged scorn in her words; "a man who looks for his strength where he looks for his money. A man who bolsters his self-esteem by descanting on how fine a man esteems him. A man who asks another man to intercede—"

"Stop," said Rayborn. "I offered, I believe."

"I don't care which way it was," she cried stormily, "it doesn't matter. What matters it that you—a man, a real man—have been willing to come up here to try and see if some woman who is a

stranger to you, and against whom you can have no possible cause for hate—"

"Hate!"

"Hate, I said. You just came here to see if some living creature couldn't be persuaded to look kindly on that worthless weakling—just as if a human life didn't count—just as if a trip to the mountains for one's health and a woman's whole future existence were things on a par."

Rayborn began to whiten and bite his lips.

"I say nothing for myself," he said, "but you're unduly hard on Adalbert. He's a very fine fellow in many ways—"

"Oh, I beg—" said the girl. "I know you paid for his education and gave him his watch and have been princely in general; but that doesn't increase my respect for you—or lessen it for him. The kind of man he is ought to have been born in Spartan days and gotten out on the hills for the full three days when the weather was below freezing."

"Aren't you unduly bitter?"

"Not at all."

"Do you know what you lead me to believe?"

"No; what?"

"That you really care for him. No woman was ever so moved by indifference."

She put her hands to her face with a gesture of quick passion.

"I'll tell you the truth," she said. "I did care for him. I could have cared for him. I would have cared for him, but he's such a coward. He's so afraid of me. He started to kiss me once and I asked him not to do it; so he didn't. I'll never forgive that. Then he went to town and deliberately sent you up here to plead for him. I'll never forgive that. You tried to, and—and—and"—she stopped, her lips parted, and her white teeth showed between them, clinched hard—"and you tried to, and you've let me keep you from it; you've posed as his friend and stood still and let me ma-

lign him; you've become afraid of me yourself. And I'll never forgive that. They don't make men in the world any more; they're all beasts or cowards."

She paused, choking for breath.

Rayborn looked up the mountain road, there was no one in sight; he whirled on his heel and looked down the road; no one in sight there either. He seized her by the arm, passed his other hand behind her, and, gripping her belt firmly, lifted her off her feet and dragged her into the thick woods at the side. She tried to scream, but the terrific pressure about her waist and her fright allowed her only to gasp in loud moans.

"Don't," said Rayborn, "I'm not a beast, but I've never been called a coward before, and, by God, I didn't come up here to-day to have a girl say it to me for the first time."

They were out of sight of the road by this time and he continued to plunge through the thicket until they were out of hearing also. Then, when the silence of nature surrounded them on all sides, he stopped, let her free, watched her sink down upon the grass, and looked to see her burst into tears.

But she only gasped and panted and put her hands to her temple at first, and then to her waist where he had pressed it so hard. Her lips looked blue and her eyelids were downcast.

He stood before her with tightly folded arms.

"I'm going to admit all you say about Adalbert," he said presently. "Adalbert can go to the devil for all I care after this, but how could I know that it was just you that he had run across? Lots of women could have loved and married him—and been reasonably happy. You admit yourself that you liked him—all but his weakness. He is weak, but strong women generally like weak men. I see that you don't. I confess that you look as if you didn't like strength much better, but that isn't your lookout; your

lookout is that you've got to take back that about all men being beasts or cowards. I'm a man and I won't stand for it—not one second. Now take it back."

Her head fell a little from side to side against the tree. Her lips trembled—and were still.

Rayborn knelt down beside her, got out his pocket flask and pressed it to her teeth. Some ran out of her mouth, but a little ran in. She put up her hand and pushed him away.

"Take it back," he said.

Her hand fell heavily down at her side again. He shook her ever so slightly, more with a vague idea of starting her to breathing than anything else this time, but she only moaned.

"Do take it back," he said.

She moaned and pressed her side, and then her hand sank down and her fingers rested in the grass.

He got his arm around her and her head against him, and a throbbing of fearful horror began to dry his mouth; it pulsed in his wrists that he could not tell himself how much of his strength had been put forth against her slenderness. He looked into her face and saw that her very lips were white now. Her eyes were not entirely closed, however.

"You needn't take it back," he whis-

pered hoarsely, "never mind about all that. It's all right—everything is all right—only speak to me—say I haven't hurt you badly—say—"

She lifted up her lids and looked at him.

"Three thousand times a coward," she said,—and fainted in his arms.

* * * * *

It was only a little while after when Adalbert, smoking one of the kind of cigarettes which he could afford, received from the hands of his well-worn but still servicable mother a letter. He was at home, and it was Sunday, and they were expecting to take the noon train out of town. To the mountains, in fact. The letter had been left by a private messenger. It ran thus:

DEAR ADALBERT—I have just found a chance for you to make your everlasting fortune. Magnificent opening in Paris. Very fine salary attached. My advice is to defer all love affairs until you've sized up the French field. The possibilities are great. I shan't be in town before you leave, but I have written Clifford as to details. You ought to sail Tuesday.

Yours,

RAYBORN.

SHE IS MARY-GOLD

By EDITH RICKERT

Author of "The Reaper," "The Golden Hawk," etc.

HAVE you heard that old joke that used to crop up year after year on Varnishing Day at the Academy, about Culbertson and his "Yellow Girl"? No? After all, it's not worth repeating, but the facts behind it—well, perhaps they are.

For a man of distinct ability, my far-away cousin Culbertson was slow enough to get on. He was close upon thirty when, after half a dozen failures, he managed to get into Burlington House, with the portrait of a striking girl. To be sure, it was skied in the small room devoted to undiscovered genius; but Culbertson was pleased enough to drag me there—much against my will, for I hate being polite at the expense of truth.

"There she is, Ethel," he cried, looking as if he were ten years younger. "Now be nice for once."

But I judged it kinder to be cold. "Why didn't you tell her to wash her face?" Then I tried to get a decent light on the production. "Is she freckled or what?"

"Come to the studio to-morrow and you shall see," he flung at me like a challenge; and as I always kept an eye on my cousin's love affairs, being genuinely anxious that he should marry well when he did marry, I broke an engagement to accept his invitation.

She was already there when I arrived, trying to collect enough tea-things out of Culbertson's odd pieces of china and silver to serve for us three. My first thought was that she seemed very much at home. Then Culbertson introduced us: "Ethel, this is Mary-Gold. Mary, Ethel wants to know why you didn't wash your face?"

Then I said, quite honest in my admiration: "And he calls that yellow

splash at the Academy a portrait of you!"

She answered us both together: "It's the freckles, you see; and they won't wash off. And my name isn't Gold, as you might think—"

"No, gold's her nature, and that's why I call her so," said Culbertson, and his face, when he looked at her, gave him away completely. Well, in looks she certainly was gold—hair like new-coined sovereigns, golden glints in her brown eyes, freckles (which doubtless my cousin included in the yellow glow), and a smile like a sudden uplift of sunshine on a gray day. I could not tell whether her character were of the same precious metal.

When I went away first, he shut the door softly behind us and looked at me for my opinion.

"Of course," said I, a little nettled that he had kept his secret so well, "I may congratulate you?"

He flushed, as if I had said something painful. "Don't—nothing of the sort. Why will women always think—? We're only friends, you know."

"Oh, la, la!" said I, or thought it. "We all know how that ends."

"Not in this case," answered he, looking disturbed, even distressed.

"Then," said I, gathering up my skirts to descend, "look out. If you go on like this, people will talk."

"Like what?" said he. "I suppose I may paint her if I choose?"

"If you can," I teased him, and added irrelevantly: "But why won't she? She ought to like you, Georgie."

He shrugged, but whether he then could not tell the truth or only would not say, I do not know.

"She'll come round," said I.

"No," said he, and could not quite keep tragedy out of his face, "she's said it and she won't. But I've got to paint her, you see, if I'm to get on; and she knows that, so she's willing to be friends."

I shook my head, but was afraid to express my disapproval in words. Of course, the situation was impossible; and I was curious to see how it would develop.

It developed into a series of most curious pictures hung year after year at the Royal Academy—pictures which set us all to guessing what was the actual state of affairs.

The year after "the smudge," as I nicknamed his first accepted picture, he had an *Autumn*—no rain, no falling leaves, no pretty sentiment; but a great swirl of passionate color just frosted by the nearness of death. There was a flare of sunset between the bare trunks of a purple beech-wood; and she was coming down an aisle of trees, little more than a purple shadow herself, but for the rim of golden light behind that outlined her straight slimness. She was like the shadow of a flame, if you understand what I mean. I thrilled as I looked at the picture, as I had thrilled at her presence when I saw her. "Poor Geordie!" was my thought. "She can—if you paint truly—why doesn't she?" But the critics wrote that it was a picture of great promise.

The next year I was sorry to see that he chose a story subject. But I was wholly unprepared for the *Tristan and Isolde* that he had produced. He must have found some old, less familiar form of the legend, or invented it; or perhaps the fancy was hers. His Isolde stood at the door of a little thatched pavilion in the depths of a summer forest—all greens, sunlit and shadowy. And she herself was in the full blaze of the sun, cloth of gold, blaze of topaz and amber, until she seemed no earthly treasure. And Tristan, a huntsman in yellow

leather, kneels to take her in all humility, while she, with a face full of terror and love, holds in her bare hands between the two of them an unsheathed sword.

"Surely," said I to myself, "there is some barrier between them that would cut them both like Isolde's sword." But I never guessed what it might be. The critics said that the artist had a message, but was not yet clear as to its purport.

Ah, but the year after that came Nemesis. I believe that I saw scarcely a favorable criticism of *The Judas-Tree*, although nearly every journal—and that was a good sign—seemed impelled to notice it. But "Decadence" loomed large in their utterance. I grant it was perhaps a mad idea to paint a woman as a tree; but in some fashion he made the thing so that one could not tell where tree began and woman ended. She was dressed in some dark velvety thing, her body twisted and her arms thrown up unevenly to simulate branches, and her hair as a wealth of purple blossom; and from one of her branches she dangled a man—here the critics had their best laugh—not actually hanging him, but strangling him with a knotted cord, so that he lay in a heap on the earth. And the pale face that half showed among the purple hair was that of a vengeful sprite.

"Here's pretty work," said I to myself. "What has she done to him? This grows interesting."

Several times during the year I tried to see my cousin, but chance or fate or his own will prevented.

His next picture was even more extraordinary. It was called *The Cup of Life*, and was as strongly allegorical as the last. Life was shown as a vivid youth with deep eyes, and the cup that he held out was a glorious beaker, such as Benvenuto himself might not have shamed to make, brimming and foaming over with a liquid as golden. (My cousin had certainly improved in his handling

of metal-work.) But the girl to whom this richness was offered was a blanched, shrinking creature, whose faded colors scarcely suggested the treasures of Mary-Gold. Her face was of an intense longing, painful to see; but her attitude was of fear, and with her hands she put away the beautiful thing. And it was wonderful to see how the background, which began as a bower interwoven of blossoms and branches, broke away in hanging shreds and showed a storm-ridden sky. And if the long yellow light, low and far away, that cast some reflection on the figure of the woman, were not intended for some pale gleam of duty, then my interpretation of the allegory is at fault. But I am sure that it marked a definite spiritual crisis in the fortunes of those two. Of this picture some of the critics said that it was well enough, but too much under the spell of Watts, and lacked reality—bless them!

I was not greatly surprised after that to learn that my cousin had left town abruptly, without saying good-by to any one, and was supposed to be traveling in the far East.

It was three years before I had any definite news of him; and that came only in the form of a small picture at Burlington House. It was called *Plunder*, and was nothing more than an empty room of marble and tile and an Oriental carpet on which lay a heap of silk stuffs, gold vessels and gems. But as I looked at it I fancied, with cousinly prejudice it may be, that Van Eyck himself could not have done that little thing more perfectly. And yet there was mourning among Culbertson's friends—among those, at least, who had believed in him as a messenger from high heaven. It seemed now that many more contrived to pull him off his little pedestal than had contrived to set him up.

The next year he sent nothing to the Academy; but I saw a notice of a small collection of his etchings to be seen in a private gallery. They were all studies of

the Syrian desert, and I came away with a sense of escape from nightmare. When I asked at the gallery for his address, I was politely referred to his solicitor.

After that—it seems incredible—I heard nothing for four years. Then came his *Madonna*. It brought a sense of shock to those of us who had known the man. I hate to try to describe the picture, for I have never met any one who could even faintly give a true impression of it in words. It is a round picture. The outside is very dark—blue—perhaps the sky, but not clearly designated. The woman holds out her hands toward the looker, in them what seems at first a vague white radiance that throws out all the light in the picture. But in this glow of flame you may presently see the figure of the child, strangely foreshortened, with the head toward you, and rayed with gold so that it is difficult to say whether it is meant to be a baby or a star. The light is thrown upon the mother's thin, sensitive hands, upon her pale face, and touches gold gleams in her eyes. No hair is visible, and the darkness of her hood and cloak and robe melt gradually into the outer blue of the picture. *The Lanthorn of Light* is the fantastic title that Culbertson chose.

When the critics came to write, one and all, they laid aside that stale joke about the "Yellow Girl"—or perhaps they did not recognize the woman. Some of them said that religious mania was less offensive than the artist's earlier freaks; others that "a note of power and originality," etc., etc.; his friends wrote "Culbertson is on the way to finding himself." And I, knowing even a little of his inner history, felt that they were right. But for all the beauty of line and color, for all the spiritual power of this last picture, I was dominated rather by a sense of unrest and sadness. The splendor of light became, in the artist's hands, almost a tragedy, not the glow of peace.

Three years later, when I stood be-

fore a portrait of Mary-Gold, I felt that he had attained to this supreme achievement. He had learned to subdue the splendor of her coloring and to bring out its significance. The whole thing is brown, but turning to red, to purple, to blue, to green, to gold. Her magnificent hair is dull compared with the barbaric crown that he once believed it to be; her eyes are like misty sunshine; her smile is evanescent, but infinitely glad. But the figure rests and the face is strong in peace; and I could not but think that the artist as well had come to the end of his seeking.

I was not greatly surprised as I stood there, when he touched me on the shoulder. He was as thin as ever and very gray. His face was deeply marked; but when I looked from his work to his eyes, I felt that he had come through the waters.

"She looks her name," said I softly, "the very genius of spiritual wealth!"

I could see that I had pleased him. "You are right," said he, and added: "I shall never do better than that."

I found it difficult to ask questions. "And she?" I stumbled over the words.

"She is my wife," said he. "Shall we sit down a few moments?"

And so, with people passing and re-passing before the work of his hands, he told me briefly the burden of his life. He did not look to see or to hear what people thought of his work; but he watched the portrait as if to him it were alive.

"I am another Jacob," said he quietly, "but I outwaited him. It has been nearly seventeen years. And she loved me all the while. It has been a strange Atalanta chase for us from end to end of the world. And whenever I came too near, she threw me a golden apple, in the way of letting me paint a picture. You know how we began. You saw the *Autumn*? The mystery was very dense then; but when I was doing the *Isolde*, she made me feel that sword. It cut into

the spirit—we won't talk of it, nor of the *Judas-Tree*. I was insane then; and she—poor thing!—nearly as bad, though I did not know. She acted—she acted well until the time of *The Cup*, and then she broke down and told me a little. I was a fool, I suppose, but I did not understand. I knew she was not bound in any way, and yet the renunciation was forced upon her. I could not fathom it. We parted and I went out into the desert—you know? I don't remember how many years it was; but we were bound to meet again. It was the mere pull of our two natures—across the world, I suppose. I found her in a little wayside village church in Italy—it couldn't have been more wonderful; and there I made her stop until I had painted the *Lanthorn*.

"When it was done, she laid her hand on my shoulder—the nearest she had ever come to me up to then, and she said: 'You have read my face. You ought to know that you are right. It would be the greatest thing in the world for me to have a child, but there's insanity, you know, in our family for generations back.' What could I do? I can't go into the story, Ethel, even to you. I thought she might have trusted me, but she ran away again—ran away in the night, before I had finished the picture. I sent it as it was—and I don't know that any one ever noticed—

"I stayed on in the place, but I did no painting for a year or two. At last I began upon the peasants, talked with them, learned to know them, sketched them, painted them and painted them out, or else gave them to the sitters. I suppose I acquired some little skill in those bad days. I think I had a feeling that if I waited on long enough she would come back to me. So I said to myself I should stop until I died—and after, if I could; and the end would be sure. After all, it was only three years before she came back to that church where we had sat and talked; and there

we sat and talked again. And I was bitter about the seventeen lost years; but she would not let me speak—she drew the converse of the picture—she was always gold unalloyed, my Mary. But she made me see how the fire through which we had passed was the very breath of life. And when she stopped speaking I sat thinking of the past and what it had meant and what the future might mean: how all the things of which we are deprived in reality enter into the spirit and live there and give life.

And I was afraid to ask again, though I had been seeking so long.

"It was herself who said: 'And if we have both learned how to live—and have fought the fight to the end—now that we are growing old—?' It's not a thing to put into words, Ethel—"

But I pondered over all that it meant. "She was right—right as people rarely are in this world," said I at last.

And he answered: "She is Mary-Gold. And will you come and see her now?"



THE CUP

By SAMUEL McCOY

The cup of love she brought and bore,—
With her own soul 'twas brimming,
My hand that took it trembled sore,
My eyes with tears were dimming.

I said: "Dear, give me not this cup,
I dare not drink its fullness,
My heart past measure would well up,
My drougt die at its coolness."

She said: "Dear, it is ours to drink,
My soul thus overflowing,
Rapture from which we dare not shrink
Which sanctifies past knowing."

And so together we shall know
This joy too strange for telling,
And ever faint with rapture go
Toward where the Source is welling.



THE Fourth of July this year has an added significance, for it marks the centenary of the birth of a man who, during his stormy life, riveted the attention of a large part of the civilized world, and who fought so stoutly for the liberation of his countrymen that he became not only the hero of his own nation, but the beau ideal of independence the world over.

The career of Giuseppe Garibaldi was romantic enough to have provided a dozen fiction writers with material; yet they have practically overlooked it. His prowess has been celebrated by a few versifiers, but there yet remains to be written an adequate biography of one of the most disinterested and picturesque personages of the nineteenth century. Born in Nice, he followed the sea until he was twenty-one years of age, and had attained to the captaincy of a ship. While in that capacity he met first a Fourierite and then an Italian patriot, and his talks with these two men induced him to give up the sea and to devote himself to the liberation of his country. It was not long before his enthusiasm got him into trouble with the government of Piedmont, and he was obliged to flee with a price upon his head.

He went to South America, and for a time engaged in trade at Rio, but in the nature of things he could not long content himself in an enterprise of this sort. He soon found work more to his liking, and he was for years the republican military leader in Paraguay, Uruguay and the turbulent provinces of South Brazil. He gathered about him a band of followers, rough riders of the day, splendid horsemen and capital shots, and with these men at his back he struck terror to the hearts of the petty tyrants of South America. Here was life to his liking. He wooed and married a remarkable young woman—a beautiful Amazon who could ride like a centaur and shoot like Buffalo Bill, and this pair was fairly idolized by the rampant republicans who called Garibaldi cap-

tain. But the Italian's ear was ever open for news from his own country, and when general amnesty was proclaimed there he set out with about eighty men and offered his services to Charles Albert of Piedmont.

His services to Italy, futile in the establishment of a republic, but afterward gloriously successful, are history, but they await, as has been said, an adequate biographer. No popular leader of that century enjoyed such adoration from his followers as did Garibaldi. He had in him much of the stuff of which heroes are made. Not only did the splendid daring of his deeds bear out those wild tales of his South American career which had preceded him to Italy, but he proved, at the same time, to be an admirable general; and, over and above all this, he was an impassioned orator—an inspired leader of men. No general ever was more loved than he. There was, apparently, no discipline among his men, yet, actually, he ruled them with great firmness; and he remained absolutely honest and disinterested in the midst of fearful corruption and self-seeking; he was personally and morally brave, and his guerrilla warfare was amazingly brilliant. Frankly egotistic, he was simple and single-hearted. It was said of him that he was "the most transparent of men, hiding neither his admiration nor his hatred, giving free play to his emotions, easily swayed on the surface, but cleaving immovably to his dominant purpose."

Such a personality wedded to brave deeds will always stir the hearts of humanity. While he lived he was as a light in darkness, and his luminary is not yet quenched. In this, our month of independence, it is fitting to pay a tribute to this Italian patriot whose whole life was a struggle for liberty, and whose old age was crowned with the memories of a gallant past and the realization of the success—belated though it was—of those valorous and hazardous blows struck in the cause of freedom.

PROFESSOR John B. Watson, a member of the psychology department of the University of Chicago, has left for a desolate and uninhabited isle in the Gulf of Mexico, where he will live, attended only by a servant, for the purpose of studying a species of birds. These birds, as yet untabulated, are very singular. They are nearly extinct and of rare interest to zoölogists. Scientists have made repeated observations off the east coast of Florida, and expect a report of great interest from Professor Watson when he returns from his uncharted island. It is a member of the Dry Tortugas group, lying seventy miles off the west coast of Florida, quite out of the path of commerce, utterly unpeopled and nearly barren of vegetation. The investigation is being made at the expense of the Carnegie Institute, which in making selection of a fit man secured Professor Watson as being a scientist of acute inquisitiveness. He attained some note recently by his experiments with white mice, which, he declares, possess a sense not found in man. This is a sense of direction. Books, an abundance of food and apparatus for experimentation, water, and clothes for sunshine and storm as they are known in the tropics, comprise Professor Watson's paraphernalia. It does seem as if a phonograph might have helped some, but there is no indication that he carried one of these sociable machines.

ENGLAND and America have agreed that the present generation has seen no *Hamlet* comparable to that offered by Mr. Forbes-Robertson. The critics abroad and in this country comment upon the freedom, the naturalness and credibility of the performance of this *Hamlet*, who was neither mad nor inconsistent, but who was perpetually put from the track his free and generous nature would have followed by the treachery and lies, the cheatings and ignobilities of others. Mr. Bernard Shaw, commenting on Mr. Forbes-Robertson's *Hamlet*, says: "It is wonderful how easily everything comes right when you have the right man with the right mind for it—how the story tells itself, how the characters come to life, how even the failures of the cast can not confuse you, though they can disappoint you."

The English actor brought to this country a number of new readings of the great lines

of *Hamlet*, and these readings were without exception in the way of greater spontaneity and naturalness. No one who has witnessed the part but has gone away with a feeling that *Hamlet* is, after all, the English essence—the part of parts—the core of English drama. And to the spontaneity of reading and the naturalistic effects Mr. Forbes-Robertson, who is his own manager, added scenery which greatly assisted the simplicity of the production. He employed a number of beautiful drops, designed by the late William Morris, in the place of cumbrous scenery, and these drops, which could be lowered without delay or difficulty, greatly facilitated the movement of the play. For example, the opening scene on the platform before the castle is but a back drop, picturing high ramparts and a crowning tower of the castle mistily outlined against a slightly clouded sky. There is a softly diffused moonlight, and a mystic and exquisite haziness—fit envelopment for sad ghosts! The scene shifts, it will be remembered, "to another part of the platform." Another drop is lowered, glimpsing the rocky shore of the sea, and within the shadow of the castle's mighty towers. The shifting of scenery is also obviated by having the scenes that are usually set in a room in *Polonius'* house placed in the royal castle, where it is quite reasonable that *Polonius*, a high officer of the court, should be in attendance, with his daughter and personal servants. There is not opportunity here to point out the many improvements devised by Mr. Forbes-Robertson. But it is really astonishing, to one who has seen the cumbersome movement of the play by the old-line actors, to observe with what ease and reasonableness the play progresses, and with what simplicity the heroic part can be played. The character is made to move with a sort of passionate impulsiveness, and by the accentuation of this quality the murky wit, the sudden despairs, the poignant glimpses of joy forbidden, and the desperate acceptance of destiny, are made sequent and logical. One is reminded of the young poet in "Candida." The "business" is chosen upon this same conception of the essential impulsiveness of the part, and the famous speeches, of old made formidable by lugubrious elocution, in Mr. Forbes-Robertson's management, seem to rush from a surcharged heart.

WALTER Wellman, who is about to make the novel experiment of reaching the North Pole in an airship, is no novice in Arctic exploration, having made two attempts by boat to reach that desired point—once in 1894, and again four years later. The airship which has been designed for this purpose is said to be the largest ever made. It has three motors with an aggregate of eighty horse-power. The car is of steel, and besides this weight there are to be five men, food for seventy-five days, a steel boat, two motor sledges, and over two tons of gasoline. Its length is one hundred and eighty feet, its average speed is twelve miles an hour.

A corps of scientists and aeronaut experts will accompany the explorer to Spitzbergen, where the airship will be tried out and then sent on its hazardous journey. It was intended to have started last year, but the airship was not completed in time.

It will be remembered that Andree, the explorer, tried to reach the Pole by balloon several years ago, but was lost. His fate does not deter Mr. Wellman, who believes he can make the trip of six hundred miles in the air with safety and return to tell about it. Walter Wellman is forty-eight years old and was born in Mentor, Ohio. After running a weekly newspaper in Nebraska, he returned to Ohio and did journalistic work in Cincinnati. For many years he has been the Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, which is financing the trip.

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WALTER WELLMAN

TO "make full inquiry, examination and investigation by subcommittee or otherwise into the subject of immigration" is the duty set forth by law for the immigration commission which sailed last month from Boston for Europe. It has begun its work with one of the most elaborate foreign expeditions ever undertaken in the name of government inquiry. Briefly stated, the task of the commission is to ascertain who are "undesirable citizens" among the hordes of aliens who come annually to our shores. The creation of the commission is a result of the long disagreement between the senate and house as to the form in which the last immigration bill should pass.

Photograph by The National Press Association, Washington

MEMBERS OF THE IMMIGRATION COMMISSION, WHICH WAS AUTHORIZED BY THE RECENT SESSION OF CONGRESS, NOW IN SESSION IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

From left to right: Senator A. C. Latimer, South Carolina. Mr. W. R. Wheeler, California. Senator H. C. Lodge, Massachusetts. Professor J. W. Jenks, Cornell University. Senator W. P. Dillingham, Vermont, Chairman. Mr. Morton E. Crane, Massachusetts, Secretary. Representative W. S. Bennett, New York. Mr. Walter W. Husband, Clerk Senate Committee. Representative B. F. Howell, New Jersey. Representative J. L. Burnett, Alabama. Commissioner of Labor Charles P. Neill.

As carried through the senate in the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress the immigration bill provided a rigid educational test, for which Senator Lodge was largely responsible. When the bill reached the house there was a hot contest in the committee. Representative W. S. Bennett, of New York City, came out as an opponent of the educational test. He held that such a test would bar out from this land of liberty many immigrants who really would make good citizens. Speaker Cannon inclined strongly to the support of Mr. Bennett, and the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress ended in a deadlock.

The prospect for agreement between the two branches of Congress was not much brighter at the last session. The bill was passed by the house differing in many as-

pects from the form in which it passed the senate. Finally, after many unavailing committee meetings, relief came in the form of the incident of the exclusion of Japanese children from the white schools of San Francisco. Japan's sensitiveness to any deviation from the respect accorded a world power of the first class made this discrimination a diplomatic incident. It was also a political affair, for the citizens of California deeply resented the drubbing given them by the president in his annual message to Congress. The solution found was an amendment to the immigration bill providing that Japanese should not be admitted except upon presentation of passports to this country. Japan thereupon agreed not to issue any passports to the United States, and the San Francisco school board rescinded its action.

The amendment having been agreed on, it was necessary that the disputed bill become law; so the points in conflict were settled, the provision for a commission to study the question of immigration was added, the bill was adopted by both senate and house, and the commission appointed.

Under the law, the vice-president had the authority to name three members of the senate, and this he did by appointing Senators Dillingham of Vermont, Lodge of Massachusetts, and Latimer of South Carolina. Speaker Cannon named Representatives Howell of New Jersey, Bennett of New York, and Burnett of Alabama. President Roosevelt had the appointment of the other three, and designated Professor J. W. Jenks of Cornell University, W. R. Wheeler of Oakland, California, who represents the Pacific coast, where immigration is a vital question, and Charles P. Neill, commissioner of labor. Many of the commissioners have left for Europe and will be gone most of the summer.

When it is realized that the eighty mil-

lions of people in this country is being increased at the rate of one million annually by influx of foreigners, it can be appreciated what a task the commission has, to inspect at first hand the sources of this prospective citizenship. Possessing powers to recommend to Congress the conclusions of the commission will have great future weight in determining the policy of Congress in dealing with the immigration question.

A NEW fear has just been created for the human race. Siegfried wandered far and adventured much without finding fear, and the human race has come on down its long path without discovering the particular apprehension which has now been invented by Major Charles E. Woodruff, surgeon in the United States army. He has decided that we ought to be afraid of sunshine. He says: "'God's sunlight' has had credit for more false merits than any other of the various superstitions to which men have fallen victims. We recognize the fact that it kills bacteria, but we ignorantly fail to reflect that

VALE STUDENTS IN THE CAST OF ISEN'S "THE PRETENDERS." PRESENTED BY THE VALE UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

College dramatic societies are, more and more, rendering distinct service to the cause of drama of high grade. To cite a few examples, it was through the hearty approval of student audiences that the memorable "Everyman" of the Ben Greet Players found a larger popularity; the Tragical History of Doctor Faustus was presented at Princeton University in April last; and the dignified open-air presentations of Greek drama at Harvard and at Berkeley have been not without effect on the stage of the whole country.

it has just as fatal an effect on the protoplasm which composes the human system. 'God's sunlight' is producing neurasthenia and cardiac feebleness and anæmia, is promoting tuberculosis, and increasing insanity and suicide every day, not only in the tropics, but here in New York. 'God's cloudiness,' wherever it is found, the shade of dark houses and trees and awnings is promoting health, sanity and long life."

He has much to say that is interesting concerning the effect of climate upon nations. He finds the United States, with its bright daylight and its southern latitude, peculiarly fitted for Italians, Armenians, Arabians, Hungarians, Slavs and Asiatics, but ill adapted to the English, the Scandinavian and the Scotch. He advocates artificial defense against light. We must, Major Woodruff urges, "abandon this nonsense about 'God's sunshine.'"

This affords as rare an opportunity for worry as could have been devised! California, Arizona, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Kansas, Nebraska, all the "sunny south," Texas, that little nation, must get their awnings or perish! And those desert towns that congratulate themselves on being the refuge for the ailing, that imagined they had seen tuberculosis sufferers by the thousand shake off their fell disease, they, it appears, have been under a delusion—an exhilarating hallucination! Back to the shadows, then, and the mephitic caves, and the dim old vault-like rooms! Back to the dark tenements and the narrow streets of the ancient cities! Back to underground dungeons and subterranean passages! All our compassion for those who "dwelt in darkness" has, it appears, been misplaced. It was really we, walking abroad in fields and on sunny streets, sitting by our south windows and tending our gardens on the southern slopes, who were to have been compassionated. Major Woodruff is to be congratulated on having added an entirely new item to the innumerable list of apprehensions with which man saddens his life.

JUSTICE does sometimes prevail, the pessimists to the contrary. With two such events in one month as the capitulation of the machine opposition to Governor Hughes at Albany and the confession of Boss Ruef at San Francisco, good citizens should take

heart. The unexpected happened in both cases. After the defeat of Governor Hughes in his attempt to remove Insurance Superintendent Kelsey, it appeared as though all the executive's efforts at reform were to go for naught, and that the powers of evil were to prevail in the legislature as theretofore. The governor's pet measure, the public utilities bill, hung in the balance and the combined power of the united Republican and Democratic machines seemed to doom it to defeat. Suddenly, without warning or explanation of any sort, the machine leader, Senator Raines, announced that the public good demanded the passage of the measure which he had so strenuously opposed, and at his nod his followers unanimously approved and passed the bill which is to give the commonwealth the right to control all public utilities within the jurisdiction of the legislature. No satisfactory explanation of the machine's unconditional surrender has been made, and not even the warmest friends of President Roosevelt have ventured to attribute it to his ill-advised removal of certain federal appointees in New York state who were politically opposing the governor's course of action.

Equally unexpected and gratifying is the collapse of what promised to be the long-drawn-out defense of the arch-conspirator Ruef in the Pacific metropolis. It is likely, even in the face of the confessions of some of his tools, that Ruef might have delayed his trial for months and put the prosecution to enormous expense. His breakdown and confession will doubtless result in the conviction in short order of all the guilty men, high and low, and the establishment of an honest government for the much-tried city.

THE classic orators called themselves demagogues. In the time of Demosthenes a demagogue was a leader of the people. The dark ages, when the people had no rights, made the word a term of reproach and gave us a name by which to call those who ask for the abolition of privilege not yet obnoxious to us, and who appeal to a less well-to-do class of voters than those with whom we ourselves are affiliated. When Jefferson stood for absolute equality and the rule of the people, men like John Adams called him a demagogue. Adams was among the last of those who openly de-

nounced democracy as unsafe and argued for a strictly limited ballot and the vesting of power in the hands of the educated and "well-born." After the Monroe era it became fashionable to laud democracy, while upholding privilege in the concrete. So it was that Jackson was a demagogue for resisting the national bank privilege, and Garrison was a demagogue for denouncing the privilege of slavery. The men who placed the Australian ballot in the hands of the people were denounced, at first, as demagogues. A recent issue of a Washington newspaper calls the demand for the popular election of United States senators "a demagogue's demand." All the recent primary laws, intended to secure the freedom of party nominations from corporate domination, have been "demagogue" laws. The anti-pass and anti-lobby laws have been set down as the work of demagogues. The call for the initiative and referendum is heard by the plutocrats as the howl of the demagogue. Terms of obloquy, being unwisely used, have a way of becoming terms of praise. The institutions that stand between the people and perfect democracy must go. The world is set in the direction of giving real democracy a trial. It has tried everything else in government, and failed to discover the right way. The men most frequently called demagogues now are the men who are molding institutions in the direction of democracy.

THERE is a branch of metaphysical mathematics which speculates upon such problems as whether two straight lines, indefinitely extended in opposite directions, would ultimately meet at the other side of that conjectural infinity where parallels finally converge and where dispersive parabolic curves conjoin in an unthinkable ellipse. From present appearances Mr. William Dean Howells and Mr. Henry James—Mr. Howells, who has so long and so delightfully demonstrated for us the wonderful simplicity of complex things; and Mr. James, who has led us, marveling but entranced, through the unguessed complexities of simple ones—are marching bravely toward some such antipodal reunion. What else, one is fain to ask, is to be the result if Mr. Howells goes on simplifying and Mr. James goes on complexifying indefinitely? Or will Mr. Howells "go out like a candle"? And Mr. James's writing, like an ingrowing sentence, involute into one compact and impenetrable spiral? Or are the defects of their qualities

Vander Weyde, photographer, 1907

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS AT SEVENTY

merely going to grow, and grow, until nothing remains but the quality of their defects?

The thought (so sacrilegiously unorthodox as almost to savor of the "higher criticism") is prompted by the conjunction of Mr. James's "The American Scene" and Mr. Howells' "Through the Eye of the Needle." In spite of the fact that each of these deals with the America of to-day, it would be hard to name two books more dis-

similar. Mr. James, after an absence of twenty-five years, revisited America, and "The American Scene" is supposed to be a record of his impressions. But it is nothing of the kind. It is a record of the greatest analytical spree Mr. James has permitted himself to enjoy in a quarter of a century. We are all of us conscious of so much of double personality that the *I* is wont to watch, and keep tab upon, and criticize the *Me* in the very act of acting or of thinking. But Mr. James is limited by no such elementary self-division. He did not come to size up America alone; he came in multiple, and in his book we are admitted to the family conclave. We are spectators of an amazing psychological byplay, in which a fourth Mr. James sardonically questions a third, who is keeping tab on a second, who is correcting the first, who is tabulating and sorting impressions of their common but unfamiliar native land! Mr. Howells, on the other hand, has described, with a matter-of-factness so perfect that it is perfectly matter of fact, the visit of a gentleman from "Altruria" to New York, where he meets several members of the plutocracy and marries an American wife. The second part of the work gives us, with an equal absence of inflection, this lady's impressions of "Altruria" upon her arrival there. This statement gives, of course, no hint of the delightful poise of Mr. Howells' manner, nor of the pregnant blandness of his characterizations. But since it sums up quite fully the impression which the story leaves upon the mind after a careful reading, it may convey some notion of the degree of pointlessness to which the whole affair has been refined.

And here, exactly, we have the point at which, if our assumption is valid, Mr. James and Mr. Howells seem likely to encounter. One of these books is an analysis, the other is a satire. One of them is suavely expansive, the other is hypercritically introspective. Each is supremely, even exaggeratedly, typical of its author. Yet each, by just this exaggeration of their respective and apparently divergent methods, has achieved an identical impalpability.

"THE reclaimable area of swamp lands which are in their present state worthless is known to be greater than the areas which will be reclaimed by irrigation." This

is the surprising report submitted to the president by Commissioner of Corporations Smith, and this interesting fact is one of the many considered by the Inland Waterways Commission which recently met in Washington. The prime purpose for the meeting of the commission was the preservation of the waterways. Co-operation between federal, state and municipal governments is recommended in the matter of clarifying the water of rivers. The economy to the government and to private persons in clarifying those rivers whose caprice and cruelty have, year after year, caused loss of life and property is now becoming plain to engineers. The commission deprecates the destruction of water traffic, and looks to the influencing of the legislature in the granting of rights and privileges to water transportation companies. The water power is also to be utilized for electric plants. The unrestricted grazing of cattle on the banks of rivers is to be checked; the relation of the water courses to the preservation of forests is another department of the commission's activities, and, above all, the restraining of the waters of the Western rivers is to be considered. The work outlined in this last connection alone will involve the expenditure of forty million dollars up to the calendar year 1909.

But one of the most important announcements in the reports made before the commission is "that in the Mississippi valley are many millions of acres of land which in their present state are practically worthless, but which, if reclaimed by a comprehensive system of drainage, would become of immense value for agricultural purposes and would afford homes for hundreds of thousands. The cost of reclaiming overflowed lands would not prove an excessive burden upon landowners."

Only those who have seen the evidences of what these rich silt lands by the Mississippi will produce can appreciate the importance of reclaiming them. They are capable of two or three full crops a year. All that is needed is to master the Mississippi!—a gigantic, but not an impossible task. Indeed, it is a task which the government engineers mean to perform without delay. The serious inundations of farms below New Orleans this past year—farms not exceeded for richness in the country—struck the final note of warning.

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GENERAL KUROKI

The diminutive hero of two of Japan's wars, who has been receiving rousing receptions in our cities

DR. John Watson, better known as "Ian Maclaren," died far from his English home, May sixth, at Mount Pleasant, Iowa; but—though so far from home—among friends and surrounded with sympathy. He

completed his education, however, at the Edinburgh University and in Germany, and for twenty-five consecutive years was pastor of the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool. His fame as a preacher had preceded his first book even to America, and the fact that so eminent a clergyman was the author of the "Bonnie Brier Bush" helped to give it that fixed favor which it still enjoys among readers who are lovers of sentiment, simplicity and piety.

The names of Stevenson, Barry, Crockett and others are associated with his, but none of these was really of his breed. Stevenson had the pagan outlook, though he held the Christian formula, and he was an artist of distinction, even if he did not attain the altitude to which his talents entitled him. Barry, though more given to winsomeness, sentimentality and what may be termed the cheek-by-jowl attitude of mind, has proved himself a literary artist of enduring quality, although, of course, not comparably to Stevenson. Crockett has more love of adventure than Maclaren, but is, notwithstanding, a brother-fictionist in many ways. Ralph Connor might be said, more than any other, to be the distinct disciple of Doctor Watson.

A good man and true, one full of kindness and religion, has passed to his reward. It will not be meager, we may all hope and believe.

THE LATE DR. JOHN WATSON ("Ian Maclaren")

A photograph of Dr. Watson on the veranda of Professor Goldwin Smith's home in Ottawa, Canada, taken shortly before his death

had, indeed, endeared himself to the American people. As the author of that too lacrimose yet lovable book, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," he first became known to them. Since that signal success almost every year has seen a book from the pen of this industrious clergyman, who, as is so often the case with English writers who achieve American success, followed up his bookmaking with lecture tours in this country.

He was really the leader in what has come to be known, somewhat derisively, as "The Kailyard School of Fiction," but though his themes and his style were Scotch, and though he reveled in that sentimentalism which is supposed to suit the taste of Scotchmen of the middle class, as a matter of fact he was born at Norningtree, Essex, in 1850. He

THE ignorance of the upper classes has always been the greatest danger in every nation. It is seldom that unprivileged ignorance mounts to power. The unprivileged must become instructed before they can win control, and their education must keep pace with their rise to influence. Therefore the ignorance of the lower classes is less to be feared for many reasons than that of those smug, choleric, prideful people who really rule. It is sad to read such uncomprehending and merely querulous protest against the present state of the public mind as that which, falling from the lips of James M. Beck, recently aroused to frenzied enthusiasm a convention of New Jersey bankers. In the name of shrunken values in stocks Mr. Beck protested against the "hero-worship" which makes Roosevelt and Bryan so potent. He spoke of the prevalent "unrest" as "anarchistic," and mourned the bitter hatred which he finds over all the land for those

who possess property. This is the sheerest ignorance and fatuity. There is a disposition to question the origins of swollen fortunes, and to find out whether they arise from the productive energies of those who own them, or from their power to take the output of other men's productive energies without rendering a return. This is in no spirit of hate; and so far as it shows unrest, it is the same sort of unrest that a banker feels when he has reason to think that his bookkeeper is robbing him by false entries, or that a yegg-man is at work on the safe. As for anarchy, the word means simply absence of law and rule. The protest voiced by such men as Mr. Beck is against rule. Roosevelt and Bryan plead for more law and more method. If Mr. Beck means any more offensive signification of the word "anarchy" than its philological one, he makes a charge against American public sentiment which is beneath contempt.

WISCONSIN has chosen as senator, in the place of Robert LaFollette, Isaac Stephenson, a man who, while professing to be a follower and fellow-soldier of that implacable fighter, is, we believe, of different fiber. Like LaFollette, he is a devoted citizen of Wisconsin, and, like him, he served some time in the lower house of Congress before being elevated to the upper; but, unlike him, he is a very wealthy man, all of whose material interests are bound up in a strongly protected industry.

Mr. Stephenson has at times evinced a lively interest in the politics of his state, but he has never shown great claim to be called a statesman, and it is believed by many that his espousal of the LaFollette cause was due quite as much to his personal hatred for the political opponents of LaFollette as to his devotion to the principles for which LaFollette stands.

If this belief is wrong, and we hope it is, Mr. Stephenson will have an opportunity to show in the senate how far he is willing to go in the fight to curb the monopolies which his leader has so gallantly conducted.

THE marriage of young James Carew and elderly Ellen Terry has made a great furore, and folk have been protesting against its unwisdom. But all this is superfluous. When was Ellen Terry ever wise?

Wisdom, forsooth, is not her rôle. She has moved by impulse, gone where she willed, free as an eagle in the sky, as reckless of storms, as unconcerned about consequences. She has not cared about public opinion. She has had pleasure in the hour, devoting it now to art, now to love, now to travel, now to books, now to eating, drinking and making merry, now to a pretty feint at serious living. She is the histrionic artist, feeding on applause, happier in simulation than in reality, rejoicing in the devotion of continents, and knowing the converse of great men. For two generations she has given delight to vast audiences. The curious witchery of her smile, her casual elocution, so artful in its naturalness, the lithe body, suggesting rather than achieving beauty, the passionate eyes, capable of so much whimsicality, have been wrought into the frame of our artistic thought. Her face moves us

ELLEN TERRY

as the face of Modjeska always has done, like a strain of music. She is no more to be defined or regulated than the wind that blows over plains, bursting blossoms and filling the waste with fairy trumpet calls. Now,

venerable, yet not venerated—for who shall venerate wild Maeve or Miriam the witch or some goddess of a pagan spring—she snatches one more cup of joy, holding it to lips never yet satiate of beauty and delight! May the draught be sweet if brief! For her, the unruléd, the rules of us who pace soberly—walking quietly all our days—will not hold. For us caution, propriety, convention, responsibility, the grave accounting to our consciences. For her, the wild drink of the demigods, fallen upon their twilight, but still elate with godhead. She is a pagan thing, and in paying her the debt of gratitude we owe for all her entertainment, we must not fetter her with our ethical rules. She is a linguist, but she does not speak that tongue. Ethics has a language which she had never the patience to learn.

IT was Mr. Dooley who first called attention to the fact that there is no race suicide "on the Ar-rchey Road." Doctor Cronin, of New York, seeing the effects of large families in those portions of New York which correspond to Mr. Dooley's Archey Road, expressed the opinion that those who believe we, as a nation, should have larger families are mistaken. For saying this he was attacked by the president in his capacity of *pater patriæ* with great energy and some ferocity. He is accused of not having "even rudimentary intelligence and morality," and of saying things which he should have known were "simply not true." Doctor Cronin was unfortunately the butterfly to be crushed or the gnat to be brained by the club of Hercules, which the president wields with such impartial destructiveness. Mr. Grant Allen says, in "Nature's Workshop": "You could hardly find a better rough test of development in the animal (or vegetable) world than the number of young produced and the care bestowed upon them. The fewer the offspring the higher the type. Large broods mean low organization; small broods imply higher types and more care in the nurture and education of the offspring. . . . Savages, as a rule, produce enormous families; but then, the infant mortality is proportionally great. Among civilized races families are smaller, and deaths in infancy are far less numerous. . . . The goal toward which humanity is slowly mov-

ing would thus seem to be one where families in most cases will be relatively small—perhaps not more, on an average, than three to a household." Grant Allen spoke as a scientist, and voiced the best scientific opinion. If we are to believe the current political economy, increase in population brings poverty and the industrial stress which tends to discourage large families. Most people who think at all in the premises will hold with Doctor Cronin that it is quality rather than numbers that counts.

IT is to be feared that the Peace Conference which met in New York a short time ago was more interesting than fruitful. After the speeches were over and the applause had died away, when the distinguished foreigners had sailed and the native philanthropists had returned to their homes, it appeared that the resolutions drafted and adopted have been milder than peace itself and as meaningless as caution and policy could make them. But while some persons have felt discouragement, it may be suggested that a peace conference could hardly draft belligerent resolutions; and also that resolutions are somewhat obsolete and represent the decaying town-meeting habit rather than a working force. Resolutions are a source of satisfaction to the persons subscribing to them, but they are, after all, not of much interest to anybody else. They are a sort of safety valve for overcharged emotions—nothing more. Peace, like morality, is a sentiment. It must increase by means of spiritual understanding. The economists may talk and the statesmen advise, but, after all, peace walks its humble way, reaching us through quiet paths, and abiding within the heart. The large sense of brotherhood, the temperamental aversion to war, the abounding good will toward all men living, are the result of large religious sentiments. And peace conferences are valuable because they help those who have not yet discovered the beauty and utility of such thoughts to understand them. Peace can not be militant. It must make a gentle propaganda. It is a spiritual development. Men grow into it. Many individual peacemakers will eventually make a nation of peacekeepers. Peace represents high evolution. We are growing toward it—and every peace conference helps on the growth.

MISS JANE ADDAMS

Leader of settlement work in Chicago; author of a recent and noteworthy volume entitled "Newer Ideals of Peace"

THERE is a very interesting political situation in Ohio. Honorable William H. Taft, secretary of war, a citizen of that state, is a candidate for the presidency. He is understood to have the earnest support of President Roosevelt, and in addition he has a large personal following. Honorable Joseph B. Foraker, Ohio's brilliant senator, has also been mentioned as a candidate. There is an individual antagonism between the two, not so much on account of their conflicting personal political ambitions, as because Secretary Taft is the right-hand man of the president, while Senator Foraker is the president's most strenuous opponent. In no state is there more earnest or independent political discussion than in Ohio. The people of the state take a great deal of interest in public affairs, and the very soil seems to create men who have a genius for statesmanship. Both Secretary Taft and Mr. Foraker have very stalwart advocates. At the present writing it seems evident that Secretary Taft is reasonably certain of a solid delegation from his state for the national Republican convention next year, but he and his friends realize that his prospects are not free from serious danger of a fire in the rear unless he has Senator Foraker's support. The latter, not having any prospect of receiving the support of his state for the presidency, is now considering his prospects for

the senatorship. His present term expires March 4, 1909, and the legislature next year will name his successor. When McKinley was a candidate for the presidency there was a certain amount of repulsion between him and Mr. Foraker, and the relations between them were never cordial. A compromise was, however, made, under the terms of which McKinley was to be supported for the

presidency and Foraker for the senatorship. Such a compromise would seem a very natural adjustment of present difficulties. It would no doubt give Secretary Taft prestige in other states. But the present indications are that an arrangement of this nature will be impossible. While there is the most friendly personal feeling between Taft and Foraker, they represent different ideas and policies. Again, Foraker is a man of extreme sensitiveness, and in view of his prominence in Ohio politics for nearly a quarter of a century, his acknowledgment as a leader by thousands of friends, it is not probable that he

Photograph by J. R. Schmidt, Cincinnati

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, SECRETARY OF WAR
He is said to be Roosevelt's choice for President

looks with favor upon the promotion to the presidency of a man to whom he gave a start in political life by appointing him to a judgeship. There is at present a very strong feeling against Foraker in Ohio, partly because of his attitude toward the president, and partly by reason of his attitude on the railway rate bill. On the other hand, although Secretary Taft made enemies by his Akron



Photograph by J. R. Schmidt, Cincinnati

SENATOR JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER WITH HIS WIFE AND YOUNGEST SON

"It is not of the slightest importance what Longworth says about the situation in Ohio. I have no time to waste upon him."

speech in 1905, it is now recognized that he acted courageously on that occasion, and he has the cordial support of the great majority of Ohio Republicans.

Just what will happen in Ohio it is im-

possible at present to foresee, but it is evident the developments there will be of more than passing interest and will have a very considerable bearing upon the selection of a Republican standard bearer next year.

TOMMY

TOMMY

Tommy (swaggeringly)—D'ye smoke yit?

Bobby (timidly)—N-o.

"Chew?"

"No."

"Lie?"

"No."

"Ner swear?"

"No."

"Well," contemptuously, "don't you ever expect to be a man?"

HER OWN EYES GOOD
ENOUGH FOR HIM

A little Scotch boy's grandmother was packing his luncheon for him to take to school one morning. Suddenly looking up in the old lady's face, he said:

"Grandmother, does yer specs magnify?"

"A little, my child," she answered.

"Aweel, then," said the boy, "I wad juist like it if ye wad tak' them aff when ye're packin' my loonch."

STILL A BOY

By FRANK BATES FLANNER

"Still a boy" we heard one say

To another, half in jest.

Then fun-wrinkles joined in play

With a laugh of merry zest;

And the jolly frame of him

Shook with bursts of sheerest joy

As he answered back with vim,

"Well, I'm glad I'm still a boy!"

Still a boy—aye, true enough—

Glad, yet gentle; pure and kind;

Molded sure of manly stuff—

Kind of boy it's hard to find.

Kind of boy it's good to see—

Man-boy, wholesome; simple; true—

Kind of boy you'd like to be

If the choice were left to you.

Still a boy—how many now

Have forgot the solemn eye—

Have forgot the wrinkled brow

Is the boy's that once came by?

Call him back—it is his due;

Let him come with youth and joy

Back into the heart of you,

Laughingly, and still a boy.

Still a boy—ah, well-a-day,

Boys are scarce enough at best.

With the rippling roundelay

Let the boy still be your guest;

Let him cleave unto your heart

In boy-confidence and hold—

Still a boy—the man apart,

Long, long after he is old.

T H E A U G U S T

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T W O



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On the same day throughout all America—the 28th of each month—the new Victor records for the following month are on sale by dealers.

IN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION "THE READER."

Drawing by E. M. Ashe

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"AUGUSTLY STAY," CRIED THE JAP, BUT THE DETECTIVE HAD INTERPOSED A
STALWART LEG AND SHOULDER

Illustration for "The Lion's Share"

THE READER

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A ROMANCE OF THE AGES

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

THE STONE AGE

THE instant that Glenwood saw her he recognized her, although it was their first meeting in the present incarnation. For a moment he stood in silent but earnest contemplation of her charms, his intent blue eyes devouring each detail of form, feature and even dress. The kindling glow in his masterful face quite fascinated Doris; she could not look away, but presently she hung her head, abashed, while her sweet face grew rosy pink, and at this admission of his mastery Glenwood's blue eyes flashed into flame. He lifted his lusty voice in a shout of triumph, reached Doris in one swift rush, clasped her in his arms, and kissed her with such rapturous enthusiasm that both fell down.

Doris was frightened, but not at all angry, and the roomful of people laughed, although, to tell the truth, it was a rather uneasy laugh; for, while Glenwood was but four years old and Doris two, there had been a suggestion of primitive passion in his act which belonged to the Stone Age, and which he would outgrow as he merged from childhood to civilization. He was passing through all of the Ages which his race had passed through before him on the journey to the completeness of a modern man, and the raw, primitive haste with which he took possession of his natural

mate was thrilling to some who were there, shocking to others. But it was not prodigious; it was only the stirring of old, old impulses, dormant in the babe as they are in the acorn. Through the primitive emotions of childhood we sometimes get a glimpse behind the curtains of the past and see our race in its dawning.

Glenwood, pagan as he was, promptly took possession of his mate with the calm assurance which instinctive proprietorship bestows, and he fought like a little fury when Doris' nurse tore her from his grasp and carried her off to bed. The following day he made her free of all of his belongings, though in the case of certain of his more recent toys it is true that he repented of his reckless generosity and took them back again. But they had lost the tang of their first attractiveness, and, after an ineffectual effort to reinvigorate it, Glenwood gave them back and then sat apart, gloomily watching her enthusiasm.

Doris accepted his domination with the sweet submission of a maiden of the neolithic age, in which both dwelt. When he smacked her for opposing his lordly will, her gray eyes filled, but she loved him for it. If at this psychological moment he had not smacked her, he would have lost his mastery, and the chances

are that before many moments she would have smacked him. They were living in the epoch of Force, no matter how others might be living about them. When she would not surrender his baal-lamb he took it with a wrench of his strong arm and a shove that sent her sprawling on her back in the sand heap, and when he wanted her to see a hole which he had dug and she would not go, he hauled her thither by any part of her which furnished a fitting hold. The nurse who tended them both was old and deaf and near-sighted and prayerful, so that before long things became adjusted between them, and when he said "come," she came, and when he said "go," she went.

Doris was quick to recognize the difference between the strong and autocratic authority of Glenwood and the weak and vacillating wills of such feeble but lovable creatures as her mother, father and nurse. When they required things of her, she complied—if it jumped with her inclination. Otherwise, she declined, first gently, then firmly, then with a burst of tears or temper. If coerced, she would kick and slam and swear in the rich vocabulary of infancy. But when Glenwood issued a mandate she obeyed. Her lord was made of sterner stuff than these big, mild-eyed others.

Then Doris' visit to the mountain-farm where Glenwood's family spent the summers came to an end, and she returned across the bleak ocean to her own place. For three days Glenwood mourned her loss after the manner of the pagan that he was; frantic grief alternated with gusts of primordial rage. He howled like a young wolf, hunted the house from attic to cellar, then grew sullen and refused to eat, but permitted himself to be persuaded when his hunger gripped him, following the exhaustion of grief. Refreshed with food, he renewed his search, extending it to the sheds and stables, his lament being a

constant "Glen wants D-o-oris!" When his father was so heartless as to deride him, he festooned that proud parent with trimmings of a farinaceous supper for which he had scant appetite. At this breach of discipline the paternal anger was aroused; for the next few moments Glenwood forgot Doris and concentrated upon a certain section of his own personality. The little pagan accepted the pagan's irrefutable argument, Superior Force, and so Doris slipped from the early arcades of his mind and merged vaguely with the primitive past.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

When next they met, Glenwood was ten years old and Doris eight. He was at this epoch a Knight of the Round Table, and seldom walked abroad unarmed with his wooden shield and longsword. Doris had become a flower-faced little maiden, with eyes like the petal of a pansy, and at the first sight of her, Glenwood's knightly heart smote his sturdy ribs a lusty blow, and a rich flood of color swept into his square, freckled little face. In that moment he consecrated himself to her service as her own true knight and champion, and a few days later fate willed that he should battle in her defense.

Doris was accompanied on this visit by a distant cousin, Stephen by name, a tall, dark youngster, strongly made, and with shifting eyes and a loose, cruel mouth. Stephen was two years the senior of Glenwood, and sought to patronize him, and Glenwood, true to his sacred duty as host, endured it without protest.

One day, when the three were making their rounds of the farm, they arrived at the stable yard, where several horses were standing, among them being Glenwood's pony. Stephen had just come from school in England, and was armed with what he was pleased to call a "catapult," which foreign name for a familiar weapon had aroused Glenwood's

secret contempt. This catapult consisted of a wooden fork, to either arm of which was fixed a strong rubber band, fastened at its other end to a strip of leather. It could propel a buckshot with sufficient force to kill a red squirrel.

At sight of the horses standing quietly in the yard, Stephen raised his catapult.

"I say, watch me tickle a gee-gee!" he said in his English manner of speech, odious to Glenwood.

"Oh, don't, Stephen!" pleaded Doris. "It's cruel!"

"Rot!" said Stephen, aiming at a patient beast which had just come in from the road. There was a swish, and the animal sprang forward, lashing its tail and snorting with pain and surprise.

Stephen roared with laughter and slipped another shot into his sling. Glenwood's blue eyes began to gleam.

"Come on," he said, "let's go down to the lake. It's no fun stinging the horses; a fella can't miss 'em."

"Yes, Stephen," Doris entreated. "It's horrid of you to shoot at poor, tired horses. Do come!"

But Stephen was deaf to entreaties, and planted another shot in the ribs of a nervous mare, who kicked straight out, striking Glenwood's pony on the shoulder and almost knocking the sturdy little beast off its legs.

"Oh, *Stephen!*" cried Doris. "The poor little pony! Do you think he's hurt, Glen?"

Glenwood's freckled face was very pale, and there was a dangerous look in his blue eyes. Stephen was doubled up, roaring with laughter.

Without a word Glenwood climbed over the bars and walked toward the pony, which came to meet him, whimpering gently. Glenwood was standing in front of the pretty little animal, examining a cut on his withers, when he heard a protesting cry from Doris, and, looking up, he saw that Stephen was aiming at the pony. But before he could shoot Doris had snatched at the cata-

pult so quickly that one of the rubber bands was broken. Stephen turned upon her angrily and slapped her sharply across the cheek.

"There, now!" he cried, "you've gone and smashed it—little beast! I've a jolly good mind to—"

Whatever his jolly mind conceived was not put into execution, for at that moment he looked up to see Glenwood squirming through the bars, his freckled face pale with a cold fury and his sapphire eyes as black as coals. Stephen stepped back, startled.

"Hullo," he said. "What are *you* up to?"

Glenwood walked toward him with fists clenched. "You coward!" he cried in a choking voice. "I'll teach you to hit—a girl!"

Stephen stared, unable to believe that Glenwood, who was much smaller, would dare attempt to carry out his threat; then, in a burst of anger, he sprang forward and struck him on the mouth, and the battle was on.

Doris, her own hurt forgotten, stood back and watched, frightened but fascinated. Stephen had come from an English school, and was much more skilled in pugilism, but Glenwood was strong, enduring, and could stand twice the punishment; moreover, his quarrel was such as he would vindicate to the very last gasp; his lady had been actually struck by this lumpish churl, and no amount of hammering could swerve Glenwood's medieval mind from the determination to vanquish the offender and leave him wallowing in his gore, no matter at what cost.

So he fought on with a savage and dogged perseverance that took no heed of his hurts. Three times he was really beaten, beaten so blind and breathless and exhausted that he could scarcely stand, but he fought defensively until his breath and strength returned, and then fell to with fresh fury until Stephen, unable to stand the long-continued

punishment, rushed in and clinched. Nothing could have been better for Glenwood, as the "rough and tumble" was his own school of combat. He writhed from under Stephen with the wiry strength of an Indian, wrenched an arm free, twisted the other hand deep in the black, silken hair of his adversary, and then the real chastisement began!

Suddenly Glenwood felt a tugging at his elbow. He looked up and saw dimly, through a red mist, 'Doris' pale, frightened face.

"Oh, Glen!" she said. "He is crying 'enough.'"

Glenwood stared at her stupidly, then down at the blubbering Stephen.

"Oh—is he?" he answered in a thick voice. "I didn't hear him." He crawled to his feet and stood unsteadily. "I guess he's *had* about enough." He looked down with contemptuous curiosity at Stephen, who lay upon the ground, sobbing convulsively.

"Get up, you big cry-baby!" said Glenwood. "I guess you won't hit girls any more."

One sees by this that he had advanced a long way upon the road to civilization. The discipline of the Stone Age of the male toward the weaker female had become in the Age of Chivalry a foul wrong to be righted by greater violence and the letting of blood.

Doris was alarmed at the amount of blood which came from her cousin's nose. She was in fear that he would shortly arrive at the condition of a chicken whose decapitation she had that morning witnessed with mingled feelings of horror and fascination. But she was herself a maiden of the Middle Age and not to be vanquished by a little blood, so, after Stephen had departed, sobbing, in search of sympathy and succor, she followed Glenwood to the barnyard pump and worked the long handle while he held his curly head beneath the spout.

Later, clean but battle-scarred, with

both eyes almost closed, one lip cut and the other ridiculously puffed, she listened with affected indifference but secret thrills as he confided in her that she was his lady fair, and asked for a token of her favor. The eight-year-old maiden who had endured chastisement in the Stone Age tossed her head at her champion of the Middle Age. Nor would she give him the token for which he sued, and which a few days later he earned of incontestable right.

He came upon her gathering flowers in the old-fashioned garden. She knew it as soon as he had come, though her back was turned and he approached quietly; but since his declaration her heart had beat fast when he was near, and therefore she ignored his presence and continued to pull phlox and marigolds and sweet-william while Glenwood watched her in silence, for picking flowers was not an occupation in which a Knight of the Round Table could with dignity take part.

"I know where there's a robin's nest," he observed presently.

There was no reply.

"It's got two eggs in it—if they ain't hatched," he stated, poking at a fat toad with the point of his longsword.

"I've seen lots of robins' nests," said Doris disdainfully.

Glenwood looked abashed. After all, there really *wasn't* any very unique attraction in robins' nests.

"I've got some pollywogs in a 'quarium," he observed presently. "Some of 'em are turning into frogs."

"I hate frogs—nasty, slimy things!" said Doris, slowly pulling a dahlia.

Glenwood was undiscouraged. A true knight must expect to find his lady capitious.

"Bruno killed a woodchuck this morning," he announced. With Indian cunning he was reserving the more attractive lures for the last. "A big fat one. It's down at the end of the pasture."

Doris was sorely tempted. She did

SUDDENLY GLENWOOD FELT A TUGGING AT HIS ELBOW. HE LOOKED UP AND SAW
DIMLY, THROUGH A RED MIST, DORIS' PALE, FRIGHTENED FACE

not know what a woodchuck was, but all corpses were interesting. Glenwood, with a furtive glance to see that no one was looking, pulled a fuchsia and handed it to her. Doris, with a delicious color in her cheeks, took it and looked at it critically, her pretty head aslant.

"What kind of a flower is that?" she asked.

"Dunno. Do you like kittens?" Glen watched her anxiously as he played his trump card.

"Kittens!" Doris clasped her hands rapturously, startled out of her affected indifference. "Oh, I *adore* kittens! Real young ones? Oh, Glen—are there truly kittens?"

"Oh, there's 'most always kittens,"

said Glenwood, with the air of one above such trivialities, and not caring to boast about the resources of his estate. "Come on—I'll show 'em to you." He rolled up the sleeve of his blouse and showed a round and muscular little arm, upon which extended a livid scratch.

"See that? The mother did that yesterday. I was holding her for some of the weak ones to nurse. The fat ones get it all. The little skimpy ones was hollerin' like they were hungry."

Doris glanced at him with secret admiration, then, to his ecstasy and embarrassment, laid her flower-like little hand in his.

"Take me to see the kittens, please, Glen," she said sweetly.

Glenwood, his square little face aflame, but looking neither to the right nor left, closed his fist firmly on the small, tender hand and started for the lower corner of the garden, where for his greater convenience he had knocked a picket from the fence. Still holding hands, they crept through and turned toward the "hay barn," where Madame Cat was domiciled with her interesting family. When the powerful maternal instinct which little girls lavish on all young things had been duly gratified, Glen bethought him of the uninterred corpse of the woodchuck slain by Bruno.

"Let's go down and see the woodchuck," he suggested.

Doris agreed enthusiastically, so off they went. They were half-way across the home pasture when suddenly Doris felt Glen's grip on her hand tighten; then he freed her entirely.

"Run for the fence!" he cried sharply. "*Run!*"

Doris, true to the primitive instinct which prompts action first and questions later when the danger-signal is sounded, scurried for the fence, and none too soon. Glenwood, in the delight of leading her beyond the narrow confines of the yard, had failed to observe the sleek-haired, rolling-eyed menace which was

lurking in the shade of the willows half-way across the pasture. This was the "cross colt," as the farm people called him, a young blooded stallion who had already manifested a dangerous disposition, having bitten one man severely and hurt another by a vicious blow from his fore foot.

Glenwood had heard his whistling snort when half-way across the meadow, and for an instant his brave little heart stood still. Then he had bidden Doris run, and she had run like a young quail, and the colt, after another angry, whistling snort, had leaped forward in a swinging trot, head out, tail standing straight, nostrils everted, and his wicked, rolling eyes on Glenwood, who was shouting and waving his wooden sword.

There is no domestic animal whose danger to human life rivals that of the man-attacking horse. A bull is a trivial danger compared to him, for the bull charges blindly, whereas the horse approaches his victim with fiendish method, with teeth bared to snap, and ready to strike with fore hoofs or kick with hind ones. A bull can be evaded without much trouble even in an open pasture, but not so with a horse.

Glenwood stood firm, frightened, but determined to fight when the time came. His shield, made from the head of a flour barrel joined by transverse cleats, was on his left arm, and his longsword, a hickory stick, was firmly gripped in his right hand. He saw with infinite relief that the stallion paid no attention to Doris, although the arc of his wide circle brought him near her, but was centering all of his sinister attention upon himself.

Twice the animal circled him. A horse attacks first in circles of gradually decreasing radius until he has closed in upon his victim, when he flattens his ears and rushes, head down, teeth laid bare, an epitome of equine rage. Some instinct told Glenwood that the attack, when it came, would be swift and merciless as

the spring of a tiger, and told him also that in the battles of the wild it was the first blow which counted for the most. So, as the circles of the stallion grew smaller, he gripped his longsword firmly, and as he did so he heard, without heeding, a shout from the barnyard. At the same moment the horse swerved sharply in its tracks and rushed upon him.

Glenwood braced his sturdy legs and lashed out with all of his strength, and, as luck would have it, he struck the charging stallion a stinging blow straight across that most tender part of an animal, the nose. The horse wheeled and kicked, and his hoof struck Glenwood a glancing blow on the shoulder, snapping the bone of the upper arm, dislocating the joint, and then glancing up to lay open the side of his head and stretch him bleeding and senseless, a huddled little heap, still gripping the longsword, and with the barrel-head shield upon his arm.

He was unconscious when the Polish farm-hand, armed with a pitchfork, rushed into the pasture and gathered him up. But the following day, with half of his small body in bandages, Doris came to him.

"Dear Glen!" she said, and knelt and kissed him, then stole out, sobbing violently, but left a flower on his bed.

When, soon afterward, she left him to return across the wide ocean, Glenwood bade her good-by with a pallid face and quivering lips. His weakness—for he was still in bed—even caused the sap-phire eyes to overrun with tears.

Then Stephen came in to say good-by, and grinned at Glenwood, and Glenwood grinned back and thought of the day when he had sent the boy bawling to the house, and his soul was cheered at the recollection—for, you see, he was only in the Middle Ages.

THE AGE OF ROMANCE

Seven years passed before they met again. Glenwood was about to enter

college. Doris had become to him a vague memory, an impulse, one might almost say an instinct—something not lost, but dormant.

At this epoch Glenwood was a Galahad; a slim, strong boy, lean of limb and wide of frame, with clear blue eyes which were still undimmed by the desecration of the least of his ideals. Then Doris came, and his dreams took substance; fancies hazy before became concrete, for Doris walked to meet him in his own world of romance, and so swept from his mind the troublous doubts lest it be not real.

One finds it difficult to say at what age in their journey they had arrived. The Stone Age was in the nebulous past and the Middle Age had gone, and they had certainly not yet arrived at the present cycle. It was an age of Romance, of shadows and ideals and budding, baffling emotions as pure and delicate as the unfolding of a flower. There was sentiment also, and the romantic impress of other minds. It was that transient age of richest bounty where one profits by all things and loses by none.

Doris had grown to be a sweet-faced Psyche, graceful as a young white birch. She was as tall as one would wish to have her, with a sweet, low-pitched voice, and eyes into the depths of which those whom she loved looked deep. She was a tender, hardy creature who believed the world to be composed of two classes of folk: the good and the unhappy.

The meeting of the two was an affair of swift emotions, smiles and blushes, for both were shy. Glenwood grew bolder and explored unknown depths in the wonderful gray eyes, while his strong young heart hammered at his ribs and his tongue stammered clumsy words. Doris' face was of the color which steals through rose-tinted porcelain.

"You have changed, Glen," she said, "but the change has not made you any different. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes," said Glenwood, "I know."

"Do you think that I am different?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, "but you will always be the same to me."

It was a wonderful epoch in which they now found themselves, this Age of Romance. In the Neolithic Age he had dragged her hither and yon, nor spared his strong hand when she crossed his pleasure, and in the Age of Chivalry he had fought and bled for her and received her favors as his right; but this new period was a time of fluttering doubts, breathless fears alternating with dazzling dreams, and thrilling fancies swiftly clouded by doubts. This young creature who had dragged his mate to him by her hair in the Stone Age grew breathless and giddy at the touch of her finger-tips in the Age of Romance, and she, likewise, who had endured chastisement with sweet submission when the world was young would have been shocked to faintness at one rough word. By all of this one sees that they had rather run ahead of their civilization; they were still living in the precarious bloom of flowers budding before the last frost of springtime; that false, sweet, dangerous Elysium of youth when all ideals are still intact; a fair country whereof the citizens are all honest, generous, loving their neighbors far more than themselves; where all loves are pure and all lovers faithful, and the passion itself so rich that it asks only the touch of a finger, the deep gaze of eye to eye, the near presence for its bountiful nourishment, and a kiss to set its world rocking with wonder and awe.

This was where they dwelt. Each day they rode together on strong, wiry mountain horses, and Glenwood, who knew the woodland trails, led her deep into the forest and taught her the mysteries of the things which ran and swam and flew. Sometimes they dismounted, and, leaving the horses to graze, would sit on the springy moss beneath some

dark, sheltering hemlock and talk of all the beautiful things which there were in the world, and the virtues of their friends, and the sweetness of the air, perfumed with balsam and the cool wet smell of ferns growing near a spring, and of themselves, but guardedly and with the vague consciousness of some lurking genii ready to sweep in at a word and render all things a chaos. Glenwood feared it more, for his thought was all of Doris—but she? One finds it hard to say. Perhaps she feared it, too; no doubt, also, Pandora-like, there were times when she may have wished to raise the cover and peep within, the more so as she felt that Glenwood would not permit of it. There is no such guardian of a maid as her lover, when his heart is pure and his will strong.

It was not until the summer was waning and the time drew near for Doris to return across the wide ocean that Glenwood stood falteringly forth in his true guise. They had ridden deep into the forest, where they had dismounted to steal down to the edge of a little lake in the hope of seeing a deer feeding among the lily-pads on the opposite shore. In this they were successful; a doe with twin fawns came down through the laurel, and they watched the pretty creatures until some vague alarm sent them scampering back into the woods.

Doris sighed as they were walking back to the horses.

"There is nothing like this in England, Glen," she said, and threw out both her slender arms in a gesture which embraced the whole. "There are forests, of course, and deer, and trout streams—but there is not this delicious wildness and the keen mountain air—" She brought her arms down slowly, breathing deep and filling her full young chest.

"Are you sorry to go away?" asked Glenwood in a low voice. His eyes were on the trail, and his pulse was pounding in his ears. There was a vibration in his voice which startled the girl; she had

THEY HAD RIDDEN DEEP INTO THE FOREST, WHERE THEY HAD DISMOUNTED

lately heard it several times, and always with the same responsive thrill. Her gray eyes studied his troubled face—and then they softened, and a soft color crept into her cheeks.

"Of course I am, silly boy," she answered tenderly. "The happiest times of my life have been over here—with you, Glen, dear."

Glen stopped and looked at her. His

ruddy face was pale and his sapphire eyes glowed out like two jewels.

"Glen!" cried the girl, startled. "What is it? Why are you so pale?"

Glenwood's big, boyish hand reached for the small one at his side, closed about it and carried it to his lips. He kissed it with a quick gasp for breath.

"Doris," he said, chokingly, "I love you."

"Oh, Glen!" Doris turned away, breathless and trembling, and for a moment Glenwood stood holding her hand and watching her in an agony of self-reproach. It seemed to him as if he had flung an insult in the face of their perfect comradeship—as if that alone were not enough.

"Doris," he said, in a low voice, "forgive me, dear. I did not mean to hurt you! I would rather die than make you unhappy!"

Doris turned to him a rosy face and eyes that were sparkling through their tears.

"You have not hurt me, Glen, dearest." She saw the wretchedness upon his face and smiled.

"You may kiss me if you like, Glen," she whispered, and Glenwood kissed her as he had done in the Stone Age, not many times, but only once, and then it was such a kiss as the devotee bestows upon the emblem of his worship.

Soon afterward she left him again—left him with her girlish promise, which, as every one but such as Glenwood knows, is not to be considered binding, and for weeks the boy's interest in everything but the arrival of European mails was purely perfunctory. Then, as the months passed, the letters came farther and farther apart; outside interests in which he had no concern became their substance. In time they ceased to come—and their place was filled by the tide of events washing in upon the boy's life from his active future as it rushed to meet him.

THE SUM OF THE AGES

Ten long years were sped before they met again. Glenwood was twenty-eight, Doris twenty-six. The man's mature development had fulfilled the promise of his clean-hearted youth. He had become a working force, an engineer, a builder of railroads and bridges and great dams and the like. He knew his craft, and he knew his world and her

peoples, for his work had carried him far afield.

He was resting and recruiting strength, taxed heavily in a tropical service, when Doris came. From the first Glenwood studied her unobtrusively, but with the close scrutiny of one who sets himself in later life to analyze a problem which had vexed him in youth. He had long passed the period where he felt himself aggrieved, nevertheless he learned with a swift stab of pain that Doris was betrothed to Stephen, who had fallen heir to great wealth.

"So the pampered cad has jumped my claim!" said Glenwood grimly to himself, and with a hardening of his lean, thoroughbred face. "I wonder if he has grown to be man enough to hold it!"

This time there was no hint of shyness in their meeting. Glenwood looked steadily at the tall, beautiful woman, and his cool, even gaze was met by a smile of frank friendliness. Doris' gray eyes were deep as ever, deeper, perhaps, but she no longer permitted her soul to look out through them at will. Glenwood's first glance showed him that he could not sound their former depths, and Doris was quick to feel his failure. A tinge of mockery crept into her smile.

"Do you find me changed?" she asked.

"Yes," said Glenwood quietly, "you are changed."

"In what way?"

"You have learned to laugh at what used to hurt you," he answered, and began to talk of other things.

Just as of old they took long rides together, and canoed on the lake, and walked in the fragrant woods. They visited fearlessly old haunts, places which Glenwood had consecrated to a goddess, now become a woman. One would have said that the old comradeship was still the same, or if any change, it was that of better understanding.

But Doris found it incomplete, and showed it; if Glenwood found any

Drawing by Cyrus Fennell

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"I'M FRIGHTENED, GLEN," SHE WHISPERED

change he did not betray it by look or word. Doris felt the need of some ancient tithe which was coolly withheld. The man was not giving her her own. He was kind, thoughtful, interesting, amusing, all that she remembered him, but with a quiet detachment of manner that admitted her to none of his council-fires—nor did he ask a place at hers! There was no trace of the old proprietorship, savage, chivalric, romantic in turns, but always there. He was the Glenwood of old in all but—*herself*.

Perhaps his early domination had been woven into certain fibers of her nature; perhaps even then it was no new thing. At any rate she craved it. The Stone Age, the Age of Chivalry, the Age of Romance all seemed to belong more to herself and to him than did this cool, pulseless, passionless Age of Nothing. One day it roused her to protest.

"You *have* changed, Glen!" she said. "Yesterday I deliberately broke my engagement to ride with you, to go canoeing with a man whom I knew that you did not like. I did it on purpose to see what you would do—and you did nothing! You have not even commented on it! That could never have happened before, even the last time, when you were a dear, unselfish, sentimental boy!"

Glenwood looked at her with his cool smile and tugged at his crisp mustache.

"I do not try to control the actions of other people's people," he said. Doris looked down at the path so that he might not see the pain in her eyes.

"Then did you consider before that I was your person?" she asked.

"Yes. So did you. Now you are to be considered as Stephen's, are you not?" His clear eyes rested on Doris curiously.

"Why? Because I am engaged to him?"

"Because you are in love with him."

For a moment Doris did not answer, but walked on, her eyes fixed on the path ahead. Suddenly she laughed a hard, mocking little laugh.

"I believe that you are still in the Age of Romance, Glen, dear," she said lightly. "Come, let us go back to the house."

One night they walked together down the moonlit lane to the shore of the lake. There was a witch-mist spread upon the tops of the rushes, and the water was like the meeting-place of two separate worlds, each with a rival firmament. The beach gleamed like a silver band.

Near the water's edge they paused to listen to the night sounds of the forest. Doris looked about her furtively and with a quick catch of her breath, half awe, half rapture at the beauty of the night and the deep mystery of the lake lying cradled and silent in the arms of the forest. Then, from somewhere in the depths came the booming cry of an owl, followed by the raucous scream with which this prowler startles its prey.

Doris shivered and looked quickly at Glenwood.

"What was that, Glen?"

"An owl."

They waited silently. Glenwood, his straight features cut like a cameo against the bright sky, stared out across the lake. Something stirred in the bushes behind them; there was a rustle, a sharp scurry and a rattling of leaves loud as musketry in the tense silence. Doris stifled a cry and her hand flew to the man's arm. He turned and looked into her face.

"I'm frightened, Glen," she whispered.

"Do you want to go back?"

"No." She dropped her hand upon his, into his, and Glenwood's strong fingers closed upon it swiftly.

"Why do you do that?" he asked in a quivering voice.

"What, Glen?"

"Put your hand in mine?"

"Because I am afraid—and—have I not always put my hand in yours, Glen?" Doris' voice was tremulous.

Glenwood's arms went about her shoulders, and he drew her strongly to him.

"You are right, Doris," he said, and Doris' heart sang in her bosom, for the voice was that of the old Glenwood, her Glenwood, strong, dominant and tender.

He drew her close. "God made my hand to hold yours, darling. You are mine—mine only. You have always belonged only to me. I have waited to see if you could help but know it. Don't you *know* that you have always belonged to me? Look in my eyes! Look back—'way, 'way back, Doris, dear. Look back to the very beginning!"

Their eyes met and then their lips,

and so, with heart beating to heart, they drew aside the curtains of the past. Together they listened to the roar of the Ages as they scurried past, until at length they paused at the very Beginning of Things.

Cycle by cycle they returned again, passing the Ages one by one, and finding their token in each, and when they had arrived again at their own place Doris rested her head peacefully against the shoulder of her mate, and, with hands joined, they turned in perfect confidence to face their Future.

GRAY EYES

By ETHELWYN DITHRIDGE

Like quiet morning waters are her eyes,
Softened by shadows to a deeper gray,
In whose untroubled depths no image lies
Of any thought less calm, less pure than they.

But for the gradual smiles that dawn as day,
Lighting the dim recesses where they rise,
Like quiet morning waters are her eyes,
Softened by shadows to a deeper gray.

Silent they are, yet eloquently wise
Of visions splendid that no words convey;
As if once having looked on Paradise
Still were they loath to turn their gaze away,
Like quiet morning waters are her eyes,
Softened by shadows to a deeper gray.

Photographed by Motes & Clark, Atlanta

Hoke Smith

GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA

From his most recent photograph

HOKE SMITH AND THE REVOLUTION IN GEORGIA

BY HERBERT QUICK

Author of "Double Trouble," "Cummins of Iowa," etc.

THE people of the United States think they know Hoke Smith, of Georgia. This is a popular error. It grows out of his having been in Cleveland's cabinet. This association with the Mortons, Lamonts and Carlises, of corporation affiliations, is the medium through which we see Governor Smith, having in mind a smug lawyer who prates the glittering generalities of a generation ago, thinks himself a democrat, but is either "safe and sane" or "plutocratic" — depending upon the common citizen who chooses the term. In either case the citizen will be off the scent of truth. Hoke Smith is not smug and conventional and conservative. He has no corporation collar. He is a successful party revolutionist with the fruits of victory in his hands. He has done what most of our trust-busting governors have merely been talking about; not one of these, save LaFollette, has been through such a baptism of fire and political rebellion as he. He stands for every important radical reform any of them advocates. He has been through a cyclonic campaign against every corporate influence any of them ever opposed. He has won. He controls the legislature of Georgia, and every member of the Democratic executive committee which rules her. He wrote the most radical platform ever adopted, with perhaps one exception, by a state convention of either of the two great parties in these times. He named the ticket on which he was elected governor. And on this pyramid of achievement he stands, with the fragments of the railway machine under his feet and his face turned again toward Washington. Watch Hoke Smith.

The writer sat across the table from him in his well-thumbed and use-polished office in Atlanta. He was governor-elect then, and had just finished his wonderful fifteen months' crusade for the wresting of Georgia from that corporate grip which had lasted until its finger-marks had sunk into the state's fiber like an iron band about a growing tree. He had made three hundred speeches, and had traveled perhaps seventy-five thousand miles. But, tired? He seemed as fresh as if just from a sea-shore vacation.

"What do you propose to do," said I, full of the issues of elections in Iowa and Wisconsin, "about railway passes?"

"We shall make it a crime," came the answer, like a bullet from a gun, "for any pass or frank to be given to any one but employes of the corporation giving them!"

"How about the lobby?" I asked.

"We shall drive it from Georgia," answered the governor, with ungovernor-like directness. "A lobbyist will not be allowed to speak to members of the legislature about legislation, except in public, before the proper committees, and after he has registered, giving the name of his employer, what he expects to get for his work, and what legislation he is 'looking after.'"

"And if he does speak to a member?"

"We shall put him in the penitentiary as a criminal, where he belongs!"

Governor Smith's hand came down upon his desk with a concussion that set the office a-quiver, and his gray eyes looked his questioner in the face unwaveringly. I do not care to be a lobbyist in Georgia, I think—not after Hoke Smith gets that reform mill of his grinding.

This feeling came powerfully upon me as my mind cleared after the shock of these declarations, and my reason ceased to totter on its throne at the thought of some lobbyists I have known—such men as Judge A—, or Major B—, with their fine tastes in wines, cates, Maudes and such like, their oriental parlors in the great new hotel, their side-splitting stories, their ingratiating way of speaking to the country delegate in private, and showing him life as he had never imagined it in Pleasant Valley township—at the thought of such men as these compelled to register and speak only in public. Why, this will never do, Governor, thought I. You are destroying a picturesque industry, or hampering it, anyhow. You might as well require a yegg-man to post notices as to the hour and day whereon he expects to blow the village safe!

The hand that smote the desk is a big hand, hung on a long arm. Governor Smith is a giant of some seventy-five inches in height and weighs eighteen stone. He is fifty-one years old, and good for more years and more work than the average man of forty. He is a human power-plant, a battery of boilers driving whole systems of dynamos. The people of Georgia have wondered at his iron endurance as they admired his iron determination. After the campaign he made, the duties of the office of governor must seem like silken leisure.

He is the son of a New England schoolmaster who married one of that family of North Carolina Hokes which furnished to the Confederacy some of its most distinguished soldiers. The gigantic, gray-eyed, iron-muscled, steady-minded, resolute son of this union, at the age of sixteen or so, went to Georgia and engaged in his Yankee father's profession of school-teaching, studying law of nights, until he was able to go to Atlanta, a licensed practitioner.

He has been a most successful lawyer, and all through a life in which politics,

a cabinet position, newspaper-owning, farming, and the public functions of a natural educator have had large place, Hoke Smith has been primarily a lawyer and secondarily a business man. His success has been flattering. He is worth something on the black-ink side of half a million, and can very well afford to amuse himself for a while with the control of the destinies of his state.

Just how it happens that with this combination of the qualities of a fine lawyer and a good business man he has not been in the service of the great corporations is something of a mystery. Yet he has closed his career as a lawyer, and has never accepted a regular retainer from any corporation. Like Governor Hughes, of New York, he has from time to time done special work for railroads, but on the whole he has been the lawyer of the citizen against the corporation, making a specialty of personal injury cases. Had he been obscure he would have been contemptuously dubbed "an ambulance-chaser" by the legal departments of the railways; but, in a campaign in which the prevailing tone was personal venom, no word was said against Mr. Smith's professional methods—or, if there was, it was instantly disclaimed and retracted. The ex-secretary of the interior had made the business of a personal-injury lawyer respectable and respected.

Brief contact with him explains his failure to enroll among the corporation lawyers. You can not imagine this big, calm, self-centered man taking orders from New York or Washington as to things not purely legal and encircled by the rubber bands of his brief. And one can not be a corporation attorney in these days on any such purely professional basis. One is impressed with the feeling that Hoke Smith is a man who will never wear a collar. He is honest; besides, he has an ingrained self-assertive obstinacy which is almost as good in itself as honesty.

Besides being a temporary statesman, he has been a periodic politician, a political comet, whose orbit was a mystery, likely to burst threateningly into the sky of Georgia when everything was nicely fixed. He was never thought safe by the state machine, and so he was usually with the "outs" rather than with the "ins," and content to be so. He flamed triumphantly to the zenith, though, when the state machine had deeded the state to David Bennett Hill, and became Cleveland's secretary of the interior. When Bryan won in the revolutionary upheaval at Chicago, Hoke Smith was as good a gold man as Cleveland; but he feared the triumph of the forces back of McKinley more than he feared free silver, and he looked on the Palmer and Buckner movement as a miserable subterfuge. So he resigned his portfolio and supported Bryan.

He preserved his "regularity," but he was more hopelessly with the "outs" than ever before. Georgia, the home of Tom Watson, and a hotbed of Populism, was fanatically for free silver. The corporation machine bowed to the tempest, and, pouring their contributions into the fund of the McKinley campaign at national headquarters, tossed their ready caps in the air for Bryan and free silver at Atlanta. 'Twas ever thus, since Jay Gould uttered the Golden Text of the public-service corporation in his statement that they were Republican when the Republicans were in power, Democrats when the Democrats were in power, but Erie men always. In Kansas the railways have ever been the best of Prohibitionists. Hoke Smith, as a doubtful Democrat, a gold-bug, was retired to his rusty law office, where he sought diligently in his books for the joints in the armor of the corporations, and made money. He was out of politics. Yet we find him active in educational circles. He has an idea that the elements of agricultural science ought to be taught in the common schools—a lawgiver's idea that

—and he lectures from time to time on the subject. He also makes a noteworthy address on "The Development and Sale of Lint Cotton" before the Cotton Growers' Protective Association, and gives many libraries to struggling Georgia schools. A good citizen, this, interested in his state's welfare, and out of politics. Exactly so!

Three years ago no one would have thought the red clay of Georgia good soil for LaFollettism. Since reconstruction times the state had been hamstrung, hog-tied, gagged, bound, ruled and run by the corporations, with the railways in command. Once it seemed that the Populists might succeed, and some say that the party of Tom Watson, on a fair count, had the vote; but the election machinery, which had been set to prevent negro domination, ground out naught but Democratic majorities, and Populism slumped in 1896 in Georgia as elsewhere. There was a railway commission, with large powers; but—a word to "T. R."—the railways don't care a picayune how big a stick a railway commission may be if they wield the commission. They wielded it in Georgia. The machine had everything in sight. The state executive committee of the Democratic party was in their hands. The political barometer was high and the weather fine. A system of rotation in office had been worked out long since, and members of the machine took their offices when it came their turn. As to the office of governor, it was the turn of Mr. Clark Howell, of the *Atlanta Constitution*, an eminent citizen whose paper had always been with the ruling forces in Georgia politics, whose services had earned him the high place, whose character was unblemished, and whose abilities were unquestioned. Nothing slighting is intended as to Mr. Howell's personality or claims to the office. One must needs have been gifted with second sight to have seen any other way for him to enter the service of his state as

governor except the way he took. Moreover, he is said to be financially interested in railway securities, and by his very environment he was perhaps the best man in Georgia who seemed to have any chance to be governor. One can scarcely ask for anything better than that—from a railway machine.

Now, there was another paper in Atlanta, managed and edited by a big, brainy, black-avised man named James R. Gray, familiarly known as "Dick" Gray, of the *Atlanta Journal*. The *Journal* is an evening paper, quite Hearsty as to typography. Either as the inevitable positive pole to the *Constitution's* negative, or, as I think, on principle, the *Journal*—which once belonged to Hoke Smith—had for years been fighting the state machine. It had pointed out freight abuses, shown that the railway commission seemed to serve the railways, that competition was at an end, that Nashville on the north and Birmingham on the west were given better rates than Atlanta, and that the railways were strangling Georgia under the protection of the state machine. One gets a different idea of this question at Birmingham, where they were waging a campaign for the Georgia rates—but that is another story. The point is that the war for better rates was going on merrily—in the *Journal* and among Atlanta shippers.

Finally the railways began to take some notice of the growing discontent. At last there was a conference, a series of conferences, between the citizens and the representatives of the railways. One may feel some sympathy with the bedeviled and worried traffic managers, confronted with the necessity of earning dividends on their aqueous stocks, baited by the *Journal* at Atlanta demanding justice as against the competition of Birmingham, and shot full of darts of argument by Braxton Bragg Comer at Birmingham vigorously asking for justice and the Georgia rates. However, they granted Atlanta some substantial

reductions in rates, and a pact was made. Gray was to call off the *Journal*, and Atlanta was to cease her everlasting howl. The calumet went round and all was quiet—for about four weeks.

Then one of those things happened which cause us to wonder if the management of our railways is in the hands of the greatest men in the country after all. With inconceivable fatuousness the railways repudiated the pact and advanced rates—not to the old level, but substantially. The war broke out again with renewed virulence. The young men of the *Journal* took the scent and began baying on the railways' trail. There were interviews and meetings, and "Dick" Gray took his pen in hand and dictated an editorial calling on the state to shake off the grip of the machine, and describing in minute detail the sort of governor who could do the work. With no one in mind, he drew a picture of the ideal governor for Georgia. Next day a committee of business men called on Gray.

"We have come," said they, "to talk to you about Hoke Smith."

"Indeed," said Gray, "and what's the matter with him?"

"It's about his running for governor," said one of the committee, "as stated in your editorial."

"I didn't mention Mr. Smith," replied Mr. Gray.

"But you described him," responded the spokesman, "and we've come to ask what you know as to his attitude, and whether he was willing for you to put him in nomination. We're for him."

Mr. Gray read over his editorial, recognized its fidelity to Mr. Smith in a descriptive way, informed the committee that he had no reason to believe that Mr. Smith would accept, but urged them to call on him. Mr. Smith was out of politics, up to his eyes in law, and had private reasons for staying by his practice; but he would consider it. The committee went away, and the matter was

hung up as a target for a daily flight of letters asking Mr. Smith to head the revolt, among them one from the Honorable Pope Brown, the only candidate to whom Mr. Smith was under obligations. Mr. Smith, having hesitated, was lost—to his law business. He accepted the nomination, nailing to the church door his thesis of reform in June, 1905. In September, 1906, this thesis became the party platform at Macon, and the state machine was a mass of political junk. A new figure had appeared in the field of the newer radicalism, and another state had been recaptured by its citizens.

When it was whispered about that Mr. Smith was likely to take the leadership of the anti-corporation movement, the machine forces sent out their challenge, saying that Mr. Smith would never dare do such a thing. There are stories, doubtless fables, that in the exclusive society circles of Atlanta one lady said to another that the other lady's husband dared not run against her husband, and that this had something to do with the events of the next fifteen months. It is mentioned here as showing—else such a story could not circulate—how strong were the entrenchments of the machine, and what hardihood it was supposed to take to march up against them.

Mr. Smith's announcement was his answer to this challenge. In it he declared war upon the lobby, called for an elective railway commission with "all the authority of the state" back of it, demanded reform in primaries, promised further discussion of the situation, and the fight was on. There was in this manifesto one clause which will sound strange to the Northerner, but upon which Mr. Smith expected no controversy. It was the occasion of some of the bitterest strife of the campaign. This was the clause: "I favor a constitutional amendment which will insure the continuation of white supremacy."

Not that there was a white man in

Georgia who would not give up the last drop of his blood to perpetuate white supremacy. No such man can be found. Whatever may be thought of the matter in Massachusetts or Minnesota, in Georgia the first principle of action with white men is the preservation of white supremacy, and Hoke Smith's proposal was as trite in its object as a demand for good roads or an economical administration. But it asked for a particular line of action, and after Mr. Smith had in speeches developed it into a demand for the Alabama disfranchisement law, with its educational test and its "grandfather clause," it furnished the red herring which for fifteen months the corporations dragged across their trail to divert the hot scent-snuffing hounds of Hoke Smith and "Dick" Gray. The proposition, they said, was a most mischievous one, calculated to disfranchise white men and stir up an otherwise quiet situation. Let well enough alone. Hadn't the white primary settled the negro question?

Perhaps it had, temporarily, said Mr. Smith; but did they remember the time when the Populist uprising divided the whites, and how the negroes were suddenly clothed with political power as arbiters of the dispute? The negro voters constituted forty-four and six-tenths per cent. of the voters of the state. In sixty-five counties they had an actual numerical majority, and also in about half the towns and cities. Everywhere they held the balance of power. "How is it that we have no negro judges, legislators, mayors and other officers in these localities?" said Mr. Smith. "I do not know, and I should not tell if I did. But I tell you the situation is not a safe one. Our sister states of Mississippi, South Carolina, Louisiana, Alabama and Virginia have disfranchised most of their negroes. We must do the same before some great combination of financial interests, by purchase of the negro vote, gains control of the state forever." I do not quote him; I epitomize his appeal to

his fellow white men. It sounds vastly different as the percentage of colored population increases. There is something with which the most fervent believer in negro equality can partly sympathize in Mr. Smith's appeal for a state of things under which the white man would not have to resort to ballot-box stuffing and intimidation in order to keep control—assuming that he has a right to the control. It was in effect a demand for a condition of things which would make honest elections possible.

"What will you do," said I, "with the negro who acquires a sufficient intelligence to read and reasonably construe a section of the constitution?"

"Let him vote," was the answer. "But all the teachers in Massachusetts and Iowa couldn't teach twenty-five per cent. of them to do it."

"How about the injustice of allowing white men to vote who are illiterate?" I asked.

"Any state adopting an educational test," said he, "must protect certain classes against disfranchisement. Long ago Massachusetts did it by permitting all her soldiers to vote. The discrimination in favor of the white man who can not read must eventually disappear, and should disappear with time and better school facilities. It is right now, because it is necessary."

It was upon this question of the disfranchisement of illiterate white men that the state machine made its greatest stand. All through the "piney woods" and in the remote districts the word was passed that Hoke Smith, the gold-bug, was trying to rob white men of the right to vote. And everywhere Mr. Smith followed with his speeches. For fifteen months he went about talking. They said he was a self-centered man who could not mix with the people. But on he went, talking his creed of mixed democracy and despotism, shaking hands with the people and winning them. Into the African jungle of McIntosh County he

went and spoke to three thousand negroes the doctrine of their own disfranchisement "for the good of both whites and blacks." The great black audience swayed and muttered and murmured, but the sonorous voice of the gigantic tribune of white democracy rolled untremblingly over them, and the speech was delivered just as it was spoken in the white counties—only in the white counties the speaker did not have before him on the table that traveling bag with the revolver in it. So much for this phase of the campaign. It may serve to show that this business of government is not without its aspects of gloom, of savagery, even of terror, in some parts of the land; and it should impel every reader to put himself in the place of the citizen of the South—white or black—and ask, What would I do? What can be done? What should be done?

In Georgia, as in most Southern states, the primary has succeeded the caucus by operation of law. It seems not to have been opposed by the political corporations as it has been in the North. The reason is obvious. The primary was evolved in the South, not as a weapon against corporate domination, but as a means of keeping the negro out of politics. It is a white man's primary. No negro can vote in it. "The white primary," says the Hoke Smith platform, "evolved out of our perplexities, is a marvelous triumph of self-government, and should always be retained and strengthened. Back of it, however, hangs the lowering threat that whenever the hosts of privilege need support, they will seek to divide our people, and by means of the corrupt and venal negro vote retain the balance of power." But the primary in Georgia was of the machine-politics kind by which only delegates are chosen who, after the first ballot, freed from instruction, go floating off with the winds and tides of bargain and dicker. In such a primary, if at all, Hoke Smith had to win. Four prominent men took

the field against him. One was Mr. Howell, the real candidate. Another was Richard Russell, who surpassed Hoke Smith in radicalism—hoping to divide the radical vote. Then there was Mr. James M. Smith, whose share in the good things of the state machine had been the labor of the convicts, and Colonel Estill, who was thought able to carry a few counties. It was strenuously denied that these gentlemen were all running together "as brothers," as alleged by the Hoke Smith management, but the case seems to need no proof. Anyhow, Hoke Smith announced that he stood pat and was running against all of them—a hardy declaration, for they were all honorable men. "If I don't get enough delegates to beat them all combined," declared the ex-secretary, "I am beaten; for, after the first ballot, they will combine." "He admits defeat!" shouted the others. "No man can get a plurality in Georgia over Clark Howell, 'Big Jim' Smith, 'Plain Dick' Russell and Colonel Estill. He admits he's licked!"

It looked that way. All the "prominent" politicians, with a very few exceptions, were against him. The United States senators kept out of the fight, but their influence went to the men who had placed them in the senate. Only two of the entire congressional delegation were with Mr. Smith. With the exception of the *Atlanta Journal*, the press was against him. His campaign proves that wherever one man of honesty and ability can be found to pay the price of leadership in labor, in the suffering of abuse, vituperation and slander, the cause of the people against a corrupt machine is full of hope. Single-handed Hoke Smith beat to earth the syndicated corporations and their machine. Of the one hundred and forty-six counties, he carried one hundred and twenty-three. He received twenty thousand more votes than all his opponents. He was nominated unanimously, and elected as a matter of course. He dictated a platform

which aligns him with Bryan in the Roger Sullivan incident in declaring that the party and the government must be purged of men who represent special interests; which calls for primaries that shall nominate by popular vote all officers, including United States senators; which demands the abolition of workers at the polls, and the disfranchisement of men found guilty of buying or selling votes at any election; which promises a stringent corrupt-practices act; which makes pass-giving or pass-taking a crime; which favors the compulsory domestication of Georgia railways and their submission to Georgia courts, to the end that the Georgian shall preserve the constitutional privilege "of having his cause tried by a jury of the vicinage"; which denounces the lobbyist as a criminal; which finds in watered stocks the great cause of excessive freight rates and favors governmental regulation of issues of such securities; which calls for just rates to be fixed by a strong elective railway commission, and declares that just rates are those which will pay reasonable returns on capital actually invested, exclusive of watered stock; which calls attention to the fact that the Western & Atlantic Railway, from Atlanta to Chattanooga, is the property of Georgia, opposes the sale or lease of it without a referendum, and asks that the plan of extending it to the sea be taken up—a piece of actual government ownership!

If there be some subtle tie between this earth and its affairs and the sainted shades of those who have gone before, then, when this platform was adopted that summer day at Macon, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jay Gould and Collis P. Huntington must have turned over in their graves! Execration must have succeeded to contempt in the tones of those who use the expression "The public be damned!" Surely September the fourth, 1906, may be accepted as the date and Macon, Georgia, as the place where the worm actually and definitely turned.

However this may be, the return of Hoke Smith to power was there consummated. "Do you know what this means," asked I, "as to the future? How can you ever leave this work which has been placed in your hands?"

"I shall never leave off the fight for the elimination of special interests from control of government," he replied. "I am enlisted for life."

I therefore beg leave, ladies and gentlemen, to call your attention to the latest acquisition of the reform-governor menagerie: Hon. Hoke Smith, of Georgia. Observe his big frame and rugged health. Note the fire in his eye and the resonance of his voice. See those crushed cogs and wheels and springs and the crumpled wires about his feet, and remember that they are all that is left of the once beautifully light-running, well-oiled and effective state machine of Georgia. Consider that he has had four

years of training in public affairs in the National Gymnasium at Washington, in this respect being unique in his party—on the reform side. Do not lose sight of the fact that he has been a Cleveland Democrat of the inner circle, and that he is now second only to LaFollette, if second to any, as a trust-busting governor. Mind that he has enlisted for life. And I submit to you, ladies and gentlemen, is he not perhaps the greatest figure in the whole show? Do you think he will be allowed to stay at Atlanta? One may be permitted to prophesy that he will not. One may be permitted to predict that one of these days the big form of Hoke Smith will be seen as a great figure in a national convention, or trying to squeeze itself into a seat in the senate chamber at Washington; and that when the leaders of "the merger" see him move unexpectedly, they will each and every one of them nervously dodge.

HOW LONG SHALL THEIR GREAT VOICELESS BLEEDING BE?

By GARNET NOEL WILEY

Madonna Mary, rimmed around with gold,
With altars chaste, with holy candles dim,
Sad-eyed among the shadows strange and cold,
Yet through the ages bosom-warmed by Him
Upon thy breast; thy motherhood a thing
Set round with fears, that like a crown of thorns
Tore at thy love until thy suffering
Blurred in a mist of red the coming morns
—And yet what Marys yield their babes away
To factory walls, a sunless Calvary!—
The Christ hung on the cross a single day;
How long shall their great voiceless bleeding be?
How long shall Greed the babies crucify
Until God's tears fall on them, and they die?

"I AM GIRSTMAN," SAYS HE, "HERE IS MY CARD"

THE YELLOW VIOLIN

By JOHN T. MCINTYRE

Author of "Afar from Elsinore," etc.

"I WONDER," said Bat Scanlon, "if this fellow Ysaye makes his hit because he can bow a violin better than the other catgut experts, or because he owns a better violin."

No one ventured a reply; violins and violinists were not exactly in the company's line.

"I roomed next a German in St. Joe one time," resumed Bat; "he handed around coffee and sinkers in a dime beanery during the day, and kept me awake at night by drawing long, emotional sobs out of a 'cello. It was him that first put me wise on the violin sub-

ject and loaded me up with thoughts about the Amati family, and Josef Guarnerius, and Antonius Stradivarius, till my musical education began to slop over the rim. Before I took up this course of lectures I did not know that such a place as Cremona existed; but when that wild Bavarian got through expounding, it seemed to have every other hamlet shouldered off the map, and that poets, philosophers and merchant princes had reason to look sadly back upon wasted lives not devoted to chopping out sounding-boards and such like.

"But the first piece of violin construc-

tion reputed to have originated in this gifted village came under my observation when I was engaged in negotiating a loan on a Swiss watch from Tolma, a Mexican Jew, who conducted a collateral bank with considerable success in St. Joe at that time.

"Tolma was not a philanthropist. It was his ancestors who progressed along the Jericho road on the morning that a certain man was strong-armed and beaten up; and they were the ones who continued their progression with never a pause. Tolma had very little respect for the Swiss movement, and did not hesitate to air his opinions; I orated him across the counter until a customer came in and interrupted proceedings.

"The customer was a thin man, with a hollow chest and a cough that rattled; he had a hesitating manner and a soft cloth bag. Tolma looks him over with the green-eyed benevolence of the cat tribe, and then says:

"What do you want?"

"The thin man puts a gray, damp-looking hand into the cloth bag and brings out a violin. It is a big, yellow one, the kind you see the coons have down in the cotton belt; and somebody had painted a picture of a steamboat on the back of it.

"I want,' says the man, 'a loan on this.'

"Tolma takes the violin and holds it up by the head.

"Shingles, shoe-nails and roof paint,' says he. 'You'll take a dollar and a half on it, or you'll take it out of the place.'

"The customer stares and fumbles at the cloth bag.

"A dollar and a half,' says he, in a voice that showed that he was groping around to get the feel of the words. 'Did you say a dollar and a half?'

"One-fifty,' says Tolma, 'and I'd rather you wouldn't take me at that.'

"The thin man reached for the violin and tucked it into the bag; he seemed sort of scared and astonished, and began

to hand out a line of reminiscences that made the pawnbroker grin. He allowed that he had once been the main squeeze in a highly profitable business at New Orleans, and that he had frequently been compelled to send out for extra rubber bands to hold his roll together. He made his money in bottling pickles and spent it in corralling works of art. Engraved gems, it seemed, had been a favorite dissipation of his, and now and then he took a flyer in Dutch masters and illuminated manuscripts; but old musical instruments had been his most cherished foolishness, and in the end had dealt the pickle industry a shattering blow, landed the proprietor thereof outside the ropes, and given to modern society the material for another pan-handler.

"But out of the wreck he had pulled the yellow violin; in spite of hunger, cold and the lack of human sympathy he had continued to hang on to it.

"I'm going to work to-morrow,' says he, 'and I figured on getting the instrument out in a few days. Otherwise I could not have parted with it.'

"You're having a dream,' says Tolma; 'if you fall out of bed you'll get an awful bump.'

"The other fellow came back with a sort of quiet dignity; but it was all lost.

"I'm speaking the truth,' says he. 'This violin is a priceless example of the genius of Guarnerius. It is a trifle cracked in the back, it is true, but that does not affect its tone in the least. But the injury has halted my desire to remove this coat of paint which some ignorant person placed upon it, and which hides the delicacy that the art of the great Josef gave to the instrument.'

"The man is very white and sick-looking, and coughed while he spoke, and hangs to the counter to steady himself. Tolma shoves him away with the funnel of a baritone horn, which stood at his hand.

"If you come in here with a bun,' says the pawnbroker, 'don't lean it up

against things. I think it's you for the wide world, anyhow. You are apt to start seeing things, and might damage the goods.'

"It was a nasty thing to do, and as the poor devil went tottering out at the door I just ached to reach across the counter and pat the little savage on the pants. I settled my affair quickly and came out with two one-dollar notes, which represented Tolma's notion of Swiss movements. The man with the violin was standing on the sidewalk. Being down and almost out myself, I couldn't do much; but I offered to cut the two with him. He kind of looked me over for a minute; then he took me up, but only after getting my name and address, so that he could make good as soon as he got staked.

"It took me two days to use up my remaining dollar; then I called upon Tolma once more. At the back of the shop window I noticed the yellow violin hanging on a wire, and with the picture of the steamboat well displayed.

"'So the violin came back?' says I, as I closed my deal.

"'Yes,' says Tolma, 'right after you left. The fellow had made up his mind to take the one-fifty, but I told him that he'd have to do with a dollar, then, or we couldn't trade.'

"'And he took it?'

"'Sure. They always do. He made me promise to keep it in the safe. Said it was priceless and a lot more things; also that he'd be sure to come and redeem it in a few days.'

"'Think he'll come?'

"'Not him. He'll never get the money together; the booze won't let him. So I've hung it up in the window; a nigger will come along who will fancy it, and will give up five for it when the time's out.'

"I got a week's job counting lumber down the railroad next day, and it was a full month before I had to play a return date at Tolma's. While I was in the

midst of my battle, a big man with bushy hair, a soft hat and an eye-glass with a wide tape hanging from it came in and began to talk. With his dialect, you couldn't keep me out of vaudeville; I'd tell stories in front of a street drop that would make them kick the seats over. It was Hungarian of the most robust and Slavonic type; he assailed the English



THE CUSTOMER HAD A HOLLOW CHEST AND
A COUGH THAT RATTLED

language from both sides and the front in the most murderous fashion, and what his articulation failed to finish he broke up with his hands.

"He wanted to see the yellow violin, and when Tolma handed it out, explaining that it was a pledge, he acted as though he intended to eat it, looking it over with the thoroughness of a rube conductor on a narrow-gauge railroad. Then he let himself loose. He began by calling down the wrath of all his gods on the gentleman who had applied the yellow paint and blocked out the steamboat; then he switched, and prayed for the maker of the violin, while the tears stood in his eyes.

" 'It is a Cremona,' says he, 'and it is sacrilegied against. I knew it as soon as I saw it in the window. I am Girstman; here is my card.'

"He puts down his card. Both the pawnbroker and I had heard of Girstman, the celebrated violinist, then playing in that section; and when he began to clamor for a bow, Tolma turned to dig one up without a murmur. The musician began to tighten and slacken and pick at the strings, all the time talking to and caressing the violin as though it were a sick child. He took the bow and flirted it across the strings and they began to sob and wail in a way that made my blood prickle under the skin; then he tore into something quicker—a leaping, dashing, tempestuous affair that made the green eyes of Tolma crinkle like a mica plate in a dull-burning stove. At last, with the instrument held tight to his breast and his arms folded across it, the violinist leaned across the counter.

" 'I am Girstman,' says he, 'I will buy this violin.'

"Tolma looked like a man that was slowly strangling. He hinted that it was a piece of entailed goods and wasn't his to let go. But the other fellow did not seem to follow him.

" 'I will give one thousand dollars,' says he.

"Now I've seen men dumped, dazed and breathless, into the arms of despair by a single whirl of the roulette wheel, and I've noticed others so tanked up with various colored driuks that they had to kind of open a way for the progress of their thoughts; but for a clear and complete stoppage of mental machinery, Tolma, at that moment, had them beat to a fare-you-well. But the violinist thinks the whole thing is a stall.

" 'I will give two thousand,' says he, a little louder. He waits a minute, showing glares on Tolma, then slams his fist down on the counter, 'I will make it *three* thousand!'

"He had out a bundle of money, ready to pay before the pawnbroker's almost tearful notes appeared to make him understand the situation. When he *did* understand, he grew alarming; he tossed his hair like a side-show Sampson and sparred all over the place. He demanded to know the owner's name and where he was to be found; but Tolma had, by this time, begun to gather in some fragments of his scattered wisdom, so he refused to give up. I could see him mentally dramatizing a scene in which a hungry man with a valuable violin got all the worst of it. But as he said nothing of this it was not for me to indulge in any remarks.

"He calmly allows to the musician, however, that the instrument is soaked for a big sum, and that it was not altogether according to etiquette to herald the owner's name about to any great extent. But he'd find out, so he said, when the party came in to pry loose the mortgage, and if the goods were on the market would let the gentleman know immediately. When I left, the musician was excitedly explaining just where he intended to give concerts for the following month, and Tolma was taking the dates down on a piece of paper.

"I meets the pawnbroker one night about a week later and he seemed jovial and elated, and had a bundle under his

arm. It was at a free-lunch counter; he had money, but he was a frugal soul, and it hurt him to part with it.

"'I've got that violin,' says he, 'and I wrote that fellow Girstman this morning that it was his at a price.'

"'How much did *you* give?' says I, and he looks less happy.

"'The fellow that owned it was a wiser plug than I thought,' says he; 'he knew all about the value of the thing and refused to sell at first at any price. He said he regarded the violin as his friend—the last he had. For I told him and kept adding to it until at last I landed him at the mark.'

"'And Girstman offered me
I. 'You've got a profit all

"'He'll pay more than three,' says Tolma; 'I think it's worth five. Anyhow, I am going down to see that German that lodges in the same house you do. I hear he knows all about violins, and maybe he can give me a tip.'

"We walks down the street together. I was unlocking the door when the postman came along and handed me a letter; then I took Tolma up and introduced him to my friend the 'cellist. The Bavarian took the violin in his hand while I broke open my letter.

"'What!' laughs the 'cellist; this a

Cremona! It is a cigar box with a stick in it.'

"Tolma turns as yellow as the violin.

"'It's a Guarnerius,' says he; 'why, you must be daffy!'

"'A Guarnerius!' The German leaned back and rocked with pleasure. I had just got the drift of my letter and was also doing some rocking on my own account, while he continued:

"'Why, Guarnerius would not have burned such a thing in his stove. Look here.'



"I'VE GOT THAT VIOLIN," SAYS HE

"With a wrench he had the violin's back off, and staring us in the face was the legend: 'Made at Egg Harbor, N. J.'"

"'I have been gold-bricked!' gasps Tolma.

"'It looks like it,' says I; 'just listen to this,' and I reads my letter aloud:

"'To Bartholomew Scanlon, Esq.:

"'GREETINGS—He who speaks to you in this wise is the man of the yellow violin. I enclose you a one-dollar note which you kindly loaned me—it is the same one. For this, many thanks. I am departing from St. Joe with considerable speed, much content and two thousand dollars. A gentleman of foreign birth, whom you have met, using

the name of Girstman, bears me company. On the train we will cut equally in two the roll which once graced the jeans of Señor Tolma. He was so easy that it was almost a shame to take the money; but we needed it.

"'As our progenitors of ancient Rome were accustomed to say: "Vale!"

"'THE MAN WITH

THE YELLOW VIOLIN.'

"Unless," concluded Bat, "Tolma has managed to convince some one that Josef Guarnerius at one time transacted business at Egg Harbor, N. J., he still holds the violin; and I am of the opinion that any interested person could buy it in at a considerable reduction."



"'I HAVE BEEN GOLD-BRICKED!' GASPS TOLMA

THE GOVERNMENT OF DEPENDENCIES "IMPERIALISM"

THE SIXTH IN THE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON

THE PROBLEMS OF THE PEOPLE

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

In this number Mr. Bryan answers Senator Beveridge on "True Liberty Under Law" and the Senator replies to Mr. Bryan's "Weakening the Republic"

MR. BRYAN'S REPLY

IT will not be necessary to discuss the illustrations given by Senator Beveridge except in so far as those illustrations are pertinent to the subject under consideration, and that subject is imperialism. Few Republicans have shown the courage that Senator Beveridge has in meeting the issue presented; most of them evade it. While the Filipinos were in arms they excused themselves from discussing the subject on the ground that they could not talk to people who had guns in their hands. When the Filipinos laid down their arms, these same persons declared that the matter was settled and that there was nothing to discuss. Even Senator Beveridge seems a little timid about taking hold of the real principle involved, and, so far as I know, it is the only question of which he has shown any fear whatever. He says: "So we see by practical examination of actual conditions in the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba and San Domingo that there not only is not, but never has been, an issue of imperialism, if by that term is meant the doing of something that we ought not to do. On the contrary, if by imperialism is meant the general policy of permanently holding and administer-

ing government in these various possessions, that, as I have pointed out, is so far in the future that it is not a subject for immediate or even early settlement." At no other question does he shy so, and if the question scares him, what a specter it must be to the Republican politicians who are less frank and candid in the statement of their opinion.

PERMANENT OCCUPANCY THE ISSUE

But, plucking up courage, he expresses his willingness to join issue "on a general policy of permanent occupation of these islands—Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico now; Cuba, if she again tries self-government, again fails and we are again compelled to intervene; and San Domingo—when the years demonstrate to us and the world that we can not get out of it if we would and ought not to get out if we could."

Here we have the bald proposition that colonialism is to be a permanent thing; that we are to hold what we now have, take Cuba if she makes one more effort at self-government and fails, and later San Domingo "if," and he clearly intimates that the failure of self-govern-

ment in both Cuba and San Domingo is to be not only expected, but even desired.

Before taking up colonialism as it presents itself in the case of the Philippines, let us consider for a moment Hawaii, Porto Rico and Cuba. In Hawaii a republic had been instituted and annexation asked for. There is some question about the extent of the uprising upon which the republic was built and about the disinterestedness of our nation's conduct, but as the people of Hawaii are apparently satisfied to be citizens of the United States, and as the islands are too small to support an independent government and too near to us for us to permit them to fall into the hands of a foreign government, the question presented is quite different from that presented by the Philippines. We can deal with Hawaii according to American principles and within the limits of our constitution. The same may be said of Porto Rico. The people of Porto Rico welcomed annexation, and they are so few in numbers that we can admit them to citizenship and give the island representation in congress without danger to our government. In the fullness of time Porto Rico can be prepared for statehood as our territories have been prepared. In the case of Cuba, we secured her independence, declaring at the time that we had no desire to annex her territory. We are now simply assisting her in the establishing of self-government. It is hardly fair to limit her attempts too strictly or to say that she shall have only one trial. If Cuba becomes a part of the American union, it ought to be with the consent of her people and with the understanding that they come in as citizens and not as subjects, and the same may be said of San Domingo or any other country that is added to ours. There is no objection to annexation when annexation is mutually desired and means the extension of our institutions, as well as our sovereignty. Expansion, where our government undergoes no change in its

character, is not imperialism. Imperialism is the name applied to a government where different forms of government are employed in the governing of different parts. England, for instance, is an empire. The people of England and Scotland live under one form of government, the people of Ireland live under a different form of government, the people of Canada, Australia and New Zealand live under a third form of government, and the people of India are subjected to a government based upon a still different theory. If the Philippine islands contained but a few people and they were near to us and wanted to come in, they would present a different problem, but the islands are not a part of the western hemisphere; they are close to the continent of Asia. The people are not few, but number something like eight millions; and they are opposed to annexation. They differ from us in race characteristics and in history, and the intercourse between our country and the islands is not intimate enough to give any assurance that they could be brought into harmonious coöperation with us. It would not be wise to admit the Filipinos to citizenship and erect their community into states. Their industrial conditions are so different from ours that they could not intelligently participate in the making of our laws, and we can not intelligently make theirs.

If they are to be held at all they are to be held as colonies, and a colonial policy is entirely inconsistent with the theory of our government. Our government is based upon the doctrine that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and this doctrine is either true or false. If it is true, then we can not exercise a colonial policy and permanently administer over the Filipinos a government to which they object. To do so is inconsistent with our own theories, and we could not defend our colonial policy without attacking the basis upon which our own government

rests. We can not afford as a people to surrender our political principles, our political axioms and our position as a world teacher in order to adopt a colonial policy.

Senator Beveridge insists that "Every reason of history, nature and the character of our race supports this policy" (the policy of permanent occupation). He declares that "Throughout all ages administrative peoples have developed and have extended their customs and their cultures by the administration of government to less developed people." He finds a second reason "in the character of our race." He alleges that "The people of our blood and we ourselves have always been restless expansionists." A third: "We must have more foreign trade."

"LEST WE FORGET"

His reasons are not sufficient. Moral principles can not be so easily ignored. It is true that history has given us many illustrious examples of nations which have extended their governments over weaker nations, but history has also shown us the final overthrow of these conquering nations which substituted might for right and ignored the claims of justice—

"For the God who reigned over Babylon
Is the God who is reigning yet."

Neither is it sufficient to say that servient nations have been helped by the dominant ones. Good comes out of everything. There is no doubt that the black race brought to this country by the slave-traders has advanced far beyond what it would have done had the slave-trader been unknown, and yet, back about a century ago, our people decided that the slave trade should be prohibited. There is no doubt that the man who came up from slavery is farther advanced than his collateral relatives who

remained in Africa, and yet public sentiment reached a point where slavery gave way to freedom.

It is true that there has been a good deal of the spirit of adventure in our race, and it is true that our ancestors have done many things that we will never attempt to justify. It is doubtless true that some good has often come from things wickedly designed, but we can not justify the doing of evil that good may come, nor can we excuse a criminal act on the ground that an overruling Providence will convert our sin into a blessing. If we have any tendencies to extend our possessions by ignoring the moral law, it is better to correct such tendencies than to encourage them. The doctrine that we just can not help doing wrong "because it is natural" is not considered a sufficient defense in court, and it should not be so considered among nations merely because there is no nation great enough to punish the nation that yields to an irresistible impulse to do evil.

"THE DARK APOLOGY FOR ERROR"

To be sure, it is called "destiny" when a nation does wrong, but destiny has been defined as "the dark apology for error." It is the plea of the weak, who, lacking the moral courage to withstand temptation, seek to load their sins upon the Almighty. The third reason is the real one. In presenting history and race characteristics the senator has simply fallen unconsciously into the use of terms which others have employed as a subterfuge, but in suggesting the expansion of our commerce as a reason for imperialism he is putting forth the argument which really has been most potential in the making of imperialists. But the purchase of trade with human blood, the sacrifice of rights and principles of government in order to obtain a market—what is this but putting the dollar above the man? It was Lincoln's boast

in 1854 that his party believed in both the dollar and the man, but that in case of conflict it believed in the man before the dollar. What would he say now if he could reply to Indiana's illustrious Republican senator, who justifies the bartering away of the fundamental principles of free government in order to make a market for our merchandise?

As a matter of fact, no argument is more unsubstantial than the trade argument. More than a century ago Franklin pointed out to the representatives of the English government that no one could justify the purchase of trade with blood, and that, as a matter of dollars and cents, trade purchased at the cannon's mouth was dearly bought. Our own experience proves that there is a financial loss in an attempt to extend our trade by force. We have not only been willing to sell our birthright for a mess of pottage, but we have failed to get the pottage.

DENOUNCED BY LINCOLN

The senator gives us but one side of the account; he magnifies our trade and ignores the cost to us. We are appropriating for the army and navy more than one hundred millions a year in excess of our army and navy appropriations ten years ago. Our increased expenditures far exceed our increased trade, and *all* of the people pay the expenses, while a *few* get the benefit of the trade.

Senator Beveridge adopts the idea that capacity for self-government is not natural, but cultivated. He takes the position that because we are capable of self-government we should furnish government as an exported article to those not capable. That was not the doctrine of the Republican party when Abraham Lincoln was its leader. Lincoln expressly and emphatically denounced it, and Clay did before him. Kentucky's great commoner said that it would be a reflection upon the Almighty to assume that

He made people incapable of self-government and left them to be the victims of kings and emperors. I might paraphrase what Clay said, and suggest that it would be a reflection upon the Almighty to say that He created the Filipinos incapable of self-government and left them helpless until Spain found them, ruled them with a rod of iron for three centuries, and then sold them to us at two and a half dollars per head because of our superior capacity for government.

PIRACY ON A LARGE SCALE

The senator attempts to use the negro in the South as a shield to ward off the attacks of Democrats, but in so doing he betrays his lack of knowledge of the Democratic position. The suffrage qualifications were imposed, not because the colored man is incapable of self-government, but because he is not sufficiently advanced to govern the white race. Where the two races are thrown together, the question is not whether the black man is capable of self-government, but whether he is capable of administering a government under which both must live. In such cases the more advanced race, as a matter of self-preservation, fixes suffrage qualifications in order to protect its civilization. But Senator Beveridge overlooks the fact that the Democrats of the South show more consideration to the black man than the Republicans show to the brown men of the Orient.

In the first place, the suffrage qualifications of the South raise a temporary barrier to suffrage, and under all the amendments adopted some of the colored men now vote, and new voters are added year after year, but under a colonial policy the Filipinos are permanently barred from the rights of citizenship. On this point the black man of the South has a distinct advantage over the Filipino.

Second, the colored people of the South are protected by the constitution of the United States and by the constitutions of the various states, while the Filipinos have no constitutional protection. In this respect also the black man of the South has an advantage over the brown man of the Orient.

Third, the colored people of the South live under laws which the white people make for themselves. The Filipinos live under laws which we make for them, and under which we would not ourselves be willing to live. This is the real evil of a colonial policy, the evil which outweighs all others, and which can not be eradicated while colonialism survives. In this respect the black man of the South has an immeasurable advantage over the Filipinos. Is it not astonishing that the Republican party, which came into existence by championing the rights of the black man, should now be so indifferent to the rights of the brown man? And is it not strange that it should attempt to involve this government in the solution of a race question seven thousand miles away from home when the race question that we now have is so difficult of solution?

Senator Beveridge entirely ignores the fact that there is another element in human progress besides force. It is true that history is crimsoned by the blood which nations have shed in their at-

tempts to administer governments over subject people, but for centuries there has been a growing protest against the old theory that governments rest upon brute force. Great progress has already been made in the dissemination of the doctrine that governments are just only in proportion as they give expression to the will of the people, and in the movement to substitute this doctrine for the doctrine of kings and despots our nation has taken the lead. The doctrine of imperialism, as stated so clearly and defended so eloquently by Senator Beveridge, is the doctrine of piracy on a large scale. In some respects it is worse than piracy. The pirate took what he could find, and left; the imperialist takes what he can find, and stays. The pirate was a temporary affliction; imperialism is an enduring calamity. Piracy has at last been driven from the seas by the joint action of the nations; it is not too much to hope that the day will come when imperialism will follow piracy into oblivion and when self-government will spread throughout the world. Our nation is the natural leader in this movement for the establishment of free government. No amount of commercial advantage could justify us in following at the tail end of Europe's procession, and it would not pay us to do so if we were willing to endure the political and moral humiliation of such a course.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S REPLY

TO begin with, Mr. Bryan is wrong in his definition of "imperialism." The Encyclopedia Americana, which is the latest authoritative work, defines "imperialism" as:

"The national policy which tends toward the expansion of national dominion and national ideas over a geographical area wider than that of national boundaries. * * * In the United States the

term 'imperialism' has been used in a more or less factitious sense. *The term 'imperialism' was employed as a POLITICAL CATCHWORD in the presidential campaign of 1900, especially with regard to the purchase of the Philippines.*"

So that what we are dealing with, according to this reliable definition of our most thorough scholars, is a "catchword," and a "political catchword" at

that. But not only is he in error in his use of the word "imperialism," but of the word "empire." He adopts the monarchical idea of this term. Why does he reject the idea of Jefferson, who repeatedly referred to our country as "our empire," as Washington did, and Madison, and all the "Fathers"? Even our Supreme Court, in determining fundamental questions, often speaks of "our empire."

So that, both from the scientific definition of the word, from its historical use by the founders of the Republic, from the human upliftment it has wrought and is now achieving, every lover of his fellow man must necessarily be for imperialism. It is only from the word "imperialism," used as a "political catchword," to quote the Encyclopedia Americana, that there is or has been any dissent. And that objection, small even in the beginning, has constantly diminished. You can not long fool the American people by fictions.

MR. BRYAN'S TWO REASONS

But let us get to the concrete matter of the debate—"the play's the thing." Mr. Bryan says that the Opposition approves of the American administration of government in Porto Rico because, first, "Porto Rico is too small to maintain an independent government without outside aid," and, second, "the island is so near to us that we could not afford to have her under the protection of any other country." The first of these reasons is not true. Consider Denmark, Greece, Servia, Roumania, Belgium—all very small countries. Yet all these countries "maintain an independent government without outside aid."

If the second reason is valid, the same thing applies to Jamaica, San Domingo, Vancouver Island, Newfoundland, etc. So that the *logic* of Mr. Bryan's two reasons for upholding American administration in Porto Rico makes him an even

more aggressive and full-blooded American expansionist than Theodore Roosevelt himself. Indeed, I am firmly convinced that if Mr. Bryan were president his "imperialism" would duplicate that of Thomas Jefferson, who thought that the Louisiana Purchase violated the Constitution, and actually wanted our fundamental law amended to give him the power to acquire from France this "imperial" dominion; and then went right ahead and took it anyhow without the amendment and, as he believed and said, without any constitutional power to take it.

Not only did Jefferson make the Louisiana Purchase believing that he had no power to do so, but he ruled it "without the consent of the governed" as autocratically as that other great Democrat, Jackson, ruled Florida without the consent of the governed, and, indeed, without anybody's consent. In the greatest acts of their lives these two splendid men were not Democrats or any other kind of partizans—they were Americans. This historical flashlight shows how absurd are mere word-doctrines which do not have their roots in the blood and purpose of the people.

So far as the *principle* involved is concerned, Mr. Bryan's two reasons for favoring American government in Porto Rico demolish his objections to American government in the Philippines. For, surely "inalienable rights" do not depend upon geography. If independence is the "inalienable right" of Filipinos, of course it is equally the "inalienable right" of Porto Ricans. Nor do "inalienable rights" depend upon numbers. If one million and a half people in Porto Rico have no "inalienable right" to independence (and Mr. Bryan says they are too few to "maintain an independent government"), why have eight million people in the Philippines an "inalienable right" to independence?

If the mere matter of numbers determines the ability of the people to

"maintain an independent government," and if, as Mr. Bryan says, the Porto Ricans are too few to "maintain an independent government," then many of the states should not exist. Nevada, for example, had only forty-two thousand people (in 1900), all told, of whom less than twelve thousand voted. Wyoming has only ninety-two thousand inhabitants; Idaho has but one hundred and sixty-one thousand; Montana, Utah, Colorado, each have fewer people than Porto Rico. On Mr. Bryan's theory nearly every one of the Central American governments ought to be extinguished.

Mr. Bryan says that, although we keep Porto Rico and govern it, we should not keep the Philippines and govern them, because "these islands have some eight millions of people"; but we have seen that the number of people have nothing to do with the question of whether or not we should govern them or they should govern themselves.

And "they are a part of another hemisphere," objects Mr. Bryan; but we have seen that neither distance nor location affects human rights, if human rights are involved. To admit that the circumstance of being in another hemisphere affects either the wisdom or principle of our administration is to declare that it would be both wise and right to take and govern the Philippines if they were any place in our own hemisphere—for example, if they were in the lower half of South America. Yet, by any method of travel, that part of our own hemisphere is farther away from us than are the Philippines.

But Mr. Bryan asserts that the Philippines are a "weakness to us." This is assertion, not proof—the proof is to the contrary. Witness the awful Boxer uprising which the civilized world had to suppress. We were able to speed American troops from the Philippines to the defense of the American Legation and American citizens as quickly as England

or even Japan sent their forces to rescue and save their people. If the Philippines had been a Russian possession, her fleet could have been gathered there to coal, dry-dock, and prepare to strike the enemy when and where she pleased. It is no answer to say that Japan would have taken the Philippines, because Japan was hardly able to take Port Arthur, and probably never would have taken it but for the incapacity of its commander and the demoralization of its garrison; and, as a matter of fact, Japan did not even take the poorly-defended Island of Saghalien.

PHILIPPINES A SOURCE OF STRENGTH

So, it is plain that the Philippines would not have been a "weakness," but, on the contrary, a strength to Russia in her war with Japan, and would have quadrupled the difficulties of the Mikado's army and navy in that great conflict. Why, then, is that archipelago a "weakness" and not a strength to us? Would the Philippines be a "weakness" and not a strength to Great Britain or Germany if either of those powers had them? If so, Singapore and the Straits Settlements, Hong-Kong and the surrounding territory, Ceylon and India, Malta and Gibraltar, must, for the same reason, be a "weakness" to England. Ask any Englishman whether he thinks they are. Ask the cabinet of any government on earth whether it thinks these English possessions are a "weakness" to the British people.

Or take illustrations from our own dominions. Is Alaska a "weakness" to us? If not, why? since it is a long distance away and an "easy prey" to either Japan or England if the Philippines are an "easy prey" to those powers. Or take Hawaii. Is that group of islands a "weakness" to us? If they are, Mr. Bryan must favor leaving Hawaii. Does he?

So we see that the Philippines are

strategically one of our strongest points for military or naval operations in the Far East. We must fortify them, of course, and we will do that just as soon as we quit playing politics with world questions. The expense of fortifications, which is the objection that penny-wise statesmen make, is infinitesimal compared with the advantages which the Philippines, when fortified, give us throughout the Pacific and the Orient. And remember that as human activities were greatest in the Atlantic and the Occident yesterday, so they will be greatest in the Pacific and the Orient tomorrow. This is the consensus of every scientist and statesman of every country.

But Mr. Bryan says that "the possession of" the Philippines is "an aggravation to them." How much of an aggravation? As much as if Japan possessed them, or England, or Germany? As much as if they "possessed" themselves? And in this latter case, which part of them would "possess" the other party? Would the Tagals possess the Viscayans, the Moros and the other tribes? Yes, surely they would. And would that "aggravate" these tribes (whose members constitute the vast majority of the inhabitants of the Philippines) less than American possession and the too-mild government of this Republic aggravates them—assuming that our government "aggravates" them at all?

NOT SELFISH EXPLOITATION

And, having established their rule, which faction of the Tagals would then rule all the remainder of the Tagals? For it is sure they would be split up into factions—throat-cutting factions; witness Aguinaldo, Luna, and the other Tagal chieftains who were actually murdering one another even when kept together by warfare against the Americans. If they murdered one another when united by a common and armed opposition to the Americans, what would

they do to one another if there was no such bond of union?

Does Mr. Bryan think that the people of those islands would be less "aggravated" by butchery of one another than when at peaceful labor, enjoying equal, exact and universal justice, and nearly all the real-fruits of liberty that we ourselves enjoy, which is their condition under the government of us imperialistic Americans? Considered in the light of what we have actually done and are doing, we Americans are not so terrible a people, and our "imperialism" not so awful a calamity as good but mistaken men who have not examined the facts would have us believe.

Again Mr. Bryan says: "The ocean which separates us from the Filipinos makes it as impossible for them to understand our domestic needs as for us to understand theirs." But the ocean does not "separate" us—it unites us. If there were land all the way between California and the Philippines, would that unite them to us more completely than we are now "separated" from them by this ocean? No; for it would take us nearly as long to go by train as it takes us now to go by ship; and no private capital would build such a railway. Besides, we would have to pass through many other countries unless we took all the land between America and the Philippines.

Invention has eliminated distance; Mr. Bryan, now the world's greatest traveler, knows this. To-day the Philippines are several weeks nearer to us than New Orleans was to Washington when Jefferson took that French city. As for understanding their domestic affairs, Mr. Bryan proves that he himself understands them by telling us what to do with them. Is it not strange that one of the foremost Americans of the century should declare that we Americans, who are admittedly the quickest and most adaptable people on earth, can not understand the needs of the Filipinos when

we understood instantly Cuban and even San Domingan needs?

Surely a few more days of water travel does not make it harder to understand the needs of one than the other. Has not England's administration of India demonstrated that the English understand the needs of the enormous population of that vast empire a good deal better than their native princes understood the people's needs before the English came; and can it be that Mr. Bryan contends that the English are a brighter, more practical and more adaptable people than we Americans? Oh, no! He is too good an American for that.

"We are brought face to face with the proposition whether we shall exploit the islands in our own interest or prepare them for independence," concludes Mr. Bryan. But what is "exploitation in our own interest"? One great need of the Philippines and of every other undeveloped country is capital. You can not mine and reduce the precious metals without capital; you can not fell trees, saw them into lumber and bring it to the world's market-place without capital; you can not clear and work plantations without capital. We ourselves can do none of these things without capital—even the Filipinos can not, superior to us though the Filipinos be.

Very well! Is furnishing this capital "exploiting the Philippines in our own interest"? Would common-sense laws, which permitted the money of enterprise to enter these islands, develop their resources and give their people employment, be exploitation? For example, next to certain regions of South America, the finest forests of hardwood lumber in the world are in the Philippines. For the care and preservation of these forests we have established an excellent Forestry Service; so that our forests in the Philippines can not be destroyed by rapacious millionaires, as were the forests of Michigan and Wisconsin, nor desperately threatened as were the for-

ests of our western and northwestern states. Hereafter these forests here at home, which Theodore Roosevelt has succeeded in rescuing and preserving, will furnish a steady yield of lumber to healthful and honest commerce in that article.

PRESERVING THE ISLANDS' WEALTH

This is even more true of the priceless forests of the Philippines. Under our American administration no "exploiter" can lay waste thousands of square miles of that noble timber, to the ruin for hundreds of years of the land on which these trees stood. But capital can enter and cut, saw and market trees ripe for the cutting under government regulations which preserve and perpetually renew the forest itself. Is this "exploitation in our own interest"? Is it not rather development—wise, safe, honest development? And does Mr. Bryan or anybody else think that these saving provisions would have been made by any Filipino oligarchy ruling the islands? Does not everybody know that the corrupt native cabals, which would have successively oppressed the Philippines if we had left them to themselves, would have lined their pockets with the price of "concessions," and that the "concessionaires" would have wrought havoc not only with the forests but with the other resources of the archipelago?

Our Forest Service in the Philippines is the best illustration of our care for the preservation of the natural wealth of those islands. In other instances, instead of permitting their "exploitation for our own interest," we have gone to the other extreme. Our land laws are absurd in their lack of common sense; this because we have "played politics" with that purely practical and scientific subject. For example, we have forbidden any man or corporation to hold and operate a plantation of more than five thousand acres, and have carefully prevented two

or more plantations from being joined under one management. We have adopted a land policy of small holdings for the natives, just as though these tropical islands were like the farms of Nebraska and these Malay natives were like New England husbandmen.

The result is that capital has refused to go into agriculture in the Philippines, for the conclusive reason that a tropical plantation so small can not be profitably worked. The Philippine commission recommends that this five thousand acres be increased to at least twenty-five thousand acres; and it would be far better if the maximum were made fifty thousand acres, because plantations of that size can be operated with a fair chance of some return on the investment, and a smaller plantation can be operated only upon a certainty of loss. Such plantations would mean steady work for the natives in an employment for which they are fitted, good wages, opportunities for education and a constantly, if slowly, growing surplus of wealth in the hands of an industrious people.

GOOD LAWS, PRESENT AND FUTURE

Beyond doubt we will so amend the law at an early session of Congress. Our present ridiculous limitations were made by timid politicians partly on abstract theory, but largely for campaign purposes. These gentlemen underestimated the intelligence of the American people and believed the old-style stump-speech, full of "political catchwords," to again quote the *Encyclopedia Americana*, more effective with the American voter than plain facts and hard sense. But this period is passing because congressmen and senators are beginning to learn that the common people of this republic have high purpose, accurate information and good sense. The day of the catchword orator has gone forever.

An example of our progress in common sense legislation is the law passed

at the last session of Congress, establishing a Philippine agricultural bank on the model of the Egyptian agricultural bank. Perhaps no single page of financial history is so brilliant and beautiful as that which tells of the miraculous work accomplished for the material welfare of the farmers of Egypt by the Egyptian agricultural bank. Our Philippine agricultural bank will perform a like service for the Filipinos. It loans money to the Filipino farmer, and to no one else, at a small interest and easy payments upon exclusively agricultural security. Is there in this any evidence of "exploiting the islands in our own interest"?

The truth is that as the years pass and "stump-speech politics" is eliminated from our Philippine legislation, the benefits of American administration to both the Filipinos and ourselves will become so increasingly great and plainly manifest that neither we nor the Filipinos would separate if we could, and could not separate if we would. A hundred years from now the objections to American administration in the Philippines will appear as laughable as the even more fervid opposition to the Louisiana Purchase as voiced by Quincy, of Massachusetts, on the floor of Congress, or the still fiercer objection to our annexation of Texas and our entire Mexican conquest, as uttered by Corwin, of Ohio.

Mr. Bryan harks back to the independence of the Philippines secured by a protectorate, but I showed in my previous paper how absolutely certain and swift the failure of such a protectorate would be. Mr. Bryan's new idea of bolstering up our protectorate by making with other nations a treaty of non-interference would amount in practical working to an international protectorate. Yet such a protectorate is equally open to the fatal objections to which an American protectorate is open. For example, if the independent Philippine government defaulted in its bonds, would the

treaty provide that each power signing the treaty should pay an equal amount of those bonds in order to keep the power which held the bonds from taking possession of the islands to indemnify itself? Or would the treaty provide that none of the powers signing it should buy these Philippine bonds or permit their moneyed men to buy them? If so, the money markets of the world would be closed to this independent Philippine government, and it would find itself at its very birth without any money on which to run—for no government of any kind can run without money. One of these alternatives the treaty would have to provide for, or we would find the nation which held the Philippine bonds compelled to take the islands to satisfy the debt.

But suppose this was not so; suppose this new Philippine government could get along without money. Other inevitable difficulties which instantly suggest themselves (such, for example, as local insurrections, contending factions each claiming to be both the *de jure* and *de facto* "government," etc., etc.) would compel constant interference by the treaty-making powers. This would mean, as I have pointed out, an international protectorate. And what would this surely result in? This: either the speedy abandonment of the international arrangement by all the powers to it except one, and the possession and government of the islands by that one (witness in proof the joint arrangement of England, Germany and France in the Samoan islands); or else an international warfare among these great powers as to which one of them should administer the islands, or as to what should be done if neither of them should administer the islands. The confusion and probable bloody results of this arrangement are so plain that it is hard for me to understand how so clear and able a thinker as is the great leader of the Opposition ever could have suggested it. Are we not justified

in concluding that he never would have done so had he not become mentally committed to "political catchwords," which have not the slightest application to the subject in hand, which were lifted out of sentences framed a hundred years ago for conditions as different from those now before us as the ocean is unlike the land.

LET'S NOT STUMBLE THIS TIME

But, declares the Opposition through the mouth of its brilliant spokesman, let us treat the Filipinos as we have treated the Cubans. Very well! Suppose we had done just that—what then? We would have established government in the Philippines as we did in Cuba; the Filipinos would have destroyed it as the Cubans destroyed theirs; we would have been compelled to return and do it all over again as we are doing in Cuba. We know for a certainty that we would have had to do this at least once, since we have had to do it in Cuba once. In the Philippines we probably would have had to do it several times. How does that strike the good sense of the hard-headed, practical, conscientious American people? Who does not now see what was clear to every careful thinker at the time of the Spanish War, that it would have been far better for Cuba and for us had the American flag remained in Cuba and had we fulfilled the dearest dream of Jefferson's life, which was the establishment of American government over Cuba?

Now we are going to do once more in Cuba the matchless work which we did there after the Spanish War and before we hauled down our flag and came away; and having done this work over again, we are going to "give the Cubans another chance to govern themselves." We know in advance, of course, that they will again tear down the government that we build for them, and that once more we will be forced to return.

But when we do return the third time we will stay forever. If brave but impractical idealists, like Mr. Bryan, and cowardly, ignorant politicians like many active persons in both parties, think that the American people are going to "back and fill" forever with this Cuban question, they little understand this determined, high-purposed, practical nation. The American people are not triflers. Pretty soon we will settle down to the actual permanent government, not only of Porto Rico and the Philippines, but of Cuba as well. A shilly-shally policy is un-American.

JEFFERSON—EMPIRE BUILDER

Mr. Bryan says that "imperialism" can not be defended without attacking our form of government. But Jefferson said of our form of government: "No constitution was ever before so well calculated as ours for *extensive empire* and self-government." Jefferson, by the way, was the first great expansionist. Jefferson wanted Cuba. Jefferson wanted Canada. *Jefferson wanted all South America.* Of the South American countries Jefferson said, in 1786:

"My fear is that they (the people of South America) are too feeble to hold them (the South American countries) till our population can be sufficiently advanced to gain it (South America) *from them piece by piece.*"

Again, in 1801, Jefferson said:

"However our present interests may restrain us within our own limits, it is impossible not to look forward to distant times when our rapid multiplication *will expand itself beyond those limits and cover the whole northern, if not the southern continent.*"

How is that for imperialism? Mr. Bryan and the Opposition to expansion quote Mr. Jefferson so much that I cite these few of his many utterances concerning expansion just to show how the Opposition unintentionally misinterprets

that great statesman. The truth is that the further Jefferson got away from Rousseau and the doctrines he absorbed while in Paris during the Revolution, the saner became his views and the sounder his Americanism.

We have been practising imperialism in our island possessions for eight years just as we practised imperialism throughout our whole expanding history. Yet our republican institutions grow stronger every day. This simple fact, familiar to every schoolboy and to the political experience of every citizen, refutes the anti-imperialistic claim that imperialism means the death of our institutions.

Mr. Bryan tells us, though this time rather feebly, that we are in some way impairing "liberty." But we note that the Filipinos are enjoying more liberty, both real and theoretical, under American administration than any Oriental people ever heard of—a good deal more, in fact, than they seem to know what to do with. It is intimated that we are destroying "liberty" by determining for ourselves how much "liberty" the Filipinos should have, instead of letting the Filipinos themselves determine how much "liberty" they should have. This, of course, is a word-argument about words. Consider our own American Indians, from whom we took the whole American continent. Logically, Mr. Bryan ought to advocate our abandonment of this country to the descendants of those from whom we took it; but it is not fair to ask this, because it is not practical.

So, in passing by this rigidly logical conclusion from Mr. Bryan's premises, let us come to our government of the Indians at present and throughout our history. Everybody knows that we have given the Indians only as much government as we thought good for them, and that they are a great deal better off for such treatment. They are actually increasing in numbers; accumulating some

little wealth; slowly and painfully getting knowledge of systematic labor and its beneficent meaning. But if we had let them go as they pleased, there would not be an Indian alive to-day from the Atlantic to the Pacific—the ruthless white man would have exterminated them.

“Consent of the governed!” The “fathers’ intentions!” Does “consent of the governed” apply to everybody? Did the “fathers” think so? The Declaration, which contains that phrase, was written by a man who at that very moment owned slaves; it was signed by men a large part of whom at that moment owned slaves. So was our Constitution, which definitely recognized slavery. Clearly the “fathers” did not think that the “consent of the governed” applied to everybody, because they not only governed without the “consent of the governed,” but actually *owned* human beings as *chattels*. So we see that we have progressed in actual liberty far beyond the conception of the “fathers.” (Upon the abstract proposition of governing “without the consent of the governed,” how does Mr. Bryan justify our government, without their consent, of some millions of young Americans who are twenty years and eleven months old? Or, still worse, how does he justify our government, without their consent, of some tens of millions of American women?)

Liberty is not a word. It does not abide in constitutions or laws. Liberty is a spirit whose home is the breasts of the people—a spirit growing ever stronger and purer, working out by practical methods, by the common sense of the American people as they meet successive situations, an ever larger human happiness for themselves and for all peoples over whom their flag is unfurled.

Mr. Bryan declares that the Filipinos understand Filipino needs better than we do or can. I do not think so poorly of the intellect of the American people,

on the one hand, or so highly of the intellect of the Filipino people, on the other hand. You might as well say that a child understands its needs and knows what is best for its future welfare better than its parents. But if the Filipinos understand their needs better than we do, then we must admit that the American Indians understood their needs better than we understood them; and yet we have seen that such a theory put into practice would have meant their extermination. If the Filipinos understand their needs better than we do, so did the natives of Alaska; yet we governed them without their consent—was that wrong? We governed without their consent the French of New Orleans—was that wrong? And the French of New Orleans, mind you, were even more cultured than we were ourselves. Is it possible that all of our history has been a mistake; that every act of our race, from the landing at Plymouth Rock and the settlement at Jamestown, has been a succession of infamies?

WHAT HAS BECOME OF “MILITARISM”?

But the most significant thing about Mr. Bryan’s present attack on “imperialism” is the fact that he and the Opposition are absolutely silent on certain objections which only yesterday were their loudest war cries. WHY THIS ABANDONMENT? Why, for example, do we hear nothing more about “militarism”? Only yesterday we were told that taking and governing our “imperial” possessions meant “militarism.” We were entering, they said, upon that policy which in Europe burdens the people with vast standing armies. The cannon of a ruthless soldiery were soon to be at our doors, their bayonets at our throats.

But we pointed out that the standing army of Germany was not caused by her colonial policy, because she had a relatively greater standing army before she had colonies; that the true cause of her

standing army was her location and historic antagonisms—France on one side, Russia on the other, etc.; and that the same was true of France, Russia, Austria and other military powers. We pointed out the fact that England, which has more colonial possessions than all European nations put together, has a far smaller standing army than any European nation—smaller even than Spain; and that an almost absurdly small fraction of English soldiers are stationed in her possessions.

WE WEAR OUR ARMS WITH A DIFFERENCE

We pointed out the further fact that we have actually decreased our army since we took our possessions, and that such troops as we do have, or ever will or can have, are American boys, coming from American homes, every one of them marching propagandists of liberty, instead of the murderers of freedom that the anti-imperialists pictured them to be. We showed that even during active warfare in the Philippines, as soon as American troops had taken a Filipino town, instead of burning the people's homes and slaying their inmates, some American soldier, who was a school teacher when he enlisted, was detailed to establish a school and teach Filipino children. So, after all, I am not surprised that the Opposition says nothing more about "militarism."

Then, too, the "decay-of-our-own-liberties" war cry is no longer sounded. Everybody remembers how loudly we were warned that "imperialism" meant the death of our American liberty here at home. Some people were scared at first; but we called attention to the fact that English liberty has grown more since Great Britain finally developed her present colonial policy than in all of the centuries that had gone before; that French expansion has been coincident with the ever-increasing stability of the French Republic and the individual

freedom of the French citizen; that the progress of popular rights in Germany has advanced as rapidly as German colonization itself; that Italian liberty has borne more fruit since Italy became centralized into one nation and began her expansion over sea than that remarkable people ever have known since the days of the Roman Republic; that we ourselves are taking more interest in asserting the rights of the people as against the privileges of "interests" than we have taken since Jackson's day—(for it is a literal fact that the individual American is having more to say about our government at the beginning of the twentieth century than he had at the end of the eighteenth century, when the Republic was founded). With all these historical facts and with all this contemporary experience before them, the American people began to laugh at the assertion that "imperialism" was "ending our own liberties here at home." No wonder that the Opposition is not even whispering that war cry which formerly was sounded in such trumpet tones.

THEY PAY THEIR OWN WAY

The specter of the "expense of governing colonies" has also been laid at rest. Yet only yesterday they *proved* to us that imperialism would bankrupt us. Certain anti-imperialist statisticians demonstrated this by long columns of figures. But these figures vanished before the fact that neither the Philippines nor Porto Rico cost us a single dollar to govern. They pay their own way. The expense of our troops stationed in the islands is no greater than it would be if we kept them at home; the cost of their transportation no larger than their railroad fare when moved from station to station in this country. And our standing army is no larger by a single officer or private than it would be if we did not have a foot of island possessions anywhere on earth. So Mr. Bryan is wise in

not producing the expense-and-bankruptcy argument.

He does say that our American administrators in the Philippines are paid too much, and that this is wrong to the Filipinos. But when Mr. Bryan thinks about it, he will see that it would have been better not to have made this point; because Aguinaldo alone was to have received a salary greater than the combined salaries of the entire Philippine Commission. The experience of certain Central and South American "governments" shows that the cost of American administration in the Philippines is a trifling fraction of what a native "government" would have wrung from the people. Our administrators in the Philippines are paid far less than any other like officials in the world; with few exceptions they are accomplished and devoted men who could earn a great deal more money right here at home; and nearly all of them are inspired with the high purpose of taking part in a historic work far more than by motives of gain.

No! the American people are all right. They are getting along very well—making mistakes, of course, because they are human—but still getting along

better, speaking by and large, than any other people of which history has written its chronicle. You can not scare the American people with any bogus menace. When any *real* menace confronts them they demolish it. But they are too busy for stuffed-with-straw scarecrows.

This final word: If anybody thinks that we are going to be a nation of shirks, I advise him to consult the American pulpit. Let him instruct himself in the missionary spirit of this Christian people. Let him ask the millions of young American Christian men and women, members of Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavors, Knights of Columbus, what they think of the proposition to surrender to a non-Christian power the millions of human beings which Providence has entrusted to our care. This whole world is going to be civilized and saved. All mankind will be Christianized and redeemed. The prophet's vision of the stone cut by hands unseen from the mountainside rolling on till it fills the earth with its glory will be realized. And the American people will be a part of that inspired dream, and not an obstruction to its fulfillment.

[THE SUBJECT TO BE DISCUSSED IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE IS "LABOR."]

AN INCOMPLETE EXPERIMENT

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

"THE only question now is—how will he take it?"

The old lawyer muttered the words aloud as he placed the last of his papers in his rusty bag and glanced with undecided mind toward his overcoat. It was spring, yet spring winds are sometimes treacherous; while, on the other hand, to be overcareful is a sign of age to be dispensed with as long as possible. He crossed the room to the open window, where lay Solomon, the office cat. Solomon had no fear of draughts and was much interested in a robin, a fat and comely robin, house-hunting in the back-yard cherry-tree. The lawyer patted the sleek back thoughtfully.

"I wonder how he will take it, Solomon? You and I are observers. You after your kind, I after mine. You do not watch that fluttering bird with more interest than I watch the folk around me. How else would life in a half-dead town like this be made supportable? Picture to yourself a future without the cherry-tree and the birds, Solomon, and you have my future without the consolations of observation. Though, I hope," he added hastily, as the cat with silky grace edged himself a little nearer to the robin, "I hope my observations may boast a more benevolent intent."

He waved his handkerchief with a warning "Shoo!" and the bird flew away.

"If you had caught that bird, Solomon," he remarked gravely, "you would have been sorry. Your fun would have been over. My fun will be over when I have told Charles Ruby my news and have seen how he takes it. But it will be most interesting. You see I have never had the opportunity of observing any one who possessed a million, nor any one who expected to possess a mil-

lion, nor any one who had once possessed a million. How, then, can I deduce the probable actions of the man to whom I am to convey the tidings that he has suddenly become a millionaire?

"You say I know the man. I do, Solomon, and I don't—that, after all, is the way we know everybody. Granted that I know Charles Ruby to be a man who would give away his coat—a million is not as easy to give away as a coat. Granted that he has never seemed to care much for a dollar—is it not possible that he may hold a million dollars in affectionate regard? I wonder—"

He popped his wonder into the faded bag along with a last stray paper, and, ignoring the overcoat, set out briskly for the office of the object of his wonderment.

Charles Ruby was working. He was a chartered accountant and was kept fairly busy. He looked up cheerfully as the lawyer entered.

"Hello, Riddle! Have a chair. Just wait till I balance this. Lovely day, isn't it? Quite like spring. Help yourself to a cigar."

The old lawyer sat down and selected a cigar with discrimination.

"Good cigars to be left loose in the office, Ruby," he remarked judicially.

"What? Oh—well, a fellow couldn't offer a poor one, could he?"

"It would be a wrench, Charles, a wrench; yet I have known men who had the courage to do it. Will you be long? I have something to talk to you about."

The young man twisted his chair around.

"Yes? Well, I'm through. I am quitting early anyway. I thought I would take Mrs. Ruby and the children for a drive. The air is so warm, I expect it will be an early spring."

"The cherry-tree in the back-yard is coming out," said the lawyer, "but I have observed that it is just three days later than it was last year. I am afraid you are an optimist, Charles."

He began to take the papers out of his bag. "I did not know," he added irrelevantly, "that you owned a horse and rig."

Charles Ruby laughed. "I don't," he assured him. "Why should I when I can have my choice of a hundred by simply taking the trouble to step down to the livery?"

"And paying for it!"

"Why, man, where would the fun come in if I didn't have to pay for it? What's money for, anyway—the fun of getting and the fun of spending and the fun of never having quite enough and looking forward to getting it?"

The lawyer arranged his papers on the desk.

"Some people," he remarked dryly, "have money without having had to get it and with no reasonable expectation of ever having to get more. Yet these people seem to be having a fairly good time."

"Sham!" said the young man cheerfully, "all sham. It can't be done. I am convinced that they are miserable wretches."

The lawyer laughed. He was beginning to enjoy himself.

"Well, well," he said, "that's as it may be; as a student of human nature I—I haven't made up my mind yet. But if not having enough is one of your pleasures, Charles, I am afraid I am going to bring bad news. You—er—as a matter of fact, you have had some money left you."

The interest on the young man's face brightened to surprise, then to pleasure.

"You don't say! Well, that's good! Who left it? Are you sure I'm the right man?"

The lawyer selected a paper and assumed his legal face.

"What relation are you to Charles Everett Ruby?"

"Can't say, I'm sure. Was he the party? There are lots of Rubys—perhaps I'm not the man—though it *sounds* like an uncle."

"A great-uncle," explained the lawyer. "He has left you his entire estate—and his estate amounts to—er—to a large sum." The lawyer was in no hurry.

"He is dead then?" said Ruby more soberly. "I suppose it would be affectation to pretend sorrow. Rather tough to have to leave your money to a man who doesn't know of your existence! I wonder what the amount will be. You don't suppose," hopefully, "that it would be enough to buy a house!"

"It is something over a million."

This was the lawyer's moment! His keen old eyes fastened themselves upon the young and eager face. But the study of human nature was destined to be interrupted. There was a sturdy kicking and a shrill call from the closed door.

"Daddy! Daddy!"

The subject under observation smiled and crossed over to the window.

"What is it, son?"

"Ain't we going with the horse-gees, daddy?"

"Not to-night. I'm busy—tell mother I may be late."

When he faced the lawyer again his face was merely troubled.

"You know what you are talking about, of course?" he said. "It isn't a mistake—or a joke?"

"No." The lawyer snapped a little, for he felt defrauded. He made a sign toward the desk. "The papers are here."

Ruby made no motion to pick them up.

"Let them stay. They won't help me to realize what you tell me. Great Scott! A million! I—don't want it."

The lawyer looked politely away. The other surveyed him gloomily.

"You don't believe it! Of course not! You think every one wants a million."

But the fact is that very few who haven't got it have taken the trouble to figure out just what its possession would mean to them. I have. I don't want it. What I wanted was a few thousand to buy a house." He gave the lawyer the look of a disappointed child.

"You can buy half a dozen houses."

"That's it! And where is all the pleasure that I was going to take in my own house?"

"Multiplied by six, naturally."

"Divided by six—naturally—and no remainder. I shan't have half a dozen houses."

The lawyer thought a moment. Then, "You might give the other five away," he suggested kindly.

"I might—but I doubt it. They wouldn't let themselves be given away. I knew in my soul that those houses would get a grip on me. My great-uncle didn't, by any chance, enclose a curse in his will, did he?"

The lawyer, who was deep in psychological study, did not answer.

"Because," went on Ruby, "he needn't have bothered, it was sure to come anyway. That is, unless—" he sank into a brown study.

The silence lasted so long that the lawyer's patience displayed raveled edges. He began to unfold the papers.

"Don't do that!" said Ruby irritably. "I'll take your word for them. But I've got to think this thing out. I'll do something. I won't let that money down me if I can help it. If Mammon is a god, then I'll put up a fight against the gods and we'll see who'll win out. In the meantime I don't want this thing to leak out. No one knows but you as yet?"

"I have told no one."

"Well, don't. And say, Riddle, you'll act for me? I'll need a lawyer, you know."

The other nodded. "You're not thinking of doing anything in a hurry, Charles?" he asked uneasily. "To tell the truth, your reception of the news

has been even more interesting than I had hoped. My expectations have been surpassed—surpassed!"

"Oh, drop it! I don't want to be dissected. It's simple enough. I haven't come to where I am without making up my mind what I want from life. As it was, I stood a good chance of getting it; but I can't see how this white elephant is going to help me. I must think it over."

"There are—others?" suggested the lawyer delicately.

"Bless you—yes. Do you think my happiness doesn't mean Hester's first—hers and the children's?" He paused a moment and turned his face away. "It was of them I have been thinking all along," he said.

The lawyer did not ask what he meant. Instead, he spoke cheerily.

"You say you stand a chance of getting what you want from life, Charles—don't let it go. Not many men can say they have it—or else they make a point of wanting only the things they can't get. I am an observer—I know. Do as you think best. Good night."

When the lawyer had left him, Ruby examined the papers, then he tipped back his chair and watched the late afternoon fade into dusk and the dusk darken into deeper twilight.

He reached home somewhat late and without his overcoat.

"Oh, Charlie!" said his wife, "it isn't warm enough yet to go without an overcoat."

"I know it isn't," he answered, "but the man I gave it to didn't have another one at home."

"Neither have you," said Mrs. Ruby quietly.

"Now, Hester, don't scold. I don't think I ever before fully appreciated how blessed it is to give what you need yourself."

"I never expect to appreciate it," said Mrs. Ruby. She was making a spring wrap for the baby. Her husband laughed.

"GREAT SCOTT! A MILLION! I—DON'T WANT IT!"

"What will you give me for some news?" he asked. Mrs. Ruby kissed him daintily. She did it with the air of a child who knows that it must say "Please" prettily and has got over minding it. Her husband kissed her heartily in return. "It's good news," he added. "Do you feel as if you can stand some good news?"

Mrs. Ruby raised her pretty, rather pathetic-looking eyes to his face and nodded.

"Well, then, Great-uncle Charles Everett Ruby is dead."

"I can stand *that*," she said. But now there was expectation as well as pathos in her eyes.

"He has left us some money, Hester! He has left us five—thousand—dollars!"

"Oh, Charlie!"

"Yes, isn't it too bully? Just think, we can buy our house, *our* house, you know, the one on the corner of Parker Street."

"Oh, yes—with the big hall and the fireplaces and the yard for the children to play in."

"We can get it for three thousand

cash. That leaves two thousand—and we'll blow it all in. There'll be improvements and repairs and furnishings. You'll like doing the furnishing act, Hester?"

Mrs. Ruby had dropped the baby's jacket and a soft, pretty color glowed in her cheeks.

"Won't I! But I'll have to run down to the city, Charlie. They haven't anything worth while here."

"Well, we'll see. We really ought to patronize our own town, you know. Do you think you can stand some more good news?"

Mrs. Ruby's gesture intimated that she was quite equal to all the good news that was going.

"Lawyer Riddle was in to-day. He is going to put some good things in my way. We are going to have the management of a somewhat large estate. It will mean a good thing for me."

"How nice! Is the owner dead?"

"Dead! No. He'll have a finger in the pie, of course, but there will be no end of work. The estate is to be largely used for—benevolent purposes."

"Oh—I suppose he's rich himself."

"He has all he wants, of course."

Mrs. Ruby sighed. "It must be nice," she said.

"We are going to see how nice it is. When we get that house and enough money coming in to run it easily and better things ahead I—well, I wouldn't call the queen my aunt!"

Mrs. Ruby looked thoughtful.

"I don't see why you shouldn't succeed," she said, "I always expected that you would. Look at John Whitney—they say he's worth a hundred thousand dollars. He had no better start than you."

Charles Ruby looked at his wife somewhat blankly. She was a little ethereal, flower-like woman with pathetic eyes and spiritual expression. He was always puzzled when she spoke like this. Surely she did not wish him to be a man like John Whitney! Then he decided that she was trying to look at things from a man's viewpoint. "No wonder she gets the values mixed, poor darling," he thought.

"You will need a hired girl, of course," he told her. "Perhaps two."

"I could do very well with a girl," said Mrs. Ruby placidly. She had picked up her work again. "But if we have two the Parker Street house will be quite too small."

"Too small!" he echoed.

"For two girls," said Mrs. Ruby calmly.

Her husband rose and walked to the window. When he turned to her again there was a certain gay yet stern decision in his face.

"Then we shall get along splendidly with one girl," he said.

They had a happy tea that night, a happy evening afterward, and when Mrs. Ruby at last fell asleep it was to dream of furnishing a "boudoir" in the new house. As for her husband's dreams, they were different, but not less happy, though even in his sleep there was a certain gay yet stern deter-

mination about the lines of his close-set mouth.

"You tell me a most astonishing story, Mr. Riddle," said the Reverend Archibald Melvin. As he spoke he glanced with obvious uneasiness toward the lawyer's door. The door was slightly open, giving a clear view of the stairs beyond; there was no one on the stairs, and it seemed that the minister drew a breath of relief. "A fantastic story," he continued. "I had almost said an impossible story, Mr. Riddle."

The lawyer laughed shortly.

"Not impossible, since we are face to face with very possible and very disturbing consequences," said he. "Mrs. Ruby will be here shortly, and she'll have to be told. I thought, perhaps, you might like to be the one to tell her," he added blandly.

The minister waved a deprecating hand.

"No, no. Not at all. This is distinctly a lawyer's business, my friend."

The other grinned.

"Well, I wanted the moral support of your presence, anyway," he answered. "I have never had very much to do with women. She may have hysterics! What do you do with 'em when they have hysterics?—a minister ought to know."

"I trust she will not have hysterics," said the minister nervously. "But it will be a shock—a shock! I don't know what Charles could have been thinking of. I have always looked upon Charles as a most considerate man. I can't understand him at all in this matter, I must say."

"I did not understand him, either," said the lawyer, "but I am sure that he understood himself. It was his way to take his own line. He was always *sure*. Doubtless he would have arranged things in some way if he had had—ahem!—any warning. He could hardly foresee the railway accident, you know."

"No, oh, no, certainly not. As you

"YOU TELL ME A MOST ASTONISHING STORY, MR. RIDDLE,"
SAID THE REVEREND ARCHIBALD MELVIN

say, the ways of Providence are not revealed to us. Still—it was two years ago, you say, that he inherited? Surely in that time he might have informed his friends and"—with another timid glance toward the door—"his wife."

"I've explained it as well as I can," said the lawyer wearily. "I never quite understood his attitude myself. He didn't want the money; he believed that it would not be for his happiness, nor for his family's happiness. From the very first he bound me to secrecy and administered the estate precisely as he would have administered the estate of another man. He paid himself a good salary, which he intended gradually to increase as time went on. He bought himself a pleasant home. His wife had a servant. After the first year he allowed himself a horse and carriage, so that she and the children could drive themselves about. I heard Mrs. Ruby say lately that Charlie expected to let them have a season at the sea this summer—if business kept up."

The minister polished his glasses on his spotless handkerchief. The lawyer

tapped his fingers on the desk and whistled softly.

"And he was a millionaire," said the minister reflectively.

"Let us say he was a happy man" amended the lawyer.

Again there was a little silence in the room. A door below slammed sharply, and the minister jumped.

"That's not she," reassured the lawyer. "She is always late."

The minister cleared his throat.

"I understand," he said, "that she has no inkling of—"

"None at all," cheerfully. "We've got to tell her the whole thing."

"*You* have to tell her, you mean."

"Well, you're to be accessory before, after and during the fact. You are her spiritual adviser, you know."

The minister adjusted his glasses.

"Riddle," he remarked irrelevantly, "why do you dislike Mrs. Ruby?"

The lawyer started, but quickly recovered himself.

"Why do you?" he asked composedly.

The lawyer's eye met the eye of the minister, and the minister's eye fell.

"We will not discuss it," said the Reverend Mr. Melvin meekly. But the lawyer brushed his protest away.

"Why not? We both know we don't like her. It's quite simple. Neither you nor I have ever seen what Charles saw. To Charles she was the one woman. To us she seems merely a doll, a pretty doll. Though," thoughtfully, "there have been times when I have doubted the doll theory."

The two men exchanged a look of understanding.

"She is too clever for a doll," was the minister's comment. "Do you think," he went on, "that Charles—since you have told me of his singular action I have wondered—"

"If it was there that he feared the effect of the golden shower?" interrupted the lawyer. "It may be so, but I think not. I do not think that he ever separated her from himself. He did what he thought was for the best happiness of them all. It would not occur to him, I think, to recognize in her a lesser nature than his own."

"Then we may be worrying ourselves unnecessarily."

"I am merely telling you what he thought. Personally, I do not like Mrs. Ruby. If I could just think of it, there is a word that describes my idea of her—"

"Hush!" warned the minister.

She was coming now. The outer door had opened and closed; there was a faint rustle of skirts on the stair, and an odor of violets. The lawyer rose hastily. "I must get the papers!" he said, and beat a conscious retreat into the inner room. The minister rose as if to follow, but he was too late. A silvery voice detained him.

"Oh, Mr. Melvin, how do you do? Is not Mr. Riddle in? I know I am a trifle late, but—" The sweet but slightly querulous tone held a note of ill-usage. The minister made haste to explain.

"He is in, Mrs. Ruby. Sit here. He

will be with you in a moment. I think you will find this chair comfortable."

The young widow sank gracefully into the offered chair. She was very pretty in her deep black, for weeds, though necessary, are not necessarily unbecoming. Her hair was very yellow, her eyes very blue, and the pathetic look that distinguished them was more charmingly potent than ever.

"A beautiful day," began the minister manfully. "There is a feeling of spring in the air."

The pathetic eyes looked away through the open window and back again. They were very beautiful through their mist of tears, and the unhappy minister immediately felt like a brute beast for having mentioned spring to one upon whose heart winter was supposed to have settled down to stay. He quite forgot that he considered Mrs. Ruby a doll.

"My dear Hester," said the good man, "my poor child!"

Mrs. Ruby raised her handkerchief and quietly dried her eyes.

"I was thinking of Charlie," she said simply. "He loved the spring."

The old man patted her graceful shoulder. "Don't think too much," he said. "It does no good to brood. Take the little ones and go away for a bit."

"Yes? I may if there is enough money." The eyes filled again. "*He* was going to take us to the sea this summer—if he could manage it. He thought he could. He was getting on so well, quite remarkably well, and the little legacy from his uncle was such a help."

The minister removed his glasses and polished them.

"You were very happy—you have that to comfort you," he said.

"Yes," agreed Hester, "Charlie got along much better than I had hoped. When the children were a little older we were going to have a trip to Europe—if things went on improving."

The minister having polished his

spectacles to the last degree of brilliancy, adjusted them carefully. Why didn't Riddle hurry with those papers! Still—perhaps it was his duty—

"My dear," he said, "have you any idea of how your affairs stand? Did your husband—ahem!—did Charles—" he hesitated. After all, it was really the lawyer's business!

Mrs. Ruby slipped the handkerchief, which she had held ready for emergencies, into her hand-bag and sat up a little straighter. The pathetic blue eyes were a little hard-looking; and there was a most businesslike look about the mouth.

"I do not know in what position Charlie was financially," she said. "That is what I am here to find out—Oh, how do you do, Mr. Riddle?"

The little lawyer placed his papers on the desk and shook hands.

"A beautiful day, Mrs. Ruby," he remarked. "Quite like spring."

The minister was alarmed—how careless lawyers can be of the finer feelings! But Mrs. Ruby was looking at nothing save the papers on the desk.

"I hope I shall not be obliged to understand all these!" she exclaimed, with pretty helplessness. "Couldn't you just tell me in a few words how things are? I know poor Charlie told you about everything."

"Your husband was my friend." The lawyer's tone was a little stiff. "Yes, I can tell you what you need to know. I am glad to say you need be under no anxiety as to the future, Mrs. Ruby."

Hester Ruby gave a sigh of relief. "I am glad," she said. "I think perhaps I was just a little afraid—and I have the children to think of, of course."

"Naturally," said the lawyer. He took up a paper and glanced through it.

"How much shall I have to live on?" asked Hester Ruby smoothly.

The lawyer glanced at the minister, but the minister had moved to the open window, where, together with Solomon,

he could contemplate the back yard and the cherry-tree. There was no help in sight, so the lawyer must make the plunge alone. (After all, it would be interesting to see how she would take it.)

"My dear Mrs. Ruby," he began, "when I said that you need have no anxiety for the future, I meant to imply that your anxiety would never arise from want of money—what anxiety you may have from the opposite cause I can not say. You are a very rich woman. Your husband's estate is a good deal over a million."

"Estate!"

"When I say estate I use the word legally, meaning whatsoever property of which he died possessed."

The delight, which with dawning comprehension had sent the red flush to her cheek and lent a light to her widened eyes, began to be tinged with amazement.

"But—" she began. Then, while the lawyer watched her, fascinated, the ready tears welled up. "Oh, poor Charlie!" she said. "I am afraid that I have been most unjust to him. I had no idea that he was so rich. I suppose he speculated and it turned out well—and I never suspected that he was clever in that way at all!" She sobbed gently into her handkerchief.

The minister turned from the window. He would have spoken, but the lawyer was before him.

"He did not speculate," he said bluntly. "He inherited the money."

There was a moment's silence. Then, "When did he inherit it?" asked the woman slowly. For a doll her mind seemed to work very quickly. There was a subtle change in her tone.

It was the minister who answered.

"Two years ago," he told her.

Mrs. Ruby said nothing. It appeared that she was thinking, and a quiet fell upon the little room. It was so still that it might have been empty save only for the sweet spring air and the sunshine.

Drawing by Angus MacDonald

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"A MILLIONAIRE," SHE SAID SOFTLY, "A MILLIONAIRE FOR TWO YEARS"

From where Mrs. Ruby sat she could see the lawyer's cherry-tree, one branch already white with blossom. The lawyer glanced at her—and felt sorry. She looked so young, she was so pretty. He no longer regretted that he had been unable to think of the word which described his idea of her. Her eyes—he was certain that he had misjudged her all along! Evidently she had cared a great deal for Charles.

He spoke very gently.

"It was a day just like this that I told him, two years ago. The cherry-tree, I remember, was a few days late that year. He was very much—ahem!—moved. His first thought was for his home and its happiness. 'I am a happy man, Riddle,' he said to me. He did not think that money brings happiness—and he felt that he had to choose for you all."

"He was a noble man," added the minister, laying his hand upon her arm. "His money was put to noble uses."

At his touch she stirred and seemed all at once to gather herself together. Her eyes left the cherry-tree and turned to the lawyer's softened face. She laughed a little.

Then, rising with a brisk yet graceful movement, she gathered up her parasol and hand-bag. In the brief glimpse that the minister caught of her full face she seemed changed. He did not realize until afterward that the change lay in the eyes, which had suddenly turned quite hard and shallow.

"A millionaire!" she said softly. "A millionaire for two years—and this summer we were to go to the seaside—if business was good!"

She bowed to them both, charmingly, and moved to the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Melvin," she said. "Good morning, Mr. Riddle. Anything more that it is necessary for me to know I shall learn through my man of business. Thank you." And with a little backward smile, coldly courteous, she was gone.

The two men looked at each other, then looked away. Then the lawyer crossed over to the window and cuffed Solomon deliberately on each ear.

"That will teach you to leave the birds alone, perhaps!" he said fiercely.

"A cat is very cruel," said the minister, who was greatly relieved at finding something to say.

"Cat—" said the lawyer thoughtfully. "Cat!—ah, yes, *cat*—that is the word I was trying to think of a while ago!"

THE MIRACLE

By ELSA BARKER

Among the hills and valleys of the soul,
Working his miracles, Love came to me
And touched my blinded eyes and bade me see.
I watch the water redden in the bowl,
I drink the marriage wine. Upon the scroll
Of Life I trace the word of prophecy
In flaming letters; my mortality
Burns on this altar as a living coal.

Many of Love's disciples have pursued
His wandering steps with worldly aims and wishes;
Many have climbed, as for a festival,
The mountain where he feeds the multitude.
For them the counting of the loaves and fishes,
For me—the wonder of the miracle!

MAJOR BOURBON

By ELIZA WALLACE DURBIN

Author of "Disengagement"

FROM the time Major Bourbon stepped off the Erie train into his home town, after an absence of nearly twenty years, his life became a retrospect, though he did not realize it then.

His first thought was of the man who had stood there waiting in impatient vigor twenty years ago, but before the depression in that recollection could settle heavily, one of the hackmen touched his arm, exclaiming: "Why, Major, is this you? I don't suppose you remember me—Tom Russel? I used to work in your elevator when I was a kid."

"I remember a Tom Russel, but twenty years have made quite a change in him," he said, in a voice so deep as to sound hoarse.

"Yes, changed me from a child to a man," laughed the driver.

"They've put the change t'other way to for me, I guess." There was a wistfulness in the major's smile that touched the driver. There had been no wistfulness in the smile of the big, vigorous man who had been boss in the old days.

"Why, you aren't any grayier, Major,"

he said, embarrassed by his feeling; "a little bent, maybe."

"Bent—I'm dead broke." The major could hear himself saying that in the old days, secure in the all-sufficing possession of a future, and he knew the source of the sensitiveness that kept the words back now.

"Folks to meet you, Major, or goin' to a hotel?"

"To a hotel. The St. Nicholas still running?"

"Yes; Basker has it—Basker who managed a street fair here years ago and ran off with old Casper's daughter."

"Oh, yes, I remember. Good business man." He handed over his valise and got into the cab, feeling as though he were going to his own funeral.

There were no other passengers for Russel, so he called to the day operator, who always rode up with him.

"Who is the old Don, Russel?" asked the operator.

"Oh, he used to be about the biggest gun in town—Major Bourbon. His wife was a sister of Jim Bennit."

"That good-looking good-for-nothing?"

"Whole damn family had better looks than morals. Girl was a stunner. Best looker I ever seen. Built like a Cup yacht—jest to go; and she went some, I tell you; took good part of the major's money along. She was young enough for him to be her father, and she jest about fitted him into that position, I guess. She led him a merry dance, and he waltzed after her like a giddy girl's dad. If ever a man loved a woman he surely did her. I'll never forget his face the day he came down to the office and told us he and his wife were goin' to Floridy. We heard afterwards that the doctor had just told him she had consumption. It was beyond me how he could care so much."

The operator laughed.

"I don't suppose you imagined then that any woman could ever stir you up," he said.

"I! Oh, I hain't no Major Bourbon now. I couldn't keep on wastin' feelin's over a woman that didn't care nothin' about me. Reckon my lovin' would be sort of a bottle-siphon affair beside the major's flowin' spring."

"Did she die?"

"Sure; and the major went away soon afterwards. He's been in some big deals, I've heard."

They were swinging round on to the square and Russel pulled up to let the operator off. Major Bourbon leaned forward to look out. It was Saturday. It had been on a Saturday he had gone away; and looking upon the familiar

scene he could not put twenty years between the two days.

He looked hungrily for a familiar face as they drove on through the crowd, but saw none until the cab stopped in front of the hotel. The post-office was next, and out of it was coming the major's old business associate, Hugh Mitchel. He had his old quick, bird-like movements, and the trim skirts of his cutaway still looked on him like the folded wings of a robin. He came forward in astonishment, and grasped the major's hand in silence.

"Well, well, Mitchel, does it take so long to look back twenty years?" the major asked with his old quizzical smile.

"Twenty years! Not many of them called on you, did they? They don't seem to have left their cards."

"Oh, I carry my card-case inside. No need to ask about your health. How is the place, Mitchel—prospering?"

"Oh, yes; rather slow-going, but it suits me; I'm going too fast now to suit me. Come to stay, Bourbon?"

"I think so. How is Mrs. Mitchel?"

Mitchel hesitated, in evident embarrassment, then said: "You know this is my second wife? Mary died ten years ago."

The major had not known, but he replied with ready tact: "Yes, I heard. Was it any one I knew? I never heard the name."

"No; she was a stranger—Sarah Gray. You must come up and see us. We live in the old place, alone. The boys are both married. There's Harry's boy now in the buggy. He's hunting me to drive me home. I'll drop in to-morrow, Bourbon."

He was off with his usual briskness, but the major, looking after him, sighed. The effervescent zest of life that had been Mitchel's chief charm was gone. He, too, was old inside. And the major went up the hotel steps, feeling farther away from his home place than he had on the streets of Seattle.

But the news of his arrival spread, and after supper a number of old acquaintances came down to see him. Only a few were near his own age; the others were young enough to be a reflection of himself as he had been here, and the reflection cheered him. And it was with a warm glow in his heart that he stood late that night before his window, looking out, trying to bring his eyes from the focus in which the immensities of stone and steel to which they were accustomed had set them. For several years he had longed for the courage to come home old and poor and beaten. He had been wont to make himself more homesick by dreaming that there he might play a part instead of merely looking on, and, now that the stimulating cheer of his friends had dispelled the depressing loneliness of his arrival, the hope rose again within him.

He turned after a time to the east window. Out that way lay the cemetery, and Annagale. He would not have believed when he went away that the nearness of her resting-place could so comfort him. He stood until the lights in the stores began to go out, and then went to bed with an exquisite sense of content.

His elation was with him next morning, and increased through the day. Wherever he turned there was some one to hail him and show him a pleased face. He had to stop often on his way to Annagale's grave, and near the outskirts of the town, where he knew the families by their homes, he got many a friendly glance of recognition.

At the greenhouse the florist greeted him with a pleased cry that fanned the glow within him.

"Major Bourbon! Major Bourbon! Well, well! When did you get back?"

"Last night. And you and your business have both waxed fat since I left," said the major, looking from the florist's paunch to the rows of glass roofs that had been added to the one he remembered.

"Yes, yes; come in and see," laughed the florist.

"No, not this time. I just stopped for my roses. You have them?"

"American Beauties? You see I remember. Yes, yes, and they are beauties. Over this way. My, but it makes me feel younger to see you back!"

"And how is Mrs. Sauerhalz? Does she still help you?"

"Oh, she is fat an' hearty; she helps sometimes, but I keep a girl now."

"You kept one then," said the major slyly, and Sauerhalz shook with pleased laughter.

"Ha! ha! You remember that, too? She married Skale. He used to be hostler fer Lawyer Sinton. Yes, yes, I was young then."

Sinton! The memories the name evoked kept Bourbon hateful company the rest of the way to Annagale's grave. Sinton had been to him as a younger brother until he had discovered that to Annagale he was more. Bourbon was sorry yet, at times, that he had not throttled him the night he had suddenly stepped into his hall and found him with his arms dropping and Annagale stepping back from him. The man had stood in embarrassed silence, but the woman had laughingly said: "How you startled us! Come on and play, Major, while I teach Sinton how to waltz."

She had faced him carelessly, even before the lie in Sinton's eyes, but with the instinct of the male animal Sinton had backed away before the murderous hate of the jealous mate. Only the consciousness of his responsibility for Annagale had kept Bourbon's twitching fingers from the man's throat. He had married Annagale, knowing through the intuition of his own love that she did not love him; had shut his eyes; had even, in his desire to possess her, let her mother tip the scales in his favor with his wealth. But his love for his wife held no selfishness. As she had awakened to the value of her lost birthright, he had

THE MAJOR'S WIFE HAD BEEN BUILT LIKE A CUP
YACHT—JUST TO GO—AND SHE WENT

awakened to the sin of the cheat he had put upon her, and when she showed a disposition to throw the mess of pottage into the gutter, the sense of his blame had kept the bitterness in his heart from

pouring itself out upon her. In those days and in that community divorce was written with the indelible ink of disgrace, and even had it been otherwise he could not have put upon her the indignity of showing her unable to hold him, body and soul, by giving her grounds for divorce.

He liked to remember now how fiercely she had clung to life at the last. Surely, if she had been wholly unhappy with him she would not have fought so hard to live. She had been so utterly dependent upon him, had clung to him so. He remembered every little trusting movement she had made, every confidence she had given him. Even that memory had its bitterness, for once, as he sat beside her, she had laid her arms across his knees, laid her face upon them, and said brokenly: "Howel, I want you to forgive me everything before I die—everything you know—and don't know."

He had slipped his hand from her hair down over her lips, while his other kept up its caressing stroke on her cheek, and she had been satisfied, and had never guessed what torture she had put into his heart.

Patches of March snow still lay in the sheltered parts of the cemetery, and the major picked up a handful and crushed it against the rose stems. There would be none on the sunny knoll where he had buried Annagale.

In the town itself he had found enough change to make him feel strange. He had been in places that had changed more in twenty days than this in twenty years; yet here were new graves, new paths, new trees, until he was bewildered.

It was nearing noon when he came away, and before he reached the square he met working-men hurrying home to dinner. Most of them were young men, but three knew him, and one he knew, and with each lift of his soft felt hat his heart went up higher out of its depths. It was good to be at home.

For a month or so the town, or that part of it that meant the town to him, stopped on its way to make him feel a part of itself; but gradually he fell into the position of the visitor who is no longer such a novelty to the family members as to engross their attention, yet too much of an outsider to be allowed to participate in the daily work. In his old homesick longings he had fancied himself supplying some demand, but now he realized that he must first create the demand, and that he no longer had the power to create. He had no money; he had not the aggression of self-confidence. He was no longer positive.

So he settled into a passive existence on his major's pension, putting in his days in aimless routine. In the old time he had been a power in the Republican party of the county, and he was greeted enthusiastically at the Republican club, but he found Sinton the ruling power there, and that closed that avenue of energy. After that he went his way alone, every inch of his tall form upholding the distinction of his aristocratic old face—an artistic bas-relief on the town's gray plane.

A man like the major is systematic even in doing nothing, and you had only to look at the clock to trace him. He came down to breakfast at eight, sat for an hour afterward in the office reading the papers, and then walked to the cemetery. He liked the walk and the hour with himself he could have there. In his room the servant might disturb him, but it was rarely that any one besides himself visited the cemetery in the morning, and for months he did not encounter any one near his lot. Then one bright June day a spruce young fellow strode through a neighboring by-path with a tread that sent the invigorating crunch of gravel to the major's ears. The major looked after him admiringly, delighting in the abounding, buoyant force of youth. He wondered a little what the young man was doing there; no thought

AFTER THAT THE MAJOR WENT HIS WAY ALONE

of sorrow could rise before his exuberant life.

The major had forgotten him, and was rising to depart, when he saw him returning with a young girl. She glanced at the major as they passed, and he lifted his hat gravely. He had not meant to show the troubled questioning he felt, but he could see she detected it by the haughty air with which she turned away. She was extremely pretty, with a

look that reminded him of some one he could not place, and she was not more than seventeen. The boy was older, and his face was handsome, but he had a bold, important air that was not pleasing.

When the major arrived next morning the two were already there up at the Lamson lot, just diagonally across from the major's. The girl was sitting on the one iron chair. Her head drooped

thoughtfully, and she seemed troubled, while the young man stood before her, animated and ardent, evidently trying to overcome the feeling that kept her from accepting his view.

They left while the major got water for his flowers, and he saw that they separated at the north gate, and that the fellow came back to the south. Major Bourbon went to town troubled by this new responsibility.

"Jim," he said to the hotel clerk, "old Lamson's son Tom is dead, isn't he?"

"Yes, long ago."

"Leave any children?"

"One—Tom. He lives with the old man, which shows how hardy the old man's constitution is."

"Wild?"

"Wild! He's fierce! Belongs to the jungle. Been run out of two colleges. The old man moved to his farm, the one just out of town here, you know, to keep him in; but Lord! you might as well try to keep a mountain-lion in a four-foot chicken coop."

Bourbon smoked away as though uninterested. He was pondering what he had better do. He could go to old Lamson, but the girl's face pleaded with him. She looked the right sort. She had shown that she felt the humiliation of these meetings; perhaps if he spoke to her—he would try that, anyway.

He did not stop to read his papers next morning; he wanted to get to the cemetery early, so that he might reach the north gate ahead of the girl. As he walked up to his lot he saw a little flutter of white paper from one of the pointed ornaments of the iron chair on the Lamson lot, and he walked near enough to see that the paper was folded and was evidently a note. Then he sat down to wait. The girl was later than usual; perhaps the tryst had been put later because of him. She seemed to hesitate when she saw Lamson was not there, and the major rose to call to her, but she came on. Probably there had been notes before.

He let her get directly opposite him before he spoke to her. She turned quickly at his first word and stood like a wild creature, ready to bolt at a sign of danger.

"I want to speak to you—before you read that note," he said with gentle deference.

All the blood in her body came to her face in a rush, and she stood stupefied.

"Your face reminds me of some one I have known, but I can't place you," he went on questioningly. He counted on her being too proud to deny herself, and he was right.

"I am Lucy Sinton," she answered readily; and the shock of the name stunned him in turn. It was bitter to have to turn away humiliation from Ralph Sinton. He was silent so long that the girl looked at him. He saw the lift of her head and met her eyes with a smile.

"Lucy Allen's daughter. That was it. I knew your mother when she was a little girl. She and my wife were school-girls together. Your Uncle Charles told me of her death once when I ran across him in Chicago. I am Major Bourbon."

"I know," said the girl, twisting her fingers up and down the stem of her parasol.

"I am glad you are Lucy's daughter; I can talk to you as I like to think Lucy would have talked to my daughter."

"You never had a daughter, did you?" asked the girl, seeking to shake off her overwhelming embarrassment. The major's eyes softened into a dreamy wistfulness that he had never before let them hold when there was any one to see.

"Yes, I had one once," he answered, "a girl sweet as you. It is remembering her that encourages me to speak to you." He saw the girl's puzzled eyes rest on the one grave, and he added: "No, she isn't buried here; she never lived, except in my own hopes, but she is real to me just the same."

"MY LITTLE GIRL, MY LITTLE GIRL," SINTON MURMURED BROKENLY

The girl had fiercely resented his interference, and only fear of his knowledge had kept her from defying him; but her sense of right was keen and her heart was tender, and the major had reached both. Her face softened, and she took the chair he had brought her.

"You know how distasteful this must be to me, a stranger," he said, sitting down on the bank. "I didn't know Lamson; I didn't know your name until you told me; but I see you doing something it would hurt me to have my girl do—something that a man who cares for a girl in the right way wouldn't ask her to do. I know, for I was a wild youth myself; but when it came to the woman I loved, I was as careful of her as I would

have you be of yourself. I don't know why your father objects—if your being here tells me he does object—but Ralph Sinton's natural sympathy for his daughter tells me his objections are well founded."

The girl's chin quivered.

"I don't know whether you love Tom Lamson or not, but if you do, the best thing you can do for him is to let his hope of winning you make such a man of him as will be acceptable to your father. Lamson perhaps tells you he can't get on without you, but before you listen to that you should know what a hopeless risk a rickety backbone is. Lucy, I have spoken to you because that way seemed kindest to you. Now tell

me, if you were in my place what would you do?"

"You mean that you want to tell my father?" she asked, with a startled glance.

"Want to! God forbid! But should I?"

"No, no, that would hurt him dreadfully." Her concern overcame her timidity. "Don't think there is no sympathy between us; he is the best father a girl ever had. But he is so wild against Tom; he had no sympathy at all for him; wouldn't believe that we cared for each other—" She stopped short in surprise at herself, and the major smiled as though he did not see her embarrassment, and said:

"You can't blame him; he knows we all believe we have the smallpox when it's only the chicken-pox. Go and read your note now, and then tell me what I shall do."

She stood for a moment after she had read it, and he watched her uneasily; but she turned again and came back, and held the paper out to him.

"Am being rushed off on 7:30. Change at Lima. Come there on 11. Will have minister. No later; uncle takes me off at 12. "T."

"They are taking him to some school; he won't know where until his uncle decides. He was willing, but he wanted me to marry him first. Now, if I go up there to mother's grave and wait until after train time, will that satisfy you?"

"Surely," he answered. She hesitated a moment, as if intending to speak again, but finally went away in silence.

Ralph Sinton was buried in the papers of an important case and did not immediately respond to his daughter's knock at the door of his private room an hour later, but when he did open it and saw her face, he held out his arms as he had done when she came to him in her childish woes. And she told him her story.

"My little girl, my little girl," he murmured brokenly when she had finished. He put her into a chair and went to the window, too moved to say more. He saw the major settling himself into his usual seat in the court-house square. There had never been any open break between the two, but Sinton knew what lay beneath the major's courteous manner, and anyway the guilty sense of his ingratitude toward the man who had befriended him would have held him aloof. The weight of that remembrance increased as his understanding grew with his daughter's growth; and since the old man's return the patrician face and lonely figure had met him at every turn like an accusing ghost. Sinton had loved Annagale Bourbon, too; had loved her better than the better woman he had married, though he had known what he thought the major did not know—that her soul was too small to hold a great love. He had not cared that the husband was his friend; but now as he stood in the shock of his daughter's story he realized that God's punishments do not always come as afflictions.

Suddenly he went back to Lucy and kissed her.

"Stay here until I come back, dear," he said gently, and hurried across to the court-house. Bourbon moved aside uneasily as Sinton sat down on the bench.

"Yes, my girl has told me," Sinton answered his glance. "Once started aright, she will go the whole way. I went at it wrong. I see it now. I didn't come to give you common thanks, Bourbon; it has gone deeper than that. I don't know whether you know, but your wife set me right once when I made a fool of myself. Probably she never told you for fear you would resent her letting me off so easily."

The unselfish purpose in his heart kept his eyes clear as they met the major's. The major's face was white as his hair, and his hand shook as he thrust his cane into the gravel, but he held his voice

steady as he said: "Yes, Annagale told me; she blamed herself because she thought she might have been too light and gay with you, poor girl."

Sinton looked at him in wondering admiration. God! what a pity that depths like these could be sounded by a woman who did not know! The silence was becoming awkward when the Catholic church-bell rang out the noon hour, and the major rose with a few careless parting words and went to dinner.

"It has put a new glow into his heart—God forgive me!" thought Sinton, strolling back to his office. He glanced back, and a grim smile came into his eyes.

The thought-furrows were still in his forehead when a passing politician hailed him.

"Thinking how we're going to do them up to-morrow?" he asked.

Sinton stood still, struck by a sudden thought.

"Bonem, I believe you're to be nominated for mayor," he said slowly.

Bonem stared.

"That's the program, you know," he said questioningly.

"What do you say to changing the mayoralty for the legislature?"

Bonem stared blankly into the twinkle in his chief's eyes.

"I thought you wanted that," he said at last.

"I did, but I've changed my mind; got something better in view. Of course the mayoralty is a sure thing and the other is a chance. Want the chance?"

"Sure. But what'll we do about mayor?"

Sinton was drawing a couple of cigars from his pocket. He handed one over and paused to strike a match.

"How would Bourbon do?" he asked, when he had a light.

"The major? All right, I suppose. Does he belong to us?"

Sinton smiled.

"Not on your life! He belongs to himself, you bet! But it's time we put up a candidate like that. So just rustle around and see the boys. Don't let them know I suggested him; you do that. Then bring some of them around to the office this afternoon and break the news to me. You know how to work it."

Late that evening a delegation waited upon Major Bourbon in his room.

"Major," began Bonem, smilingly, as the major rose, "we've come to ask you to change your name. We want you to let us change that *j* to a *y*."

"You see," he went on as the major stared, "I was going to run for mayor, and my friends here promised their support, but I've changed my mind, and some of the committee thought you might take the nomination." He turned suddenly to one of the delegates and asked: "Did you speak to Sinton, Smith?"

"Yes; he said he had no choice if you didn't want it."

"Then may I nominate you, Major?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, you do me honor," began the major, then stopped, overcome, and silently led the way to the hotel bar.

When they were gone he went back to his room and stood by the east window, as he had done that first night. Poor little girl! That had been the confession she had wanted to make. She had not loved him, she might have loved Sinton, but she had been his wife. And the town! it was to be his town. Oh, it was good to be at home!

THE LION'S SHARE

By OCTAVE THANET

Author of "The Man of the Hour," etc.

CHAPTER VII

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

A MUD-SPLASHED automobile running off Van Ness Avenue down a narrower and shadier side street in the afternoon of the Sunday following the disappearance of Archie Winter. One of the occupants seemed to be an invalid whom the brilliant March sunshine had not tempted out of his heavy wrappings and cap; the other was a short, thick-set, corduroy-jacketed chauffeur. One marked the runabout at a glance as a hardly used livery motor-car; but a moment's inspection might have shown that it was running with admirable smoothness and quiet. The chauffeur wore goggles, hence his eyes were shielded, but he turned a broad smile upon the pallid cheeks and sharpened profile beside him.

"Colonel, as a health seeker who can't keep warm enough, you're great!" he cried. "Lord! but you look the part!"

"If I can't shed some of these con-founded mufflers soon," growled the pale sufferer addressed, "I'll get so red with heat it will come through my beautiful powder. I hope those fellows won't see us, for they will be on to us, all right."

"Our own mothers wouldn't be on to us in these rigs," the chauffeur replied cheerily; he seemed to be in a hopeful mood; "and let us once get into the house, and surprise 'em; and there'll be something drop. But I haven't really had a chance to tell you the latest—having to pick you up at a drug store this way. Now, let's sum things up! You think the boy got out through Keatcham's apartment? Or Mrs. Wigglesworth's?"

"How else?" said the colonel, "he can't fly, and if he could, he couldn't fly out and then lock the windows from the inside."

"I see"—the chauffeur appeared thoughtful—"and the Wigglesworth door was locked. You think that Keatcham is in it, some way?"

"Not Keatcham. His secretary and that valet of his; I think the secretary is Cary Mercer. The boy might have slipped out in those few moments we were hunting for him inside," the colonel said. "Afterward, either Mrs. Melville Winter or I was on guard until your man came. But there was *one* time afterward when he might have got by."

"When?"

"That time the valet broke the dishes and was, apparently, so flustered. Burney admits he went over to him. Some one could slip out of the fireless stove man's rooms, and round the corner to the elevator in a couple of seconds. Then, of course, I might see their rooms—"

"Provided, that is, the fireless stove drummer is in the plot, too."

"The fireless stove drummer who smokes Villar y Villar cigars? He is in it, I think, Birdsall."

"Well, I'll assume that. Next thing: you get the telephone call. And you say the voice sounded chipper; didn't look like he was being hurt or bothered any way, did it?"

"Not at all. Besides, you know the letter Miss Smith got this morning?"

"I think I'd like another peek at that; will you drive her a minute, while I look

at the letter again?" The instant his hands were free Birdsall pulled out the envelope from his leather-rimmed pocket.

It was rectangular in shape and smaller than the ordinary business envelope. The paper was linen of a diamond pattern, having no engraved heading. The detective ran his eyes down the few lines written in an unformed boyish hand. There was neither date nor place; only these words:

DEAR MISS JANET—Don't you or auntie be worried about me because I am well and safe and having a good time. I had the nose bleed that is why I spotted the carpet. Tell Auntie to please pay for it out of my next week's allowance. Be sure and don't worry.

Your aff. friend,

ARCHIBALD PAGE WINTER.

"You're sure this is the boy's writing?" was the detective's comment.

"Sure. And his spelling, too."

"Now," said Birdsall, watching the colonel's keen, aquiline profile as he spoke, "now you notice there's no heading or mark on the paper; and the watermark is only O. K. E., Mass., 1904. And that amounts to nothing; those folks sell all over the country. But you notice that it is not the ordinary business paper; it looks rather ladylike than commercial, doesn't it?"

The colonel admitted that it did look so.

"Now, assuming that this letter was sent with the connivance of the kidnapers, and it looks as if our young gentleman wasn't in any particular danger or having a hard time. To me, it looks pretty certain he must have skipped himself; tolled along some way, maybe, but not making any resistance. Now, is there anybody that you know who has influence over him for that? How about the lady's maid?"

"Randall has been a faithful servant

for twenty years, a middle-aged, serious-minded, decent woman. Out of the question."

"This Miss Smith, your aunt's companion, who is she? Do you know?"

"A South Carolinian; good family; she has lived with my aunt as secretary and companion for a year; my aunt is very fond of her."

"That all you know? Well I have found out a little more; she used to live with a Mrs. James S. Hastings, a rich Washington woman. The lady's only son fell in love with her; *somehow* the marriage was broken off."

"What was his name?"

"Lawrence. They called him Larry. He went to Manila. Maybe you've met him there."

"Yes, I knew him; I don't believe he ever was accepted by her."

"I don't know, I have only had two days on her biography. Later, she went to Johns Hopkins Hospital. One of the doctors was very attentive to her—but it did not come to anything. She didn't graduate. Don't know why. Then she went to live with Miss Angela Norton, who died and left her money, away from her own family. There was talk of breaking the will; but it wasn't done. Then she came to Mrs. Winter."

The colonel was silent; there was nothing discreditable in these details. He had known before that Janet Smith was poor; that she had been thrown on the world early; that she must earn her own livelihood; yet, somehow, as Birdsall marshaled the facts, there was an insidious, malarious hint of the adventuress, bandied from place to place, hawking her attractions about, wheeling, charming for hire, entrapping imbecile young cubs—Larry Hastings wasn't more than twenty-two—somehow he felt a revolt against the picture and against the man submitting it—and, confound Millicent!

The detective changed the manner of his questions a little. "I suppose your

aunt is pretty advanced in years, though she is as well preserved an old lady as I have ever met, and as shrewd. Say, wouldn't she be likely to leave the boy a lot of money?"

"I dare say." The colonel was conscious of an intemperate impulse to kick Birdsall, who had been such a useful fellow in the Philippines.

"If anything was to happen to him, who would get the money?"

"Well, Mrs. Melville and I are next of kin," returned the colonel dryly. "Do you suspect *us*?"

"I did look up Mrs. Melville," answered the unabashed detective, "but I guess she's straight goods all right. But say, how about Miss Smith?"

The colonel stared, then he laughed. "Birdsall," said he, "there's somewhat too much mention of ladies' names to suit my Virginian taste. But if you mean to imply that Miss Smith is going to kill Archie to get my aunt's money I can tell you you are *way off*! Your imagination is too active for your profession. You ought to hire out to the yellow journals."

His employer's satire did not even flick the dust off Birdsall's complacency; he grinned cheerfully. "Oh, I'm not so bad as *that*; I don't suppose she did kill the boy; I think he's alive, all right. But say, Colonel, I'll give it to you straight; I do think the señora did coax the boy off. You admit, don't you, he went off. Well, then, he was coaxed, somehow. Now, who's got influence enough to coax him? You cross out the maid; so do I. You cross out Mrs. Melville Winter; so do I. I guess we both cross out the old lady. Well, there's you and the señora left. I don't suspect *you*, General."

"Really? I don't see why. I stand to make more than anybody else, if you are digging up motives. And how about the chambermaid?"

Birdsall flashed a glance of reproach on his companion. "Now, Colonel, do

you think I ain't looked *her* up? First thing. Nothing in it. Decent Vermont girl, three years in the hotel. Came for her lungs. She ain't in it. But let's get back to Miss Smith. Did you know she was Cary Mercer's sister-in-law?"

He delivered his shot in a casual way, and the colonel took it stonily; nevertheless, it went to the mark. Birdsall continued: "Now, question is, *was* Mercer the secretary? You didn't see the man in the elevator, except his back. Had he two moles? Burney says he *hadn't*."

"No; I looked. He had different clothes, too; but still there was something like Mercer about the shoulders."

"Burney didn't get a chance to take a snapshot, but he did snap the stove man. Here it is. Pull that book out of my pocket."

Obedying, the colonel lifted a couple of small prints which he scrutinized intently, at the end, admitting, "Yes, it is he all right. Now do you know what I think?"

Birdsall couldn't form an idea.

"I think the Keatcham party is in it; and I think they are after bigger game than Archie. Maybe the train robbers were a part of the scheme—although I'm not so sure of that."

"Oh, the robbers were in it all right. But now come to Miss Smith; where does she come in? Or are you as sure of her as Mercer was in Chicago?"

If he had expected to get a spark out of the Winter tinder by this scraping stroke, he was mistaken; the soldier did not even move his brooding gaze fixed on the hills beyond the house roofs; and he answered in a level tone: "Did you get *that* story from my aunt, or was it Mrs. Melville? I'm pretty certain you got your biography from that quarter. My aunt might have told her."

"That would be betraying a lady's confidence. I'm only a detective, whose business is to pry, but I never go back on the ladies. And I think, same's you, that the lady in question is a real nice,

high-toned lady; but I can't disregard the evidence. I never give out my system, but I've got one, all the same. Look here, see this paper?"—he had replaced the envelope in his pocket; he pulled it out again; or rather, so the colonel fancied, until Birdsall turned the envelope over, revealing it to be blank. "There's a sheet of paper inside; take it out. Look at the water-mark; look at the pattern; then compare it with this letter"—handing the colonel the original envelope—"same exactly, ain't they?"

The colonel, who had studied the two sheets of paper silently, nodded as silently; and he had a premonition of Birdsall's next sentence before it came. "Well, Mrs. Melville Winter, this morning, took me to Miss Smith's desk, where we found this and a lot more like it."

"You seem to be right in thinking the paper widely distributed," observed the colonel.

"And you don't think that suspicious?"

"I should think it more suspicious if the paper were not out on her desk. If she is such a deep one as you seem to think, she would hide such an incriminating bit of evidence."

"She didn't know we suspected her. Of course, you haven't shadowed her?"

"There is a limit to detective duty in the case of a gentleman," returned the colonel haughtily. "I have not."

Little Birdsall sighed; then in a propitiatory tone: "Well, of course, we both think there are others in it; I don't know exactly what you mean by bigger game, but I can make a stagger at it. Now, say, did you get any answer when you wrote to Keatcham himself?"

"Yes," said the colonel grimly, "I heard. You know the sort of letter I wrote; telling him of our dreadful anxiety and about the lad's being an orphan; don't you think it was the sort of letter a decent man would answer, no matter how busy he might be?"

"Sure. Didn't you get an answer?"

"I did." The colonel extricated himself from his wrappings enough to find a pale blue envelope, which he handed to Birdsall, at the same time taking the motor handle. "You see; typewritten, very polite, chilly sort of letter, kind to make a man hot under the collar and swear at Keatcham's heartlessness. Mr. Keatcham unable to answer, having been ill since he left San Francisco. Did not see anything of any boy. Probably boy ran away. Has no information of any kind to offer. And the writer is very sincerely mine. The minute I read it I was sure Mercer wrote it; and he wrote it to make me so disgusted with Keatcham I wouldn't pursue the subject with him. Just the same way he snubbed my aunt; and, for that matter, just the way he tried to snub me on the train. But he missed his mark; I wired every hotel in Santa Barbara and every one in Los Angeles; and Keatcham isn't there and hasn't been there. He has a big bunch of mail at Santa Barbara waiting for him, forwarded from Los Angeles, but he hasn't shown himself."

Birdsall shot a glance of cordial admiration at the colonel. "You're all there, General," he cried with unquenchable familiarity. "I've been trying to call up the Keatcham outfit, and I couldn't get a line, either. They haven't even used the tickets they bought—their reservations went empty to Los Angeles. Now, what do you make out of that?"

"I make out that Archie is only part of their game," replied the soldier. "Now see, Birdsall, you are not going to get a couple of rich young college fellows to do just plain kidnapping—and scaring women out of their money—"

"Lord, General," interrupted Birdsall, "those college guys don't turn a hair at kidnapping; they regularly steal the president of the freshman class, and the things they do at their hazing bees and initiations would make an Apache Indian sit up and take notice. I tell you, General, they're the limit for deviltry."

"Some kinds. Not that kind; it's too dirty. Arnold was one of the cleanest football players at Harvard. And I don't know anything about human nature if that other youngster isn't decent. But Mercer—*es un loco*; you can look out for anything from him. Now, see the combination. I've found out Arnold was at Harvard! I have traced the motor-car they used to him; and then, if you add that his father is away safe in Europe and he has an empty house, off to one side, with a quantity of space around it and the reputation of being haunted, why—"

"It looks good to me. And I understand my men have got around it on the quiet all right. How's your man Haley got on, hiring out to the Jap in charge?"

"Well enough; the Jap took him on to mow, but either Mr. Caretaker doesn't know anything or he won't tell. He's bubbling over with conversation about the flowers and the country and the Philippines, where he used to be; but he only knows that the honorable family are all away and he is to shun the house. Aren't we almost there?"

"Just around the corner. I guess when you see it you'll think it's just the *patio* a spook of taste would freeze to."

"Why is it haunted?"

"Now you have me. I ain't on to such dream stuff. Gimme five cards. Mrs. Arnold died off in Europe, so 'tain't her; and the house has only been built two years; but the neighbors have seen lights and heard groans and a pick chopping at the stones. Some folks say the land belonged to an old miner and he died before he could tell where he'd buried his *mazuma*; so he is taking a little *buscar* after it. There's the house, General."

The street climbed a gentle hill, and, on its crest, a large house in mission style looked over a pleasant land. Its position on a corner and the unusual size of the grounds about it gave the mansion

an effect of space. Of almost rawly recent erection though it was, the kindly climate had so fostered the growth of the pines, acacias and live-oaks, the eucalypti and the orange trees, which made a rich blur of color on the hillside, had so lavishly tended the creeping ivies and bougainvillas which masked the rounded lantern arches of the stern gray façade, and so sumptuously blazoned the flower-beds in the garden, on the one hand; yet, on the other, had so cunningly dulled the greenish gray of the cobblestones from California arroyos in chimney and foundation, and had so softly streaked the marble of the garden statues and the plaster of walls and mansion with tiny filaments of lichens or faint green moss, that the beholder might fancy the house to be the ancient home of some Spanish hidalgo, handed down with a hereditary curse, through generations, to the last of his race. One was tempted to this last flutter of fancy because of the impression given by the mansion. A sullen reticence hung about the place. The windows, for the most part, were heavily shuttered. Not a pane of glass flashed back at the sunlight; even those casements not shuttered turned blank dark green shades like bandaged eyes on the court and the beautiful terraces and the lovely sweep of hillsides where the wonderful shadows swayed and melted.

The bent figure of a man raking, distorted by the perspective, was visible just beyond the high pillars of the gateway. He paid no attention to the motions of the motor-car, nor did he answer a hail until it was repeated. Then he approached the car. Birdsall was in the roadway trying to unlock the gate. The man, whose Japanese features were quite distinguishable, bowed; he explained that the honorable owners were not at home; his insignificant self was the only keeper of the grounds. He spoke sufficiently good English with the accompaniment of a deprecatory, amiable

smile. Birdsall, in turn, told him that his own companion was a very great gentleman from the East who belonged to a society of vast power which was investigating spectral appearances, and that he had come thousands of miles to see the ghost.

The Japanese extended both hands, while the appeal of his smile deepened. "Too bad, velly," he murmured, "but not leally any g'lost, no, nev'."

"Don't you believe in the ghost?"

"No, me Clistian boy, no believe not'ing."

"All the samee," said the colonel, laboriously swinging himself from his vantage-ground of the motor seat to the flat top of the wall, thence dropping to the greensward below, "allee samee, like go in house hunt ghost." He crackled a banknote in the palm of the slim brown hand, smiling and nodding as if to break the force of his brusque action. Meanwhile, Birdsall had safely shut off his engine before he placed himself beside the others with an agility hardly to be expected of his rotund build.

As for the caretaker, whether because he perceived himself outnumbered, or because he was really void of suspicion, he accepted the money with outward gratitude and proffered his guidance through the garden and the orchards. He slipped into the rôle of cicerone with no atom of resistance; he was voluble; he was gracious; he was artlessly delighted with his señors. Notwithstanding this flood of suavity, however, there was no persuading him to admit them.

Assured of this, the two fell back for a second, time for the merest eye-blink from the detective to the soldier, who at once limped briskly up to the Jap, saying: "We are very much obliged to you; this is a beautiful house, beautiful gardens; but we want to see the ghost; and if you can give me young Mr. Arnold's address I will see him—or write, and we can come back."

The gardener, with many apologies and smiles, did not know Mr. Arnold's honorable address, but he drew out a soiled card, explaining that it bore the name of the gentleman in charge of the property. Birdsall, peering over the Jap's shoulder, added that it was the card of a well-known legal firm.

"Then," said the colonel, "we will thank you again for your courtesy, and—what's that?"

The Jap turned; they all started at the barking detonation of some explosion; while they gazed about them there came another booming sound, and they could see smoke pouring from the chimney and leaking through the window joints of a room in the rear of the house. Like a hare, not breaking his wind by a single cry, the Jap sped toward the court. The others were hard on his heels, though the colonel limped and showed signs of distress by the time they reached the great iron door.

The Jap pulled out a key; he turned it and swung the door barely wide enough to enter, calling on them to stay out, he would tell them if he needed them.

"Augustly stay; maybe honorable t'ieves!" he cried.

But the detective had interposed a stalwart leg and shoulder. Instantly the door swung open; he acted as if he had lost his wits with excitement. "You're burning up! Lord! you're burning! *Fire! Fire!*" he bawled.

Winter followed him, also calling aloud in a strident voice. And it was to be observed, being such an unusual preparation for a conflagration, that he had drawn a heavy revolver and ran with it in his hand. Before he jumped out of the car he had discarded his thick top-coat and all his wrappings.

An observer, also (had there been one near), would have taken note of a robust Irishman, who had been weeding the flower-beds, and would have seen him straighten at the first peal of the explo-

sion, stare wildly at the chimneys before any distinct smoke was to be seen, then run swiftly and climb up to a low chimney on a wing of the house, watering pot in hand. He would have seen him empty his inadequate fire extinguisher and rapidly descend the ladder, while the smoke volleyed forth as if defying his puny efforts; later, he would have seen the watering-pot bearer pursue the others into the house, emitting noble yells of "fire!" and "help!"

Further, this same observer, had he been an intimate friend of Sergeant Dennis Haley, certainly would have recognized that resourceful man of war in the amateur fireman.

CHAPTER VIII

FACE TO FACE

When the two men got into the house the dim rooms made them stumble for a moment after the brilliant sunshine of the outer skies; but in a second Bird-sall's groping hand had found an electric push and the room was flooded with light. They were in a small office off the kitchen, apparently. Smoke of a peculiarly pungent odor and eye-smarting character blurred all the surroundings; but during the moment the Jap halted to explore its cause the others perceived two doors and made for them. One was locked, but the other must have been free to open, since Haley, with his watering-can, bounded through it while they were tugging at the other. Almost immediately, however, Haley was back again shouting and pointing down the dark passage. "The fire's *there*," screamed the detective, "I can smell smoke! The smoke comes through the keyhole!" But while the Jap fitted a key in the lock and swung back the door, and Haley, who had paused to replenish his watering-can at a convenient faucet, darted after the other two, the colonel stood listening with every auditory

nerve strained to catch some sound. He yelled "fire! help!" at the top of his voice, but not moving a muscle. "Too far off," he muttered, then he yelled again and threw a heavy chair as if he had stumbled against it. Another pause; he got down on his knees to put his ear to the floor. Directly he rose; he did not speak, but the words that he said to himself were only: "Just possible. Some one down cellar; but not under here." Meanwhile he was hurrying in pursuit of the others as swiftly as his stiff knee would allow. He found them in a side hall with tiled or brick floor, gathered about a water-soaked heap of charred red paper.

"'Tis terrible!" announced Haley, "a bum for sure! a dinnermite bum!"—fishing out something like a tin tomato can from the sodden mass.

"Anyhow, *there* goes the real thing," observed the colonel coolly, as a formidable explosion jarred the air.

"If you blow us up, I kill you fust!" hissed the Jap, and his knife flashed.

"Kito! Kito!" soothed the colonel, lifting his revolver almost carelessly. Simultaneously two brawny arms pinioned the Jap's own arms at his side.

"Shure, Mister Samurai, 'tis the ongrateful chap youse is," expostulated Haley. "I hate to reshtrain ye, but if ye thry any jehujits on me 'twill be sahanara wid youse mighty quick."

"No understan'," murmured the Jap plaintively. "Why you hult me?"

"Come, put out the fire first," said the colonel; "you know the house, you go ahead."

The Jap darted on ahead so swiftly that they had some ado to follow; which seemed necessary, since he might have clashed a bolt on them at any turn. The colonel's stiff leg kept him in the rear, but Haley was never a hand's breadth behind the runner.

They found smoke in two places, but they easily extinguished the tiny flames. In both cases the bombs turned out to be

no more dangerous than a common kind of fireworks yielding a suffocating smoke in an enclosure, but doing no especial damage on safe and fire-proof ground like a hearth. They were quickly extinguished. In their search they passed from one luxurious room to another, the Jap leading, until he finally halted in a spacious library hung in Spanish leather, with ancient, richly carved Spanish tables and entrancing Spanish chairs of turned wood and age-mellowed cane, and book-cases sumptuously tempting a booklover. But the colonel cared only for the soul of a book, not its body; the richest and clearest of black letter or the daintiest of tooling had left him cold; moreover, every fiber in him was strung by his quest; and Haley, naturally, was immune; strangely enough, it was the cheerful, vulgar little detective who gave a glance, rapid but full of admiration, at the shelves and pile of missals on the table, incongruously jostled by magazines of the day.

Winter faced the Jap, who was sheathed again in his bland and impassive politeness. "Where is Mr. Mercer?" said he.

The Jap waved his hands in an eloquent Oriental gesture. He assured the honorable questioner that he did not know any Mr. Mercer. There was no one in the house.

The colonel had seated himself in a priceless armchair in Cordova stamped leather; he no longer looked like an invalid. "Show your star, please," he commanded Birdsall, and the latter silently flung back the lapel of his coat.

"I ought to tell you," continued Rupert Winter, "that the game is up. It would do no good for you to run that poisoned bit of steel of yours into me or into any of us; we have only to stay here a little too long and the police of San Francisco will be down on you—Oh, I know all about what sort they are, but we have money to spend as well as you.

You take the note I shall write to Mr. Mercer, or whatever you choose to call him, and bring his answer. We stay here until he comes."

Having thus spoken in an even, gentle voice, he scribbled a few words on a piece of paper which he took out of his notebook. This he proffered to the Jap.

On his part, the latter kept his self-respect; he abated no jot of his assurance that they were alone in the house; he insinuated his suspicion that they were there for no honest purpose; finally he was willing to search the house if they would stay where they were.

"I am not often mistaken in people," was the colonel's rather oblique answer, "and I think you are a gentleman who might kill me if he had a chance, but would not break his word to me. If you will promise to play fair with us, do no harm to my nephew, take this letter and bring me an answer—if you find any one—on your word of honor as a Japanese soldier and gentleman, you may go; we will not signal the police. Is it a bargain?"

The Jap gravely assented, still in the language of the East, "saving his face" by the declaration of the absence of his principals. And he went off as gracefully and courteously as if only the highest civilities had passed between them.

"Won't he try some skin game on us?" the detective questioned; but Winter only motioned toward the telephone desk. "Listen at it," he said, "you can tell if the wires are cut; and he knows your men are outside hiding, somewhere; he doesn't know how many. You see we have the advantage of them there; to be safe they don't dare to let many people into their secret. *We* can have a whole gang. We haven't many, but they may *think* we have."

Birdsall, who had lifted the receiver to his ear, laid it down with an appeased nod. Immediately he proceeded to satisfy his professional conscience by a

search in every nook and cranny of the apartment. But no result appeared important enough to justify the emerging of his red morocco notebook and his fountain pen. He had paused in disgust when the colonel sat up, suddenly, erect in his chair; his keener ears had caught some sound which made him dart to all the windows in succession. He called Haley (whom he had posted outside to guard the door) and despatched him across the hall to reconnoiter. "It was the sound of wheels," he explained, "but Haley will be too late; we are on the wrong side of the house."

As he spoke the buzz of an electric bell jarred their ears. "Somebody is coming in the front door," hazarded Birdsall.

"Evidently," returned the colonel dryly. "How can our absent friends get in otherwise—at least how can they let us understand they have come in? I think we are going to have the pleasure of an interview with the elusive Mr. Mercer."

They waited. The colonel motioned Birdsall to a seat by the table, within breathing distance of the telephone. He himself fluttered the loose journals and magazines, his ironic smile creasing his cheek. "Our Japanese friend reads the newspapers," he remarked. "Here are to-day's papers; yes, *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, unfolded and smoked over. Cigar, too, not cigarette, for here is a stump—decidedly our cherry-blossom friends are getting civilized!"

"Oh, there is somebody *in* here all right," grunted Birdsall. "Say, Colonel, you are sure Mrs. Winter has had no answer to her ad? No kind of notice about sending money?"

"I haven't seen her for a few hours, but I saw Mrs. Melville Winter; she was positive no word had come. She thought my aunt was more worried than she would admit, and Miss Smith looked pale, although she seemed hopeful."

"She didn't really want to give me the

letter, I thought," said the detective. The colonel gave him no reply save a black look. A silence fell. A footfall outside broke it; a firm, in no wise stealthy footfall. Birdsall slipped his hand inside his coat. The colonel rose and bowed gravely to Cary Mercer.

On his part, Mercer was in no wise flurried; he looked at the two men, not with the arrogant suspicion flung at Winter on the train, but with the composed and melancholy courtesy which had been in his bearing at Cambridge, three years before.

"This, I think, is Colonel Winter?" he said, returning the bow, but not extending his hand, which hung down, slack and empty at his side.

"I am glad you recognized me this time, Mr. Mercer."

"I am sorry that I did not recognize you before," answered Mercer. "Will you gentlemen be seated. I am not the owner of the house nor his son; I am not even a friend, only a casual acquaintance of the young man, but I seem to be rather in the position of host, so will you be seated, and may I offer you some Scotch and Shasta—Mr.—ah—"

"Mr. Horatio Birdsall, of the Bird-sall and Gwen Detective Agency," interposed Winter. Birdsall bowed. Mercer bowed. "Excuse me if I decline for us both; our time is limited—no, thank you, not a cigar, either. Now, Mr. Mercer, to come to the point, I want my nephew. I understand he is in this house."

"You are quite mistaken," Mercer responded with unshaken calm. "He is not."

"Where is he, then?"

"I do not know, Colonel Winter. What I should recommend is for you to go back to the Palace, and if you do not find him there—why come and shoot us up again!" His eye strayed for a second to the blackened, reeking mass on the great stone hearth.

"Have you sent him home? Is that what you mean to imply?"

"I imply nothing, Colonel; I don't dare to with such strenuous fighters as you gentlemen; only go and see, and if you do find the young gentleman has had no ill treatment, no scare—only a little adventure such as boys like, I hope you will come out here, or wherever I may be, and have that cigar you are refusing."

The colonel was frankly puzzled. He couldn't quite focus his wits on this bravado which had nothing of the bravo about it, in fact had a tinge of wistfulness in its quiet. One would have said the man regretted his compulsory attitude of antagonism; that he wanted peace.

Mercer smiled faintly. "You ought to know by this time when a man is lying, Colonel," he continued, "but I will go further. I may have done plenty of wrong things in my life; some things, maybe, which the law might call a crime; but I have never done anything which would debar me from passing my word of honor as a gentleman; nor any one else from taking it. I give you my word of honor that I have meant and I do mean no slightest harm to Archie Winter; and that, while I do not *know* where he is at this speaking, I believe you will find him safe under your aunt's protection when you get back to the Palace."

"Call up the Palace Hotel, Mr. Birdsall," was the colonel's reply. "Mr. Mercer, I do not distrust that you are speaking exactly, but you know your Shakespeare; and there are promises which keep their word to the ear but break it to the sense."

"I don't wonder at your mistake; but you are mistaken, sir."

Birdsall was phlegmatically ringing up Mrs. Winter, having the usual experience of the rash person who intrudes his paltry needs on the complex workings of a great hotel system.

"No, I don't know the number, I haven't the book here, but *you* know,

Palace Hotel. Well, give me Information, then—Busy? Well, give me another Information, then—yes, I want the Palace Hotel—P-a-l-a-c-e—yes, yes, Palace Hotel; yes, certainly. Yes? Mrs. Archibald Winter. Yes—line busy? Well, hold on until it is disengaged. Say, Miss Furber, that you? This is Birdsall and Gwen. Yes. Give me Mrs. Winter, will you, 337. This Mrs. Winter? Oh, when will she be back? Is Mrs. Melville Winter in? Well, Miss Smith in? She's gone, too? Has Master Archibald got back, yet, to the hotel? Hasn't? Thank you—eh?" in answer to the colonel's interruption. "What say, Colonel?"

"Tell her to call up this number"—the colonel read it out of the telephone book—"when Master Archie does get back, will you? I am afraid, Mr. Mercer, that you will have to allow us to trespass on your hospitality for a little longer."

He suspected that Mercer was annoyed, although he answered lightly enough: "As you please, Colonel Winter, I am sure you will hear very soon. Now, there is another matter, your machine; I understand you left it outside. Will you ring for Kito, Colonel? You are sitting by the bell. Under the circumstances you may prefer to do your own ringing. I will ask him to attend to the car."

The colonel made proper acknowledgments. He was thinking that had Mercer cared to confiscate the motor, he would have done it without ringing; on the other hand, did he desire some special intercourse with his retainer, wherein, under their very noses, he could issue his orders—well, they might get a whiff of the secret themselves were he allowed to try. At present the game baffled him. Therefore he nodded at Birdsall's puckered face behind Mercer's shoulder. And he rang the bell.

The Jap answered it with suspicious alacrity.

"Kito," said Mercer, "will you attend to General Winter's car? Bring it up to the court."

Absolutely harmless, to all appearances, but Birdsall, from his safe position behind master and man, looked shrewd suspicion at the soldier.

"Shall your man in the hall go with him?" asked Mercer.

The colonel shook his head. "No," he said quietly, "we have other men outside if he needs help. Call Skid, please." But when Birdsall attempted to get central there was no response.

The colonel merely shrugged his shoulders, although Birdsall frowned. "What a pity!" said Winter softly. "Now the fellows will come when the time is up; we can't call them off."

Mercer smiled faintly. "There are two more telephones in the house," he observed. "You can call off your dogs easily any time you wish. Also you can hear from the Palace. Will you come upstairs with me? I assure you I have not the least intention of harm to you or the honest sergeant?"

"You take the first trick, Mercer," said the colonel, "I suppose the bell was your signal to have the wires cut. But about going; no, I think we will stay

here. There is a door out on the court which, if you will open—thank you. A charming prospect! Excuse me if I send Haley out there; and may I go myself?"

Anticipating the answer, he stepped under the low mission lintel into a fairy-like Californian court or *patio* of pepper trees and palms and a moss-grown fountain. There were the usual colonnade and seats of stone below the sculptured columns into the wall. Mercer, smiling, motioned to one of them. "I wish I could convince you, Colonel, that you are in no need of that plaything in your hand, and that you are going to dine with your boy—isn't he a fine fellow?"

The colonel did not note either his admission that he had seen Archie, nor a curious warming of his tone; he had stiffened and grown rigid like a man who receives a blow which he will not admit. He stole a glance at the detective and met an atrocious smirk of complacency. They both had caught a glimpse of a figure flitting into a door of the court. They had both seen a woman's profile and a hand holding a little steel tool which had ends like an alligator's nose. And both men recognized Miss Smith.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

RESIGNATION

By EUGENE C. DOLSON

Each by some luckless circumstance
Is fettered; yet 'twere greater gain
To carry than by any chance
To drag the chain.

THE RULERS OF EAST AND WEST

THE WINDS OF THE SEA

By JOSEPH CONRAD

Author of "Youth," "Nostromo," "The Mirror of the Sea"

ON the vast open battlefield of the sea the winds of the earth struggle for preëminence in the possession of high latitudes. There is no part of the world of coasts, continents, oceans, seas, straits, capes and islands which is not under the sway of a reigning wind, the sovereign of its typical weather. The wind rules the aspects of the sky and the action of the sea. But no wind rules unchallenged his realm of land and sea. As with the kingdoms of the earth there are regions more turbulent than others. In the middle belt of the earth the easterly winds reign supreme, undisputed, like the secure monarchs of long-settled kingdoms, whose traditional power, checking all undue ambitions, is not so much an exercise of personal right as the working of long-established institutions. The kingdoms of the long-established east winds are favorable to the ordinary life of a merchantman. The trumpet-call of strife is seldom borne on their wings to the watchful ears of men on the decks of ships. The regions ruled by the northeast and southeast trade-winds are serene. In a southern-going ship bound out for a long voyage the passage through their dominions is characterized by a relaxation of strain and vigilance on the part of the seamen. Those citizens of the ocean feel sheltered under the ægis

of an uncontested law of an undisputed dynasty. There, indeed, if anywhere on earth, the weather may be trusted.

Yet not too implicitly. Even in the constitutional realm of trade-winds, north and south of the equator, ships are overtaken by strange surprises. Still the easterly winds, and, generally speaking, easterly weather all the world over, may be trusted for regularity and persistence.

As a ruler the east wind has a remarkable stability, as an invader of the regions under the tumultuous sway of his great brother the wind of the west, he is extremely difficult to dislodge, by the reason of his cold craftiness and profound duplicity.

The narrow seas around these isles where British admirals keep watch and ward upon the marches of the Atlantic Ocean are subject to the turbulent sway of the west wind. Call it northwest or southwest, it is all one, a different phase of the same character, a changed expression on the same face. For in the orientation of the winds that rule the seas the north and south directions are of no importance. There are no north and south winds of any account upon this earth. The north and south winds are but small princes in the dynasties that make peace and war upon the sea.

They never assert themselves upon a vast stage. They depend upon small local causes, the configuration of coasts, the shapes of straits, the accidents of bold promontories round which they play little part. In the policy of winds, as amongst the tribes of earth, the struggle lies between east and west.

THE WEST WIND

The west wind reigns over the seas surrounding the coasts of these kingdoms; and from the gateways of the channels, from promontories as if from watch-towers, from estuaries of rivers as if from postern-gates, from passage-ways, inlets, straits, firths, the garrison of the fortress and the crews of the ships going and returning look to westward to judge by the varied splendors of his sunset mantle the temper of that arbitrary ruler. The end of the day is the time to gaze at the kingly face of the westerly weather, who is the arbiter of ships' destinies. Benignant and splendid, or splendid and sinister, the western sky reflects the hidden purposes of the royal mind. Clothed in a mantle of dazzling gold or draped in rags of black clouds like a beggar, the might of the westerly wind sits enthroned upon the western horizon with the whole North Atlantic as a footstool for his feet and the first twinkling stars making a diadem for his brow. Then the seamen, attentive courtiers of the weather, think of regulating the conduct of their ships by the mood of the master. The westerly wind is too great a king to be a dissembler; he is no calculator plotting deep schemes in a somber heart; he is too strong for small artifices; there is passion in all his moods, even in the soft mood of his serene days, in the grace of his blue sky that envelops us like a vast caress, whose tender smile is reflected in the mirror of the sea. He is all things to all oceans. He is like a poet seated upon a throne, magnificent, simple, barbarous,

pensive, generous, impulsive, changeable, unfathomable, but, when you understand him, always the same. Some of his sunsets are like pageants devised for the delight of the multitude, when all the gems of the royal treasure-house are displayed above the sea. Others are like the opening of his royal confidence, full of thoughts of sadness and compassion, in a melancholy splendor of expression meditating upon the short-lived peace of the sea. And I have seen him put the pent-up utterances of his heart into the aspect of the inaccessible sun and cause it to glare fiercely, like the eye of an implacable autocrat out of a pale and frightened sky.

He is the war lord who sends his battalions of Atlantic rollers to the assault of our shores. The compelling breath of the west winds will muster up to his service all the might of the sea. At the bidding of the westerly wind there is a great commotion in the sky above these islands and a great rush of waters upon their shores. The sky of the westerly weather is full of living clouds, great big white clouds, coming thicker and thicker till they become welded into a solid canopy upon whose gray face the lower wrack of the gale, thin, black, and angry-looking, flies past with vertiginous speed. Denser and denser grows this dome of vapors, descending lower and lower upon the sea, narrowing the horizon around the ship. And the characteristic aspect of westerly weather, the thick, gray, smoky and sinister tone sets in, circumscribing the view of the men, drenching their bodies, oppressing their souls, taking their breath away with booming gusts, deafening, blinding, driving, rushing them onwards in a swaying ship toward a coast lost in mists and rain.

Southwest is the quarter of the heavens where the west wind presents his clouded brow. He breathes his rage in terrific squalls. He overwhelms his realm with an inexhaustible stream of

clouds. He strews the seeds of anxiety upon the decks of scudding ships. He makes the foam-stripped ocean look old; and sprinkles with gray hairs the heads of shipmasters in the homeward-bound ship running for the Channel. For the westerly weather asserting his sway from the southwest quarter is often like a monarch gone mad, driving with wild imprecations the most faithful of his courtiers upon unseen dangers.

The southwesterly weather is the thick weather par excellence. It is not the thickness of the fog, it is rather the contraction of the horizon, a mysterious veiling of the shores with clouds and mists. It is not blindness; it is the shortening of the sight. It does not say to the seaman "You shall be blind"; it restricts merely the range of his vision and raises the dread of land within his breast. It makes of him a man robbed of half his force, of half his efficiency. Many times, standing in long sea boots and streaming oilskins at the elbow of my commander on the poop of a homeward bound ship making for the Channel, and gazing ahead into the gray and tormented waste, I have heard a weary sigh shape itself into a studiously casual comment:

"Can't see very far in this weather!"

And have made answer in the same low, perfunctory tone:

"No, sir. Not very far."

Thus would the mate's voice answer the thought of the master, both gazing ahead, while under their feet the ship rushes at some twelve knots in the direction of the lee shore; and only a couple of miles in front of her swinging and dipping jibboom, carried naked with an upward slant like a spear, a gray horizon closes the view with a multitude of waves surging up violently as if to strike at the stooping clouds.

Awful and threatening scowls darken the face of the west wind in his clouded southwest mood; and from the king's throne hall in the western board

stronger gusts reach you like the fierce shouts of raving fury to which only the gloomy grandeur of the scene gives a saving dignity. A shower pelts the deck and sails of the ship as if flung with a scream by an angry hand, and when the night closes in, the night of a southwesterly gale, it seems more hopeless than the shade of Hades. The southwesterly mood of the great west wind is a lightless mood, without sun, moon or stars, with no gleam of light but the phosphorescent flashes of the great sheets of foam that, boiling up on each side of the ship, throw a weird, evanescent light upon her dark and narrow hull, rolling as she runs, chased by disheveled seas, distracted in the tumult.

There are some bad nights in the kingdom of the west wind for homeward-bound ships making for the Channel; and the days dawn upon them colorless and vague like the timid turning-up of invisible lights upon a scene of unbridled license, of a tyrannical and passionate outbreak of power, awful in the monotony of its method and the increasing strength of its violence. It is the same wind, the same clouds, the same wildly racing seas, the same thick horizon around the ship. Only the wind is stronger, the clouds seem denser and more overwhelming, the waves appear to have grown bigger and more threatening during the night. The hours, whose minutes are marked by the crash of the breaking seas, slip by with the screaming, pelting squalls overtaking the ship as she runs on and on with darkened canvas, with streaming spars and dripping ropes. The downpours thicken. Preceding each shower a mysterious gloom like the passage of a shadow above the firmament of gray clouds filters down upon the ship. Now and then the rain pours upon your head in streams as if from spouts. It seems as if your ship were going to be drowned before she sank, as if all atmosphere had turned to water. You gasp,

you splutter, you are blinded and deafened, you are submerged, obliterated, dissolved, annihilated, streaming, as if your limbs, too, had turned to water. And with every nerve on the alert you watch for the clearing-up mood. That will come with a shift of wind as likely as not to whip all the three masts out of your ship in the twinkling of an eye.

Heralded by the increasing fierceness of the squalls, sometimes by a faint flash of lightning, like the signal of a lighted torch waved far away behind the clouds, the shift of wind comes at last, the crucial moment of a westerly gale, the change of mood from the brooding and veiled violence of the southwest gale to the sparkling, flashing, cutting, clear-eyed anger of the king's northwesterly mood. It is another phase of his passion, a fury, bejeweled with stars, mayhap bearing the crescent of the moon on its brow, shaking the last vestiges of its torn cloud mantle in inky-black squalls, with hail and sleet descending like showers of crystals and pearls, bounding off the spars, drumming on the sails, pattering on the oilskin coats, whitening the decks of homeward-bound ships. Another faint ruddy flash of lightning flickers in starlight upon her mast-heads. A chilly blast hums in the taut rigging, causing the ship to tremble to her very keel and the soaked men to shudder in their wet clothes to the very marrow of their bones; and that squall flies over to sink in the eastern board, while the edge of another peeps up on the western horizon, racing up swift, shapeless like a black bag full of frozen water ready to burst over your devoted head. The mood of the ruler of the ocean has changed. Each gust of the clouded mood that seemed warmed by a heart flaming with anger has its counterpart in the chilly blasts that seem blown from a breast turned to ice with a sudden revulsion of feeling. Instead of blinding your eyes and crushing your soul with a terrible apparatus of cloud and mists

and seas and rain, the King of the West turns his power to contemptuous pelting with icicles, to making your weary eyes water as if in grief and your worn-out carcass shiver pitifully. And each mood of the great autocrat has its own greatness, and each is hard to bear. Only the northwest phase of that mighty display is not so crushing to the sailor's mind: between the hail and sleet squalls of a northwesterly gale one can see a long way ahead.

To see! To see! This is the craving of the sailor, as of the rest of blind humanity. I have heard a reserved, silent man with no nerves to speak of, after three days of hard running in thick southwesterly weather, burst out passionately: "I wish to God we could get sight of something!"

We had just gone down below for a moment, to commune, in a battened-down cabin, with a large white chart lying limp and damp upon a cold and clammy table under the light of a smoky lamp. Sprawling over that seaman's silent and trusted adviser, with one elbow upon the coast of Africa and the other planted in the neighborhood of Cape Hatteras (it was a general track-chart of the North Atlantic), my skipper lifted his rugged, hairy face and glared at me in a half-exasperated, half-appealing way. We had seen no sun, moon or stars for something like seven days. By the effect of the west wind's wrath the celestial bodies had gone into hiding for a week or more, and the last three days had seen the wrath of a southwest gale grow from fresh, through strong to heavy, as my log-book could testify. Then we separated; he to go on deck again, in obedience to that mysterious call that seems to sound forever in a shipmaster's ears; I to enter my cabin with some vague notion of putting down the words "very heavy weather" in a log-book not quite written up to date. But I gave it up and crawled into my bunk instead, boots and hat on,

all standing (it did not matter; everything was soaking wet, a heavy sea having burst the poop skylights the night before), to remain in a nightmarish state between waking and sleeping for a couple of hours or so.

The southwesterly mood of the west wind is an enemy of sleep and even of a recumbent position in the responsible officers of a ship. After two hours of disconnected, light-headed, muddled sort of thinking upon all things under heaven in that dark, dank, wet and devastated cabin, I rose suddenly and staggered up on deck. The autocrat of the North Atlantic was still oppressing his kingdom and its outlying dependencies even as far as the Bay of Biscay in the dismal secrecy of thick, very thick weather. The force of the wind, though we were running before it at the rate of some twelve knots an hour, was so great that it drove me with a steady push to the front of the poop, where my commander was holding on.

"What do you think of it?" he addressed me in an interrogative yell.

What I really thought was, that we both had had just about enough of it. The manner in which the great west wind frequently administers his possessions does not commend itself to a man of peaceful and law-abiding disposition, naturally inclined to draw distinctions between right and wrong in the face of every force, moral, intellectual or physical, whose standard naturally is that of might alone. But, of course, I said nothing. For a man caught, as it were, between his skipper and the great west wind, silence is the safest sort of diplomacy. Moreover, I knew my skipper. He did not want to know what I thought. Skippers hanging on a breath before the thrones of the winds ruling the seas have their psychology, whose workings are as important to the ship and those in her as the changing moods of the weather. The man, as a matter of fact, did not care a brass farthing for

what I or anybody else in the ship thought. He had had just about enough of it, I guessed, and what he was at really was a process of fishing for a suggestion. I knew his psychology. It was his pride that in all his life he had never wasted a chance, no matter how boisterous, threatening and dangerous, of a fair wind. Like men racing blindfold for a gap in a hedge we were finishing a splendidly quick passage from the antipodes with a tremendous rush for the Channel in as thick a weather as any I can remember. His psychology did not permit him to bring the ship to with a fair wind blowing; at least not on his own initiative. And yet he felt that very soon, indeed, something would have to be done. He wanted the suggestion to come from me, so that later on, when the trouble was over, he could argue this point with his own uncompromising spirit, laying the blame upon my shoulders. I must render him the justice that this sort of pride was his only weakness.

But he got no suggestion from me. I had my own stock of weaknesses at the time (it is a different one now), and amongst them was the conceit of being remarkably well up in the psychology of the westerly weather. I believed—not to mince matters—that I had a genius for reading the mind of the Great Ruler of high latitudes. I fancied I could feel already the coming of a change in his royal mood. All I said was:

"The weather will clear up with the shift of wind."

"Anybody knows that," he snapped at me at the highest pitch of his voice.

"I mean—before dark," I cried.

This was as much opening as he ever got out of me. The eagerness with which he seized upon it gave me the measure of the anxiety he had been laboring under.

"Very well!" he shouted with an affectation of impatience, as if giving way to long entreaties. "All right. If we

don't get a shift by then we will take that foresail off her and put her head under her wing for the night."

I was struck by the picturesque character of the phrase as applied to a ship brought to in order to ride out a gale with wave after wave passing under her breast. In a flash I could see her resting in the tumult of the elements like a sea-bird sleeping in wild weather with its head under its wing. It was the first and only time I have heard the expression used. Its imaginative force, its true feeling, make it one of the most charming sentences I have heard on human lips. But as to taking the foresail off that ship before we would "put her head under her wing," I had my grave doubts. They were justified. That long enduring piece of canvas was confiscated by the arbitrary decree of the west wind, to whom belong the lives of men and the contrivances of their hands within the limits of his kingdom. With the sound of a faint explosion it vanished into the thick weather bodily, leaving behind not so much as a strip big enough to be picked into a handful of lint for, say, a wounded elephant. Torn out of its bolt-ropes it vanished like a whiff of smoke in the smoky drift of clouds shattered and torn by the

shifting wind. For the shift had come. The unveiled sun glared angrily from a chaotic sky upon a confused and tremendous sea dashing itself upon a coast. We recognized it and looked at each other with a sort of dumb wonder. We had fetched up alongside the Isle of Wight, and that tower tinged a faint red in the salt-wind haze was the lighthouse on St. Catherine's Point.

My skipper recovered first from his surprise. His bulging eyes sank back, as it were, into their orbits. His psychology, taking it all round, was really very creditable for an average sailor. He had been spared the humiliation of laying his ship to with a fair wind, and then that man of an open and truthful nature spoke up in perfect good faith, rubbing together his rough, hairy hands—the hands of a master-craftsman upon the sea:

"Humph! that's just about where I reckoned we had got to."

The transparency and ingenuousness in a way, of that delusion, the airy tone, a hint of already growing pride, was perfectly delicious. But, indeed, this was one of the greatest surprises ever contrived by the double mood of the west wind upon one of the most accomplished of his courtiers.

THE NOISY OLIVER

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

Author of "The Blaze at Beeson's," etc.

WHEN a claim for two thousand dollars insurance on Dan Oliver's house in the mountain district of Tennessee was presented, the officials of the company looked dubious. The risk had been accepted under a misapprehension. Dan Oliver was the most desperate and lawless member of a desperate and lawless family, but, in some unaccountable way, the name had escaped recognition. Possibly the local agent, with an eye to his commission, had not done his full duty. Anyhow, the risk had been accepted, and now a total loss claim was presented.

Deckler, the general manager, was so perturbed that he consulted Randall, the president.

"I don't believe the house was worth two thousand dollars when it was new," said Deckler, "and I don't believe it's an honest fire. The locality and the character of the man are all against it."

"What does the local agent say?" asked Randall.

"He merely reports the loss without comment."

"Wire him."

So Deckler wired the local agent, but no answering telegram came. Instead, a letter was received from him two or three days later.

"I guess you don't know Dan Oliver," the agent wrote, "if you think I'm going to cast any reflections on him by telegraph. There are too many people who want to keep on the good side of him by telling all they know. But the fire will certainly bear investigation. If you send any one down here, tell him to keep away from me. I want to live a little longer."

"That's a case for Oakes," said Randall, when he had read the letter.

Gifford Oakes had the advantage of looking and, for the most part, acting like a man who was not physically alert, which made his nerve and aggressiveness, when displayed, doubly disconcerting. This was no small advantage in some cases.

"It's only two thousand dollars," Deckler explained to him, just before he started, "but the circumstances make it one of the most ticklish cases we ever have had. You know something about the district, I suppose."

"I've heard of it," said Oakes.

"They don't reason very much, and they don't value human life very highly. If they think a man is standing between them and something they want they don't look beyond the man when they shoot, and they keep a pretty close watch on strangers. You'll have to be careful."

"As a general thing," remarked Oakes, "the real 'bad man' can be handled by one who goes at him with tactful frankness; it's the amateur 'bad man' who always wants to show his prowess. I'll try to be ready for trouble, but I can usually avoid it."

At Nashville Oakes began to hear a little of the Oliver case. The Olivers were notorious, and the fact that Dan Oliver's house had been burned was a subject of general gossip.

"He's the worst of a bad crowd," said the Nashville agent. "The rumor we get here is that the house was burned by a member of the family."

"For the insurance?" asked Oakes.

"Well, rumor has it that the family has split into factions, and that the faction opposed to Dan burned his house for revenge, but that may be a mere subterfuge. Very likely it was done for the

insurance, and the revenge story concocted when the source of the fire was discovered."

Oakes went on to Knoxville in thoughtful mood. If these rumors were correct, no insurance could be collected, for a man may not profit in that way by the act of a member of his family. But Dan Oliver would hardly see it that way, and the investigation promised to be a difficult and dangerous affair.

At Knoxville it was common talk that Bill Oliver had burned Dan Oliver's house and outbuildings.

"But the family always lines up solidly against all outsiders," explained the clerk at the hotel. "Dan will settle with Bill later, if Bill really did it, but he'll get the insurance first, and Bill will be as quick as any of them to get after the man who interferes. That's their way."

"How many of them are there?" asked Oakes.

"Six brothers, three of them with grown sons, and all living within a few miles of each other. No one cares to interfere with them very much. That has meant sudden death in the past, and they've all been indicted at various times, but somehow juries in that vicinity don't like to convict. There's talk of taking them to another county for trial next time, however. I guess most people would like to see it done."

Oakes went on to Hampden in still more thoughtful mood. Hampden was the nearest town, the headquarters of the Olivers when they felt the need of urban divertisements. The people of Hampden talked softly and prepared to dodge when the Olivers appeared—not that the Olivers "shot up the town" promiscuously, as they do in the West, but they had occasional disagreements among themselves and with others, and no one could tell where the bullets might go.

Oakes went about his business quietly at Hampden, but he was soon conscious of the fact that he attracted considerable

attention. Strangers were few and far between, and the proprietor of the little two-story hotel lived principally on the receipts of his bar-room, although a few of the natives came to the hotel for their meals. Among these, Oakes soon discovered, was the man who had secured the risk and had sent in the report of the loss. He was a lawyer, but, there being little litigation, he gave most of his attention to the insurance business. He was the only one in the town who pretended to pay no attention to Oakes; the others were openly curious as to the mission of the stranger. Yet this young lawyer was really giving closer attention to the affair than any one else, as Oakes discovered late one evening. Out of the darkness, as he sat alone at the far end of the little porch, came the words, "The Olivers are coming to town to-morrow. Look out." Oakes turned quickly and saw the lawyer leaning over the railing a few feet away, gazing abstractedly down the street. "Everybody knows who you are," the voice added a moment later. Then the lawyer strolled away.

It was the second day after Oakes' arrival. He had been collecting such information as he could get and making his plans. It was necessary that he should see Dan Oliver, but he did not like the idea of going any deeper into the Oliver territory, so he had considered the advisability of asking Oliver to come to him. And Oliver was coming—with the other Olivers.

"Perhaps it's just as well," mused Oakes. "I've got to see him anyhow, but I wish he'd leave his family home. It's going to be awkward to tell six of them that the loss looks suspicious."

Oakes did not sleep very well that night. He had been in some ticklish places before, and he had learned to know and to handle men, but he was not a man who liked excitement of this sort. He was a good judge of human nature, but he could not forget that human na-

ture is uncertain at best and that there is always a chance for a costly mistake. Nevertheless, he dressed himself with his usual care in the morning, and merely took the precaution to sit with his back to the wall at breakfast. Then he smoked on the porch, and waited. In the pocket of his coat was a short-barreled revolver—for emergencies. The town had heard, and was waiting with some interest.

Presently there was noise and some excitement up the street.

"That's an Oliver," said the proprietor of the hotel, "and he's yelling."

"He seems to be a good yellor," commented Oakes, listening, "and I'm glad of that. There always seems to me to be some connection between yellor and yellow. The man who comes quietly is the man to look out for."

Although he voiced his honest convictions, Oakes regretted this the moment he had spoken. His plan was to avoid antagonizing the Olivers, as far as possible, but this yelling member of the family disconcerted him. There was likely to be little opportunity for argument and reason.

The yelling Oliver made it clear that he was looking for "that insurance man." The family had arrived at dawn and had scattered, to attend to various trifling matters before taking up the real business of the day. This one, however, had been principally occupied in an attempt to quench a perpetual thirst, and had finally decided to attend to the affair himself.

When he reached the hotel Oakes had risen and was leaning against a post. The yelling Oliver was waving a revolver, and was calling in most forceful and discourteous terms for the man who was trying to make out that the Oliver fire wasn't an honest one.

"I presume I am the man you mean," said Oakes quietly, "but you misunderstand my purpose."

The yelling Oliver turned on him

fiercely, and then laughed scornfully. As a matter of fact, the tall, thin, outwardly careless man he saw was so different from the man he had expected to see that the surprise disconcerted him more than his yelling had disconcerted Oakes. He had supposed, of course, that a fighter would be sent, and here was a quiet, well-dressed, soft-spoken gentleman, who probably did not even realize the dangerous nature of his mission. Naturally, the yelling Oliver could not know that he had carefully considered the inadvisability of shooting, except as a last resort, in view of the fact that other Olivers were in town.

"So you're the skunk that's come down here to beat an Oliver out of his money!" cried the yelling one when he had recovered from his surprise. "Well, I've come to town to settle that business right now. I'm an Oliver—the worst in the bunch!"

"What do you want me to do?" asked Oakes.

"Pay over the money."

"I don't carry the money with me," explained Oakes. "I'm here merely to investigate and report—"

"Investigate hell!" broke in the yelling Oliver. "I guess you don't know *me*! I'm the wild man!" He suddenly poked his revolver right in Oakes' face. At that very moment Oakes had him covered with the revolver in his side pocket, but he kept his nerve. The yelling Oliver had no intention of shooting—then. "You make out a paper that'll get the money," he added, "or you'll go home in a box."

He drew the revolver back from Oakes' face, and then an extraordinary thing happened. With a lightning-like motion Oakes caught his pistol arm with both hands and gave it such a wrench that the yelling Oliver cried out with pain and dropped the revolver. Oakes had the weapon before the man could draw the knife that he reached for.

"Get out in the road!" ordered Oakes.

"Keep in the middle of it and keep going. If you swerve while you're in range I'll get you. If you want to come to Knoxville to-morrow, I'll talk insurance with you there. This doesn't seem to be a good place to do it."

Crestfallen, the yelling Oliver walked up the road until he was out of range, and then circled back to see the others of the clan. Much to Oakes' relief, none of those present seemed disposed to take any part in the affair. Indeed, there were some indications that the discomfiture of the "bad man" was rather pleasing to them.

"You'd better look out for Dan," one of them cautioned.

"I thought that was Dan," said Oakes.

"No," was the reply. "That was Bill. Dan is the king of the Olivers, and when he gets started there's trouble all along the line. But he don't like Bill very well."

Oakes' position was decidedly precarious. He had done what seemed to be necessary at the moment, but he had thought he was vanquishing the leader, and now he found that he had the really dangerous man yet to meet. To be truthful, it must be admitted that he began to think of ways of getting out of town in a hurry. He was careful not to show his anxiety, however. Then the proprietor of the hotel came to his rescue with a suggestion.

"Dan ain't such a bad feller, if you go at him right," he said. "If I was you, I'd go right over an' give him Bill's gun. It may tickle him. He always did think Bill yelled too much."

"Dan is quiet, then?" queried Oakes.

"Yes. Dan don't make much noise."

"That bears out my theory," remarked Oakes. "The quiet Oliver is the dangerous man, and the yelling Oliver is largely a bluff. Where is Dan?"

The proprietor pointed to a saloon half a block away on the other side of the street.

"He don't think it's polite to call on a man so early," he said. "He was comin' to see you later, but you better get to him before Bill comes circlin' back. Take him easy, though, an' keep your hands in sight. He shoots quick."

Oakes made a hurried mental review of the situation. Bill was popularly supposed to have fired his brother's house, but the clan would stand together against all outsiders and settle their personal differences later. This explained Bill's action, but it did not necessarily indicate that Dan was on cordial terms with his brother.

Somewhat pale, but with no other trace of the anxiety he felt, Oakes walked down the street until directly opposite the saloon, and then crossed over, followed by the crowd at a respectful distance. His idea was to approach openly, so that his peaceful intention could not be misunderstood, but he might have saved himself the trouble. It never occurred to Dan that this city man might look for him, and the first intimation he had of his presence was when he walked in the door. Oakes extended the revolver, butt to the front.

"Mr. Dan Oliver?" he said inquiringly, for there were several in the saloon.

"That's me," said Dan, instantly alert.

"Here is your brother's gun," remarked Oakes quietly. "I had to take it away from him."

"What!" cried Dan. "Whose gun?"

"Bill's, I think," replied Oakes.

"You took Bill's gun away from him!"

"I'm sorry, but I had to do it. He stuck it in my face. So I thought I'd better give it to you."

For a moment Dan seemed undecided what to do or say. Then he laughed boisterously.

"You took Bill's gun away from him!" he repeated. "Was Bill tryin' to make out he was a bad man?"

"He said he was the worst in the bunch."

Dan grew serious, almost angry, in a moment.

"Tradin' on my reputation again!" he exclaimed. "He's goin' to get killed doin' that some day. Jest because his name's Oliver he thinks he can scare folks. Did you kick him?"

"Why, no."

"I'm sorry 'bout that," said Dan regretfully. "He ought to be kicked. But you took his gun away—took Bill's gun away!" He laughed again. "Well, you're good enough to shake hands with Dan, anyhow, an' you're my guest here in Ham'den. Nobody fools with my guests very much. What'll you have?"

Oakes took the hand and a drink, although the latter was much like liquid fire; and, while they were drinking, Bill slipped in by a back door.

"Dan," said Bill, before he saw Oakes

Dan turned on his brother sharply.

"Where's your gun?" he demanded.

"Why, Dan—"

"You white-livered rat!" interrupted Dan, as he produced the revolver, "broke" it, and extracted the cartridges. "You been makin' out you're me, an' lettin' your gun be took away! That hurts *me!*" He handed the empty revolver to his brother. "You don't need nothin' in it. You're only a bluff anyhow. You ain't satisfied with burnin' my house, but you got to make out you're *me!*"

By this time Bill had recognized Oakes.

"Why, Dan," he protested, "that feller—"

"He's my friend," declared Dan. "Anybody that mixes up with him has got to settle with me. Hear that, everybody! I stand for him." He turned on his brother again. "An' he took your gun away! He's all right. He's an Oliver, an' you ain't. Nobody took his gun away, an' he didn't make out he was me, either. Go back home, Bill."

There could be no greater humiliation than this; there could be no more deadly insult. And having thus contemptuous-

ly disposed of his brother, Dan turned his back on him. No other would have dared to do so, fearing Bill's knife, but Dan's was the dominant spirit. Bill slunk away.

"I'm comin' over to talk to you friendly after a bit," said Dan to Oakes. "You're all right. You took Bill's gun away."

Oakes went back to the hotel to await the pleasure of the autocrat, and also to watch out for Bill. He was not disposed to place too much confidence in Dan's assurance that no one would dare interfere with him. Bill might be a coward, but he had been frightfully humiliated and might seek a sneaking revenge on the man he held responsible. Then, too, Oakes realized that Bill's mistake really had been one of judgment: he had been deceived by the outward appearance of gentleness and peace, and consequently had been guilty of carelessness.

Bill, however, did not come near him—and neither did Dan. Oakes, ever watchful, waited until dinner, dined with his back to the wall, and spent the afternoon in his little, shabby, uncomfortable room. It was not pleasant, this waiting and watching for—an uncertainty. If Dan drank too much he might forget his peaceful intentions; but he could not forget Bill. There were other Olivers in town, too, and they might not take Dan's view of the insult to their brother. The nervous strain had brought Oakes again to the consideration of the best method of leaving town, when he had a call from the proprietor of the tavern.

"Dan wants to see you," said the proprietor.

"Where is he?" asked Oakes.

"In jail," said the proprietor.

"What!" cried Oakes.

"They got him," explained the proprietor. "They been goin' to get him for a long time, an' they done it at last. Took him by surprise after you left him

this mornin' an' hustled him over to the next county afore there was a chance for a rescue."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"We don't do much talkin' when the Oliveres are in town. Bill went home, but the others didn't. Dan sent back for you to come over."

Dan in jail proved to be a very different man from Dan at large. He had not lost his nerve, so far as his bearing toward his captors was concerned, but he was subdued and despondent.

"They got me," he said, "an' they ain't goin' to give me a show. They're goin' to put me through quick. All I want is a chance."

"What kind of a chance?" asked Oakes.

"A lawyer," explained Dan.

"Can't you get a lawyer?"

Dan took some change from his pocket and counted it out in the palm of his hand. There was just two dollars and seventeen cents.

"That's all I got in the world," he said. "You can't get a lawyer for that."

"Won't the court appoint a lawyer?"

"Oh, yes," wearily, "an' the lawyer the court picks out won't dare try to really get me off. They'd run him out if he did. They don't want me loose, an' they ain't goin' to give me a show to get loose. I got to have a lawyer that don't live here—that don't live near here. It ain't likely to do any good, but I want a fair show!" he declared desperately. "Now, you're a white man. You took Bill's gun away." Dan seemed unable to forget this, and it was the one ray of light in the gloom. He laughed at the recollection. "Bill burned my house," he went on. "It ain't right to make you pay me for what the fam'ly does, an' I was comin' over to tell you so. First I was goin' to make you pay; then you took Bill's gun away, an' I see I was wrong, an' you an' me would have fixed it up easy. But they got me—took six men an' a surprise to do it—an' I

got to have a lawyer. You ain't mean enough to let a man be put through without a show."

Oakes, sitting on the only chair in the cell, looked at the disconsolate figure on the edge of the bunk and was truly sorry for him. He might be a "bad man" in one way, but he was not so bad in others. He was certainly brave—the really brave member of the family, doubtless—and he spoke like a personally honest man. There could be no doubt that he had committed offenses against the law, and no doubt he deserved to be where he was, but he was without friends in this place at this critical moment. Furthermore, while he might not be able to collect on the policy he held, the only safe thing to do was to get possession of that policy.

"If I provide a lawyer for you, will you surrender the policy?" Oakes finally asked.

For answer Dan took the policy from his pocket and passed it over without question.

"You're a man," he said. "You'll do what you say. There's the policy. Get me a good lawyer."

Oakes shook hands with him and left, carrying the policy and leaving only an implied promise that he would secure a lawyer. But the circumstances made that promise as binding as any oath he could have taken.

"They'll land me anyhow," was Dan's parting remark, "but I'll feel better over havin' a lawyer to see that they don't play any tricks on me. I want it done proper."

A few weeks later Oakes got a letter, written by the penitentiary chaplain and signed with a scrawly "Dan."

"That Knoxville lawyer did the best he could," it read, "but they got me. I knew they would. He is a good lawyer just the same. He got me off with five years, and they had it fixed to give me twenty."

On the books of the company ap-

peared an entry something like this: "To settlement of loss, one hundred and fifty dollars attorney's fee."

"And it was a good job, in view of the circumstances," was the comment of Deckler. "Cheap enough."

"Yes," returned Oakes dryly. "If I had happened to mix up with the quiet

Oliver first, instead of with the yelling Oliver, it would have cost you more than that to ship me back here for burial. However, I have again had it demonstrated that the danger from a man is in inverse proportion to the amount of noise he makes. Still, I hope you haven't any more Oliver risks."

KARL ENGEL, ADVENTURER

By DONALD KENNICOTT

Author of "In the Days of the Drought," etc.

UNDER the gigantic dummy ham which hangs before the door of the market, Karl Engel's fat spaniel sleeps the deep sleep of noontide and of repletion. Within, Karl Engel himself leans back in his chair, with his pudgy hands clasped over his fat stomach, and—dozes. The young reporter who stands on the street corner waiting for the car which is to bear him down to his daily tasks, for the hundredth time tells himself gloomily that the world is composed entirely of the *bourgeoisie*, and that Karl Engel in particular, dozing there in the butcher shop, is *bourgeois* to the *n*th power.

Whistling aggressively, Karl's assistant comes in from his belated luncheon and resumes his apron. The wholesaler's wagon backs up to the sidewalk, and Karl, bestirring himself to bicker with the driver concerning the choice of meats, presently staggers back into the shop under an imposing quarter of beef. With a mighty heave, he lifts it so that it shall catch the hook, and as it swings into place on the rack, he brings it to a standstill with a resounding slap that is really a caress, and murmurs to himself: "*Ach*, he was a fine fellow now. He come from *out there*."

For though Karl's body was cabined within the narrow precincts of a metropolitan meat-market, his soul fared far

abroad into the celestial spaces of the western wilds—into that fair, free, fabulous land of Bret Harte and large pistols, of Mayne Reid and savage beasts, of Harry Castleman and mad Mexicans. Out there the good, brave beef cattle roamed up and down, pawing the earth, until the circling "lasso" laid them low; out there the insidious Indian added arrows to one's person and rare zest to every enterprise; out there was gold and blood and fire—a man's world. *Ach, Himmel*, some day he would go, even he, Karl Engel, of Market Street, would go out there, away from beeves which were but stiff and bloodless simulacra, away from men who were but pale and soulless shadows, away from—yes, one must be prepared to make some sacrifices—away from the big brown glass at Kohlberg's on the corner.

With each recurring spring there came days when, occasion permitting, Karl would shuffle uneasily up and down the sawdusted floor of the shop, instead of dozing in his chair. Always then, Paul Ludwig, the assistant, who was ambitious to possess a shop of his own, would inquire quite pertinently why, then, he did not go out there. But always Karl would sigh gloomily, and defer the day of departure until his bank-account should have reached the definite and delectable sum of twenty-

five hundred dollars; and gradually the spring-time and the *Wanderlust* would wear away together.

Yet at last, on a rare, balmy day in March, there came news that the death of that far-away uncle which sets so many ambitions at liberty to vault, had placed to Karl's credit a multitude of marks, which, when translated into the good round dollars of the republic, brought the bank account well above the determined sum. Karl was now his own man; and Karl, after pacing up and down in the sawdust for a stormy hour, thumped down his fist upon the cleaver-block, and spoke with the stern voice of mighty resolve. He would go; to-morrow he would go, and Paul Ludwig must run the shop and hire a new assistant.

Sleepless hours of preparation ensued. First the making of his will, in which, as a childless widower, he bequeathed the bank-account to his brother's little girls and the shop to the faithful Paul Ludwig. Next, the packing of the ancient leather trunk—an operation that for years he had rehearsed and secretly prepared for. Side by side in its capacious depths were tucked the Mack-inac blanket-suit which he had bought nine years before, on hearing its cold-resisting virtues praised by a reformed lumber-jack in Kohlberg's back room; the slashed Mexican trousers of black velveteen which six years before he had seen worn at the masked ball of the County Democracy, and had astutely traced back to the costumers whence they came; the low-heeled farmer's boots which he had observed in the window of a shop near the Union Station; the harmless, necessary red handkerchief, and the smoked goggles with which to combat the desert sun. With them, too, were placed the "lasso" which on a glad, golden day long ago, while over at the "yards" to pay his bills, Karl had seen fall from the saddle of one of the yard herders; the big pistol upon which he

had looked with covetous eyes for months, as it lay in the dusty pawn-shop window, until he had seen another customer considering it and had been frightened into immediate purchase; and last—but, oh, not least—the long, brass-mounted target rifle, with its exaggerated butt-plate and fore-end handle, with which Karl, at the monthly meeting of the *Schützenverein*, given a solid rest and six minutes in which to aim, would pot the bull's-eye with a precision altogether appalling.

Remained but to purchase the ticket. And this at first was a difficulty, for neither Don Carlos' Rancho, nor "a lonely log cabin gilded by the rays of the declining sun," nor—alas—Dead Man's Gulch, are to be found upon the folders of any railroad. Yet here Karl showed himself to be a man of resource and worthy of great enterprise. He bought a ticket clear to the coast, and set out with the brave determination to choose his place of debarkation from the car window. Thus it happened that on a windy day in March Don Quixote of the Market, squireless and clad incredibly, rode out of the picturesque little New Mexican town of Medilla upon a rocking old Rosinante for which he had paid four prices, bearing across his saddle-bow the long brass-mounted rifle of the *Schützenverein*. Upon his brow was the black frown of dire discomfort and of high purpose, but in his heart welled up the all-pervading joy of attainment. Would but the Fates be kind!

A road was their instrument—a kindly, devious road that avoided alike the base-ball park just outside of town, the farm-houses along the river, and the near-by grove, where at that very moment an unmistakable Sunday-school picnic was rioting in infinite ice-cream. Out over rocky, sun-scorched hills, and through dusty, barren valleys, the road led him, and Fancy peopled their desolate solitudes with all the puppets of our latter-day romance. The up-tossed dust

TO HIM THAT BIT OF ROCK PICTURED WHOLE TROOPS OF SWARTHY VILLAINS

of the road was redolent of blood and battle; the lowing of distant cattle was clamorous of midnight raid and deadly stampede; gold glistened in each crystalline pebble. And when a string of steers passed over the brow of a neighboring hill, the heart of Karl Engel was uplifted as at sight of uncovered treasure, and he fingered his "lasso" with longing and—doubt.

A roadside cross, carved on a boulder fifty years before, by devout Mexicans, who thought thereby to commemorate some soon-forgotten scalp-lifting, then caught Karl's eye. Instantly he dismounted, and after a pious prayer for the repose of these unshriven souls, spent a rapturous hour in fingering the time-

worn inscription and speculating upon the tumultuous day it recorded. To him that bit of rock pictured whole troops of swarthy villains in velvet, a dark-eyed maiden radiant with all allurements, and an heroic cavalier whose plunging steed bore a double burden from out the smoke of battle.

The road beckoned. Just over the crest of a rock-strewn ridge, it brought him suddenly upon a windmill, solitary, gigantic, mysterious. The cattle, for whom its office was to pump water, were far abroad in the hills; no human habitation was in sight; the murmur of the faint noonday wind in the motionless sails whispered dark tales of murder and of massacre. Unguided, Rosinante

sought the water-trough; Karl dismounted stiffly, and, after slaking his own thirst, fell to munching the crackers and sardines that he had regretfully substituted for the unpurchasable glories of pemmican and jerked buffalo tongue. Then strolling warily about, he came suddenly upon a thing which brought him up short, open-mouthed and saucer-eyed. A small thing, too. Fact would have described it as the ashes of a camp-fire built about a dead yucca, the bones of a calf that had been roasted thereon, the empty shell of the cartridge that had been expended to slaughter the beast, and a pair of cast-off boots. Fancy told another tale: of the lonely home of an adventurous pioneer; of demoniac war-whoops at dead of night; of yelling savages leaping in glee around the flames that flared about their victim at the stake. Fascinated, Don Quixote tip-toed gingerly closer; furtively he slipped in his pocket, as a memento, the empty shell; furiously he vowed vengeance on the first misguided redskin that ventured to cross his path.

Alluringly the road led on, over hill and dale, ridge and arroyo. A mile or so beyond the enchanted windmill Don Quixote pulled in his Rosinante with a jerk, for unmistakably he heard the sound of "footsteps approaching on horseback." A moment, and then a solitary horseman appeared trotting down the road toward him, and his heart beat fast for joy. It might have been Alkali Ike; it might have been Chickasaw Charlie, perhaps even Billy the Kid, but, after all, Karl decided for Deadwood Dick. Fact, indeed, knew the rider for old man Johnston's tenderfoot nephew, garbed in the remarkable attire affected by his kind—harmful and unnecessary *chaparejos*, the widest of wide sombreros, and the pearl-handled, nickel-plated revolver whose very shadow is taboo. Perhaps he, too, in his small-souled way, was Don Quixote—further exemplifying the truth of Mr. Oscar

Wilde's paradox that literature is not the criticism of life so much as life is the criticism of literature.

"Good evening, partner," remarked Deadwood Dick with easy nonchalance.

"Howdy, stranger," returned Don Quixote in a ready but awe-stricken whisper, and when the youth had passed turned to look after him. Deadwood Dick beyond the shadow of a doubt; his hatband was the skin of a rattlesnake.

The road wound on, endless, enticing, pregnant of all adventure. Dusk came, and with it the friendly light of a ranch-house. Yet still the ardent spirit of Don Quixote granted his weary body no rest, for Fact and Fancy still dallied with one another distantly. He had drawn close to the house, and warm visions of hospitable bed and board swam in his mind, when suddenly Clamor came, and in her train were Tumult and Uproar, Turmoil and Riot. Shadowy forms danced madly about in the faint moonlight, shooting incontinently, yelling horribly, beating pans. Fact had it that the occupant of the house having that day been married, his friends were indulging themselves in the indelicate Western custom known as a "chivaree"—assailing the nuptial abode with a sort of epithalamial chorus of hideous noises until the groom shall appear with brown jugs of sedative liquors. Fancy, however, knew well that here was a wild night of battle; hoarse shouts of blood-thirsty outlaws; deafening detonations of musketry; throbbing tom-toms of savage allies; groans of wounded, sighs of dying; rapine, pillage, slaughter.

With no thought of retreat, but in pitiable perplexity as to the identity of friend and foe, Don Quixote made ready his weapons and urged Rosinante hither and thither about the borders of the *melée*. The uproar waxed terrific, culminating in a vast and universal ululation of victory, when Benedict, yielding at last, brought forth his tribute to the turbulent disciples of Bacchus. A noisy

division of the spoils followed, and Karl was edging in closer, when an unsteady figure staggered toward him, engaged in a furious combat with his own shadow. The shadow became superimposed upon Don Quixote, and it occurred to the befuddled warrior to dis-

charge his pistol in close proximity to the ear of Rosinante. The result was retreat, inglorious, unstayed, incontinent; and when Karl at length pulled in his trembling steed, darkness and silence enveloped him.

Yet at last stern Fact took nimble

Fancy to wife, and their offspring was Adventure. Crouching by the roadside over a fire of brushwood he had with difficulty constructed, Karl passed a sleepless night, obsessed by a haunting dread that though the gods might vouchsafe to him a Pisgah sight of these, their promised glories, they would deny him participation. And at dawn, when he mounted stiffly and spurred the unwilling Rosinante onward, his heart was very heavy. Then it was, however, that he attained and achieved.

For, lo! out of what could but be Dead Man's Gulch there appeared an undeniable stage-coach, drawn by six quick-trotting mules. It debouched upon the main road, overtook Karl and passed him in a cloud of glorious dust. It does not matter that the normal function of this vehicle had long since been usurped by a forty-horsepower Mercedes; nor that it now served merely as a reliable and dust-proof carriage in which to transport from the railway station the superintendent of the Golden Eagle mine, the monthly satchel stuffed with pay-envelopes and an occasional visiting stockholder. Nor is it even of importance that the man who stood waiting with drawn revolvers behind a boulder, a little farther on, was not a recrudescence road-agent, but a discharged gang-foreman, seeking at once revenge and recuperated fortune. Reality and appearance were in all fundamentals identical.

And so when Don Quixote, relentlessly spurring Rosinante forward in the hope of one last glimpse, galloped over the crest of a little ridge, he saw before him a true, real and indubitable stage-coach robbery—the three hapless passengers standing with uplifted hands at the mercy of the menacing weapons in the hands of a lone, masked bandit. The supreme moment had come, yet Don Quixote did not hesitate, for his part in the drama was all too obvious. Instantly

he slid down from the unstable back of Rosinante, and, kneeling, rested upon a rock the long, brass-bound rifle of the *Schützenverein*. Facing about, the road-agent opened a rapid fire upon him, but Karl did not hasten unduly. Four times the bandit fired, and though he missed, received no reply; the fifth bullet from his revolver, striking Karl in the hip, spun him over in the dust unconscious. But in that same instant, the long target rifle had spoken also, and its word was deadly.

Thus briefly ended Don Quixote of the Market his knight errantry. For though the mine superintendent caused him to be cared for most tenderly, yet even when he emerged from the delirium of the initial fever it appeared that he was not wholly sane. And it was therefore deemed best to send him, under the care of a doctor, to that address which, along with some moneys, was found in a curious old wallet under his shirt. Thither he came safely, and when he had been nursed back to health by his brother's wife, he told a tale of his adventures in that far, free, fabulous Western land, which they needs must believe even as he did, for he bore its proof upon his person.

Under the gigantic dummy ham which hangs before the door of the meat-market, Karl Engel's fat spaniel sleeps the deep sleep of noontide and of repletion. Within, Karl Engel himself, his right leg extended stiffly, leans back with his pudgy hands clasped over his stomach and dozing, dreams of the poignant and passionate life *out there*, all of which he saw, part of which he was. The young reporter who stands on the street corner, waiting for the car which is to bear him down to his daily perambulations, looks into the shop at the dormant figure of Karl Engel, and for the thousandth time tells himself gloomily that the world is populated exclusively by the unimaginative *bourgeoisie*.

STOLEN THUNDER

By WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

BURTON was a lightweight. But, as I learned to my sorrow, this did not prevent women from taking to him. What they saw in him was a mystery. He was neither good looking nor intellectual, nor rich, yet for some reason he pleased the other sex. To be sure, he had good manners and was innocuously pleasant—but then, so many men have good manners and are innocuously pleasant that it can hardly be deemed an asset of great value. He was sentimental—ah, that was it! Assuredly, he understood the art of falling in love, deeply, irretrievably—for the time being. Within limits, it mattered little who the woman might be—were Burton's affections nascent, as the chemists put it, they were hers for the asking, or for a glance. It was an imperative need of his nature to be in love. To the unexpected observer there seemed danger of the failure of the supply of available spinsters; but Burton's skill in discovering fresh recipients for his regard was equaled only by the inexhaustibility of his affection. Nature had endowed him liberally in this respect.

I had had long experience with Burton as a lover, and I had seen him in the rôle of songster, horseman and cyclist, according to the demands of the passing courtship; but there remained still one rôle in which I was to make his acquaintance—that, namely, of poet. Unfortunately for myself, I was gifted with a certain facility in rhyming, sufficient to enable me to please myself and occasionally the editor of a minor magazine, but inadequate to more serious purposes. Naturally, my friends were aware of my versifying proclivities—what poet's friends are not?—and among these was Burton. I was, therefore, not surprised by his initial remark one Sunday morn-

ing when he had looked me up at breakfast—"You write verse sometimes, don't you, Fahnestock?"

"Oh, yes, occasionally," I said, "when the humor strikes me."

"I see—humph! Well, how does the humor strike you now?"

"Now?" I cried. "Why, man, I couldn't write a verse now to save my soul. Why do you ask me?"

"We-ell," he replied, avoiding my eye, "you see, I'm—I'm—"

"Yes, you're—you're what?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Fahnestock, I've been trying to write a poem myself, but somehow it doesn't go quite right. I'm afraid I've lost the hang of it."

"Oh, I see! there's a woman in the case, is there?"

"A queen, Fahnestock, a queen!"

"Humph! I've heard of queens before. However, let me see the poem."

Nervously he fumbled at his pocket, from which at last he extracted a sheet of carefully folded foolscap paper, which he held out to me.

"I'm afraid—you know—it's a little bit incomplete still," he stammered, blushing, "but it'll give you an idea."

"Yes," I said, "it'll give me an idea."

Thereupon I unfolded the paper and spread it out before me.

"'Seeking'—humph! I've seen worse titles. 'The breeze for the rose is sighing'—'gold is her hair and her eyes are brown'—That's all right, Burton, and no doubt strictly true, but unfortunately the meter's a trifle variable; and, you know, there's a foolish prejudice against a too frequent change of meter."

"Yes, I know," said my visitor; "that's the reason I came to you."

"Oh, I see—you want me to whip it into shape for you; is that it?"

Eagerly he nodded.

"And you say she's a queen?"

"Fahnestock, she's the one woman in the whole world; she is without a peer; there has never been anybody like her, and there never will be; she's—"

"Whoa!" I cried, "go lightly! Remember Genevieve."

"Fahnestock!" he cried, reproachfully, "I thought you incapable of such a thing!"

"Well, so I am in general, but acute attacks require heroic measures. But to come back to the poem; what is it, exactly, that you want me to do?"

"I want you to take it, old man, and get the meter right and the rhymes and the rest of it,—just touch it up a little—and then—"

"And then you'll send it to her as your own—eh?"

He nodded.

"Burton," I said, sternly, "this is forgery, swindling, obtaining affection under false pretenses. I ought not to abet you in such nefarious undertakings—but give it here; I suppose I've got to do it for you."

"Oh, Fahnestock," he began, "I shall never forget this! You are my friend for ever—"

"Give me the poem," I said, drily, "and go into the other room while I try to whip it into some sort of shape."

In this I succeeded better than might have been expected. Indeed, "Seeking" turned out in the end to be a far better poem than many that I have had printed; it was instinct with passion. This may seem strange, but the explanation is simple enough—while writing I called up before my mind the face of her to whom I fain would have had the right to indite such words, the face of Madeline Carter, whose very name had power to thrill me, and without whose smile life held but faint charm. And, lo! when I thought of her the words flowed from my pen as though I, too, had been born in Arcady.

Was it to be wondered at, then, that

Burton was delighted with my effort, and departed with protestations of eternal gratitude? I smiled as I saw him hastening down the street, impatient to reach home and copy the verses and send them off to his lady-love as the product of his own brain. Madeline Carter—Francis Burton! Could there be a more incongruous pairing? Burton, light, flippant, inconstant; and Madeline, calm, true and unchanging. It seemed almost a desecration to her to associate them together even in one's mind. I could picture to myself the style of girl who had captured Burton's heart and smiled in thought of the superiority of my choice.

My own love affair quickly came to a climax, and, alas! to an unsatisfactory climax. Madeline had come on to New York for a visit, and I lost no time in pressing my suit. For a while she seemed to hesitate, then one unhappy evening she gave me her answer, and my house of cards lay in ruins at my feet.

"I am sorry, Mr. Fahnestock, very sorry," she said, in that gentle manner in which good women inflict unavoidable pain, "but what you ask is impossible—I have already given my heart."

"Oh!" I cried, "then, of course, there is nothing more to say," and I arose and moved to the window.

"Don't you care to know to whom I am engaged?" she asked.

"Yes, if you care to tell me."

"To a Mr. Burton, from Virginia."

"What!" I cried. "What Burton?—not Francis?"

"Why, yes! Do you know him?"

"Do I know him?" I groaned, "do I know him? Lord, this is awful! You wouldn't marry that man?"

"Mr. Fahnestock!" she cried, and every drop of blood left her face, "you forget yourself! Do you realize what you are saying?"

For a moment we stood looking fixedly into each other's eyes. Then my sanity returned, and I bowed my head.

"You are right, Miss Carter," I said,

"I did forget myself. I was mad with disappointment. Please attribute it to that. It shall never occur again."

Therewith I got me out of her presence as quickly and gracefully as I could, and hastened into the silent night to be alone with my grief. Madeline Carter to marry Francis Burton!—it seemed like a monstrous joke. And I had not even known of their acquaintance!

Madeline was too gentle and forgiving to treasure up my outbreak against me, and when my wound had healed, at least superficially, we drifted into a state of friendship which to the eyes of strangers was founded on a mutual regard as platonic as it was sincere. Not only that, but on the occasion of her marriage with Burton, which occurred in New York, I served in the capacity of "best" man, and at the breakfast afterward it was my voice which brought out the toast to the newly wedded pair. And later, after she and her husband had returned from their wedding trip and had settled down into the steady course of married life, I gradually came to hold the position of a friend of the family who is always welcome and adapted to the rôle of confidant. Burton was still the same superficial, light-brained butterfly that he had always been, although I must do him the justice to say that his devotion to his wife was exemplary. That is, it would have seemed exemplary had it not been rewarded by a devotion so much greater and deeper that it shrank into insignifi-

cance. Madeline's admiration for her husband was boundless. She never wearied of talking about him. In her eyes he possessed all the virtues and talents, and if the world did not reward these as they deserved, it was solely because the world was not run on principles of justice. It was touching.

"I only wish he would take up his writing again," she said to me one evening when we were alone, during Burton's absence at the office. "I am sure he has great talent for it."

"Oh, is that so?" I replied, wondering whence she had derived this fond conceit.

"Yes, he can write most beautifully, if he only has a mind to, especially poetry. One thing he wrote me before our engagement is exquisite. Wait a moment, and I'll show it to you."

Without waiting for my reply, she ran across the room to her desk and took out a paper from one of the pigeonholes. This she unfolded and handed to me.

"There, see if you don't think that beautiful."

With a premonition of the truth, I cast my eyes on the paper. "Seeking"!—it was my poem which had come back to me after many days! Silently I read the familiar lines, and then returned the paper to her.

"Yes," I said, "it is charming. Only a man who loved you very deeply could have written that."

"Yes," she said, "I knew you would appreciate it."

ON one subject every one has thought during the past few months—the Haywood-Moyer-Pettibone case. It is therefore the more difficult to discuss, to one who feels that no one knows all about even the simplest thing. Back of Orchard and the men on trial have stood three greater figures—a great labor union, a great organization of mine owners, and a great detective agency, feeding upon their disagreements. Still greater, like a dim and tenuous genius of evil, lowers the frowning portent of the Labor Question—the Sphinx with her fateful riddle. A vast host of men honestly look upon Orchard as a hired perjurer, the arrest of the prisoners as criminal kidnapping, the trial as a conspiracy in which the governors of Colorado and Idaho have obeyed the command of their mine-owning masters to murder the officers of the Western Federation of Miners on the gallows and wreck the union. Another host of men honestly believe, and always will, that the union is, and has been, an agency of murder, intimidation and anarchy, operated by a terrible inner circle of desperate men who have molded the organization into a treasonable order, the existence of which is a menace to the state.

That both sides have at different times been both lawless and murderous stands proved. Where this is true, the placing of the preponderance of blame is a useless and impossible task. The point of tremendous significance is this: For years civil war has now smoldered, now burst forth into flame, in the mountain region, and our institutions have given to the people who are concerned only that right prevail and that democracy live, no power to stamp it out or pour on it the quenching water of justice. These miners, as a class, do not deserve to be hunted like wolves. These mine owners are not, as a class, miscreants who like the work of corrupting states, killing and imprisoning work-

ingmen, and overturning republican government for the sake of dividends. The two forces are thrown together in an industrial contest which both sides dread and each would gladly avoid. The miners find ready a host of unemployed men to take their places under any conditions. The mine managers see most clearly the legal right to operate their mines under any conditions, giving the workers the legal right to accept them or go and work elsewhere. But the law does not meet the occasion. There must be some way out of this struggle, which has only begun. Let us look beyond Orchard, beyond the accused men, beyond the Federation, beyond the Pinkertons and their spy system, to the great principle that we have the right to establish in our midst some system of industrial organization which will bring results better than these; and let us never cease to search until we find it.

JUST at this season of the year, when every one is talking about Nature, and trying his best to get out of town where he may Commune with Her, it seems fitting to put in a word "on the town side," as Charles Lamb phrased it. It is exceedingly difficult for one who loves his fellow man to understand why Nature should be supposed to include the vegetable and mineral kingdoms only. Why a cabbage should be more natural than a dog, or a pine than a man, or the sea than the city, or the mountains than an army it is not easy to see. A caravan surely has as much place in the scheme of creation as an oasis; and a thronged ship is precisely as natural as an island. It has been the fashion of late years to assume that forests were better company than men. There has been an affectation of solitude. As an editorial writer put it the other day, "Almost every man one meets has a bungalow on the brain," and thinks he wants to go off where he can see nobody, and where he can commune with

FRANCIS ANDREW MARCH, LL. D., D. C. L., L. H. D., Litt. D.

"Lafayette's Grand Old Man," who has taught in Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania, for fifty-one years and is still teaching regularly at the age of eighty-two

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, D. D., LL. D., PRESIDENT OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE

Lafayette celebrated this June its "Diamond Jubilee," the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding. Under President Warfield an endowment fund of a half million dollars has been raised to enlarge the work of the college

foliage. Now foliage is very fine, whether it shows itself in bosky underbrush, or flaunts itself from the top of majestic trees. Blue, purple and iridescent mists are fine things, too, whether they are seen glorifying the sides of mountains, or adding to the mystery of the sea, or deepening the sacred recesses of the wood. Stars and the moon, and the flaming sun at dawn are as fine—well, as fine as they make 'em—when seen over the expanses of the silent plain or witnessed from some grave mountain height. We know all this. We have been there—been in the forests of redwood, been on the silent vastness of the Pacific and on the green-blue deeps of the Atlantic, been in tropic seas, green as pale emeralds, and have seen the unspeakable blue of the northern oceans about Point Barrow. We have seen deserts fringed with rainbow mists, twisting and writhing like the scarfs of 'Titania; we know the wonder of the rolling grassy plains, have seen the terrible splendor of the greater mountains and the friendly beauty of the lesser ones. We have lived on beautiful islands, and tried the solitude of the baked adobes of the yellow wilderness; and we say, after a good many years of reflection, that the town seems wonderfully natural, and that no combination of anything the vegetable and mineral kingdom can offer can, after all, come up to man. When it comes to us, let us have "poor human nature," please. The very "poorness" of it commends it. We like it that way. We are that way ourselves. There is something in the way it sits down beside you, at your hearth—though your fire burns low and your cupboard holds nothing for tomorrow—that is worth all the vegetables in the world, no matter whether you call them pines or palms.

It takes a good deal of courage to start in on a defense of 'Town in August, when the town is, so to speak, the under dog. No one has a good word for it. It is made hateful by the accumulated evil suggestion of hundreds of thousands of gastric pessimists and lazy folk who think they are tired, and durable brain workers who think they are fagged, and by women who have been bored at home, and who have gone to their comparatively manless retreats to be bored worse than before—yes, bored in spite of the utmost the milliner and modiste have been able to do for them.

Charles Lamb already has been referred to in this paragraph, and it may be well to quote him further. "In this self-condemned obliviousness," he writes from the country; "in this stagnation, some molesting yearnings of life, not quite killed, rise, prompting me that there was a London, and that I was of that old Jerusalem. I die hard, a stubborn Eloise in this detestable Paraclet. What have I gained by health? Intolerable dullness. What by early hours and moderate meals? A total blank. Oh, let no native Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse, sweet and recreative study, can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable. A garden was the primitive prison till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it. Thence followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, playhouses, epigrams, puns—these all came in on the town part, and the thither side of innocence."

Now, while one would rather be excessive with Charles Lamb than moderate in wiser company, yet we admit, as between friendly contestants and covert sympathizers, that he was as extreme as he was exhilarating in his statement of the case. You who are in the country will, no doubt, still hold to your advocacy of it. You think you like the whispering of trees and rivers better than the swift storm of the violins in the overture; you fancy dawn is more to you than woman, stars better than neighbors, the business of the night and day more essential than that of the street, and the wind over the empty places sweeter than the grasp of a friend's hand. Well, think so! We who take no vacation—and who couldn't get one if we wished—have our own notions about the matter. And don't one of you impertinent, white-flanneled idlers, or you khaki-coated trail followers, fancy that you detect in our theme of debate anything of the vinous flavor of the imperfectly ripened Concord of commerce!

THE absence of real party issues to-day is emphasized by Senator Knox's speech at the Yale commencement. In his demand that the power of Congress to regulate commerce be recognized as ceasing with matters of commerce, and as having no application to pure manufacturing, he joins issue

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TWO VIEWS OF A MINIATURE BRENNAN GYROSCOPIC MONORAIL CAR IN OPERATION

with Senator Beveridge and Mr. Bryan, both of whom favor the extension of the meaning of the interstate commerce clause so as to allow Congress to deny the right to manufacturers who fail to accept the rules laid down by Congress in such things as child labor, for instance. "The constitution," said Senator Knox, "is not to perish at the hands of the phrase maker." This cut is the punishment Bryan and Beveridge receive for their skilful use of words. "The constitution," said Knox, "has been preserved by the people through the most gigantic and tragic war of modern times." The only just criticism to be made on this statement is that it lacks foundation in fact. The war preserved the union, but so made it over that its character was metamorphosed. The amendments forced into the constitution at the close of the war changed it completely. Suddenly, on the heels of the war, the constitution became the instrument under which we are chiefly governed in our most important relations. The problem now is so to

democratize our national government as to enable the will of the people to operate it; for, while strengthened as a governing instrument, it is still an unyielding fortress for privilege—as is well shown by Senator Knox's use of it in his eloquent plea to the country to do nothing lest we ruin the constitution. The do-nothings can always find constitutional warrant for their obstructionism.

NO invention of recent years has aroused such universal interest as the single-rail car designed by Louis Brennan, C. B., the well-known inventor of the Brennan torpedo. The Royal Society of Great Britain, though a conservative body, has shown itself enthusiastic to an almost unbelievable degree, and the government is so convinced of the brilliancy and practicability of Mr. Brennan's discovery that it is placing a large sum of money at the inventor's disposal, while the war department is constructing the rail necessary for the practical test of the car, near

Photo by N. Lazzarich, New York

NEW YORK'S FEARFUL REMINDER OF THE DAYS OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON

The striking drivers of the Street Cleaning Department of New York City returned to work July 2d, after a period of five days in which garbage accumulated in heaps on the narrow streets of the East Side, and threatened to spread pestilence among the congested humanity of the tenement quarter. So far the Health Board reports a fortunate absence from sickness and death.

Photo by the P.-J. Press Bureau, Philadelphia

**MME. MELBA LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW ELEVEN-ACRE GRAMOPHONE
FACTORY BUILDING AT HAYES, ENGLAND**

Mr. Brennan's home. This new style car is to be at least twelve feet wide; it is to run upon a single rail; it represents an enormous reduction in the proportion of friction, and it is calculated to preserve its balance regardless of the character of the load it carries, the wind pressure, the turning of corners, or the shifting of the load. It stands still with as much surety of balance as it travels—and its traveling capacity will probably be about one hundred and twenty or one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Mr. Brennan has been engaged upon this work for thirty years, his desire being to reduce the friction of trains, realizing, as he did, that only about one-twelfth per cent. of the power generated by the present style locomotive is actually used in drawing a train. The motive power for the new engine may be steam, coal oil, gasoline or electricity, as is considered most suitable for local conditions. The rails are to be of the same weight as the rails in ordinary roads, and the ties half the length now used. The bridges would be of the simplest possible construction: a single wire hawser stretched across a ravine or river being all that is necessary for temporary

work. The lateral swaying of the hawser does not disturb the balance of the cars, and the strongest winds will fail to blow them off.

It will be several months before the line and full-sized car are completed, but it is within the reach of possibility—nay, of probability—that the experiment will prove to be the success that the inventor, the Royal Society and the English government now anticipate. In which event, a transformation of civil engineering must begin. Mr. Brennan dreams of transcontinental lines, furnished with traveling hotels, with rooms fifteen to twenty feet wide, in which travelers may be carried, in luxury and safety, at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour!

THE killing of people on railways continues to make a horrible record. Rather more than a death for every hour of the day, and ten persons maimed for every sixty minutes is something a people not seared against slaughter should find to trouble sleep until it is remedied. Every ninety minutes there is a collision or derailment. During a year there is one of these accidents for every six-

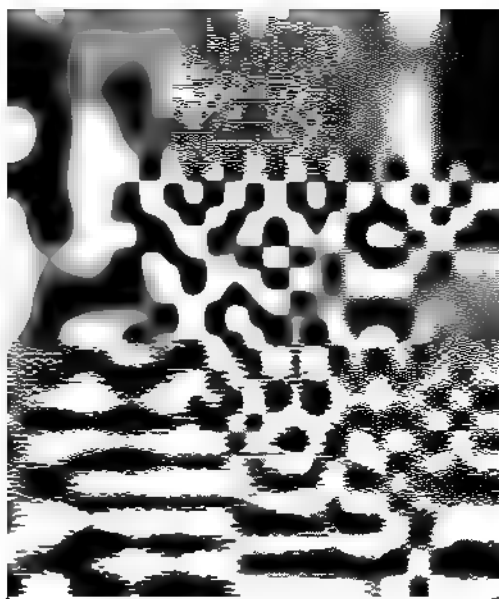


Photo by Window & Grove London

FREDERICK HARRISON
The distinguished British critic

teen miles of track. Of employes of railways one out of every twenty-eight is injured every year, and one out of three hundred and seventy-one is killed. If this is true of railway employes in general, the risk in the more hazardous branches of the business must be terrific. If the people killed and maimed were placed along the trackage of the United States at regular intervals, there would be a fresh grave every twenty-one miles, every year, and a cripple every two or three miles. In twenty-one years the gravestones would become milestones, if the slaughter goes on, and the maimed would be within an ordinary city block of each other along every mile of right-of-way. Such battles as Bull Run, Fort Donelson, Shiloh and Gettysburg fill us with horror and consternation, as we hear or read of windrows of slain, streams running red to the sea, and the sickening waste of human life. But for the year ending March 31, 1906, the railways of the United States killed and wounded ninety-five thousand, eight hundred and one people, while the killed, wounded and missing of both Confederates and Federals for

the battles of Gettysburg, Shiloh and the first battle of Bull Run all combined amount to the less heart-breaking total of ninety-two thousand, three hundred. The worst (or best) of it is, that other nations run their railways without this daily carnage. Why do not we?

"THE New Theology," by R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, London, and "The Creed of a Layman," by Frederick Harrison, are two books which are not only interesting in themselves, but serve as convenient indices of a movement much broader and more meaningful than those which they expound. Most of us who are sensitive to the wireless currents of intellectual and emotional feeling which are, so to speak, in the air, are conscious of a certain widespread, but as yet subtle, change in the attitude of the day toward religion. There is a certain expectancy, a belief, indefinite and unformulated, but none the less present, in the approaching appearance, somehow and from somewhither, of an adequate and actually regenerative inspiration. The feeling is sufficiently explicable. The tide of destructive and rational criticism that has for long run so fiercely, has all but reached the ebb, and far out on the surface of the race-consciousness the new flood has begun to "make." It is, however, to many, a disquieting fact that so many queer fish seem to be coming in with the tide. This new theology, for instance, is but a feat of metaphysical prestidigitation, removing the entire underpinning from orthodox Christianity and yet leaving its unsupported form, like an iridescent bubble, resting on nothing. Or Mr. Harrison's logical and instructive religious autobiography, at the close of which he explains the tenets of humanitarianism, which is a magnificent enthusiasm, but not, at least for most of us, a religion.

These queer fish, however (the waters teem with them), if properly examined, prove to be, not deformed or exotic creatures at all, but normal manifestations of transition—soft-shell faiths that have lately sloughed off the shell of dogma and are scurrying here and there for protection till their new and larger shells be hardened. For the human race is unmistakably crustacean in its method of religious growth. No sooner has it completed the function of secreting a

faith than this begins to harden into an armor of more or less brittle theology, and thenceforth becomes not only a protection, but a confining limitation. And were it not that in due course the imprisoned organism, with many convulsive pains and throes of what it takes at times to be spiritual dissolution, ultimately bursts this integument and once more emerges, unprotected but unconfined, it would have no chance for further expansion.

THE election of Busse in Chicago resulted in the abandonment, temporary or permanent, of a most important experiment in school management and school government. This is the "democratization" plan which had been adopted by the Dunne school board, now ousted from office by Mayor Busse. The new president of the Busse board is quoted as saying that the army had been governing Napoleon, but that now Napoleon will govern the army. The metaphor seems fairly accurate. The government of schools all over the country is and has been autocratic, with absolute power in the hands of the superintendent or the board. The Chicago plan was one for taking the opinions of the teaching force on all matters relating to the curriculum and to the management of the schools as scholastic bodies. The teaching force must have most valuable ideas relating to its own work; but everywhere it is voiceless and inarticulate, because the superintending Napoleons have provided no method for taking its advice. The Dunne board had adopted a plan for "school councils," formulated by the Chicago Normal School faculty, and pronounced by Jane Adams, of Hull House, chairman of the school management committee, as a reform "of fundamental and supreme importance in the public school system." It is to be regretted that in a fight over street-car franchises and school-land graft this reform had to go down with municipal ownership. The way might have been found through it for escape from the military autocracy which controls most of our schools, as implied in the allusion to Napoleon by Busse's board.

JUSTICE Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, comes of a family eminent in all walks of life, and when he speaks for higher ethics among lawyers, he appeals to

a great audience. The lawyer's good deeds we write in water; his tricks and quirks we grave on the steel of popular aphorism and preserve in the literature of such characters as Quirk, Gammon and Snap. When a lawyer suppresses litigation, settles quarrels, and works for the reunion of family relations, he has the approval of his own conscience, but he loses the reputation of being a "fighter"—so valuable in his profession—and when he succeeds he thereby places the affair among those things of which the world can never hear. The physician, on the other hand, who discovers some method of preventing disease, takes only slightly from his own practice by the discovery, and adds greatly to his reputation. Perhaps the balance, if fairly struck, would not be so unfavorable to the lawyers, after all. Yet, Justice Brewer touches a sore spot when he suggests that lawyers do not scrutinize carefully enough the right and wrong of the operations they are called on to conduct. There is never a get-rich-quick scheme, or a bit of fierce finance, or a violation of law by a great corporation without some

Photo by Elliott & Frey, London

THE REVEREND R. J. CAMPBELL
Now lecturing in this country

Ruefs in the law. Justice Brewer's counsel is a counsel of perfection, and therefore a hard saying—as many a young man sitting briefless among his books can bear testimony.

DID you chance to read the story of the hold-up man who wanted an honest job? It's a story with a moral. The hold-up man went into the office of a great establishment, where a member of the firm, a clerk and a young girl stenographer were working. The thief had an assistant, and between them they searched the pockets of the men and secured twenty-three dollars. Then one of the men disappeared and the other, keeping his victims covered with a revolver, remained nonchalantly leaning against the door. The two victimized men kept a cautious silence, but the girl stenographer said casually:

"You seem a pretty decent sort of a fellow to be in the hold-up business. Why don't you get a job and go to work?"

The hold-up man condescended to explain.

"A fellow don't get a square deal in this town," he said. "I have tried to get work and I've failed."

"Don't you want to be a thief, then?" asked the girl.

"No, I don't," said the man. "If I could get work I'd be glad to earn an honest living."

"Do you want a job?" asked the member of the firm.

"I just said I did," returned the thief.

"If that's true I am willing to give you a chance," said the business man. "If you will drop that gun I'll give you a job right now."

The thief did so, and as the weapon fell on the table the business man seized it.

"It's your turn to hold up your hands now," he said. And that was why the hold-up man, who had thought a gentleman would keep his word, went to the police station.

As for the moral, it is, obviously, for hold-up men not to trust the world—not to be so confiding.

The only mitigation of the disgusting story is that the stenographer, moved to some sort of pity or sense of the unfairness of the thing, did refuse to appear against the man. When one thinks how it might have ended—what a touch of magnanimity, of human understanding and compassion might have done—one is inclined to pity the member of the firm who lost his chance.

Photo by N. Lazzaruck

JOHN M. GLENN

Thinking how to spend ten million dollars in philanthropic gifts

Mr. John M. Glenn is the executive officer and sole director of the largest gift ever given by one person for the betterment of social and living conditions—the Russell Sage Foundation Fund of \$10,000,000, the income of which is \$400,000 per year. The foundation is the recent gift of Mrs. Russell Sage. Offices have been rented in the Johnson Building, 30 Broad Street, and the real work is about to begin. When in full running it is the object of the Foundation to investigate the reasons for social inequalities in the widest sense, bringing up such subjects as vices, gambling and the drink question. Individual gifts are not within the scope of the Foundation; its object being solely to relieve the conditions rather than the cases.

well-paid lawyer back in the rear office who has charted the course of the piratical cruise. It is a maxim of the profession that "the lawyer is not the judge." The most successful lawyer must ever be the strictest partizan of his side of the case. He must believe in his cause. He can not be judicial in the midst of battle. But he ought not to enter deliberately into the devious and crooked paths trod by so many of the profession. "Like master," however, "like man." At bottom the lawyer is a mere servant. The basic evil is in those who employ lawyers. When clients scan their lawyers' morals rather than their abilities, legal gentlemen will be moral first and able afterward. The godly and pious president of a corporation goes to the lawyer who can win rather than to one who will ask questions as to rights and wrongs. So long as great prizes in the profession come to those who violate Justice Brewer's advice, and by reason of the violation of it, we shall have the Hummels and

NOT since May Sinclair's "Divine Fire," has such acclaim been given to a novel as that which has come from both expected and unexpected sources for the venerable De Morgan's "Joseph Vance," and it was with no ordinary anticipation that his second book was awaited. The title of this book promised an intimate and winning piece of work, for it was quaintly called "Alice-for-short." Setting aside a teasing sort of a plot, which has much more to do with ghosts than with living persons, and which, obviously, De Morgan himself considered quite as unimportant as he did the ghosts, the story is delicious. There is an idea among certain cold-blooded purists that "delicious" is a word to apply to edibles. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Very few edibles may really aspire to the designation. It is a story, a situation, a possibility, a song, a hat, an ankle, or a baby, that is really delicious. A delicious thing is something that you have been wanting without knowing that you wanted it, and when it comes it satisfies the expectations that you didn't have.

That's what "Alice-for-short" does. Its construction amounts to but little. Its morals are that if you don't worry too much about yourself you will grow in goodness just as the trees of the wilderness grow in beauty. Its charm is the charm of reality, as reality is known among people who love, and dream, and aspire and fail, and now and then quite incidentally achieve; and its surprise lies in the mystery that such a book could be written with Thackeray in his grave, and Du Maurier cut off before his time, and Charles Dickens dead. (Though concerning this last we always have had our doubts! It seems quite absurd to say that Dickens is dead, when something in the utter core of you keeps saying that if you live long enough, and laugh and weep as you should, you will be sure to meet him some day, if only long enough to tell him two or three things about yourself that you could tell to him and to no other confessor!)

It is not precisely as a novelist, at least not in the technical sense of the word, that Mr. De Morgan will be prized. It is rather as a Rambler. Never did a man take his readers on more delightful discursions and excursions! In that chapter on art—fifteenth, isn't it?—there are more quotable

sentences than are to be found in a half dozen ordinary books. The temptation is great, but to begin is to quote the whole five hundred and sixty-three pages, and that would take up space which other contributors might think were better occupied by their own brain-product.

GOVERNOR Hughes' public utilities bill did not meet with the approval of Mayor McClellan. In any such difference the mayor is at a disadvantage. Hughes represents the people. Just who is represented by McClellan may be a problem. Yet the mayor's message of disapproval raises some weighty questions which may well bother the governor—and the president, with his rate laws, valuation laws, railway accounting laws, meat inspection laws and the rest of them. The public utilities bill may be described broadly as the Hepburn act of New York. Mayor McClellan suggests that the setting up of administrative bodies empowered to regulate the income of public-utility corporations capitalized at three and one-half billions, earning more than half a billion dollars annually, employing three hundred thousand men and having a hundred thousand security-holders, is a perilous thing.

Photograph by N. Lazarnick, New York

GEORGE BRINTON MCCLELLAN, MAYOR
OF NEW YORK

Such agencies are likely, he says, to fall into partizan hands. In such a case, the opportunity for corruption of a self-perpetuating sort would be wider than a church door and deeper than a well. This is worth thinking of. It is a peril that extends over all the nation wherever stringent regulation of public-utility corporations is undertaken. The public ownership advocates say that our choice must be between public ownership of public utilities and private ownership of public officers. Theoretically, there are at least two other alternatives. The one is to allow the corporations to do as they please. He is a hardy man who advocates this. The other is for the people to stay awake and hold their railway commissions and public-utility boards up to their duty. Will the people do this? Recent regulative legislation hangs up the richest prizes ever offered for the corporations when they win elections. Think what it would mean for the railways to control the personnel of the interstate commerce commission and the bureau of commerce and labor! Think what a campaign fund will always be forthcoming for the party whose nominations and management give the most quieting assurances in presidential years! Regulation is a compromise between state and government ownership and what the corporations call free competition. It has become the national policy. But it is fraught with great perils, to some of which Mayor McClellan calls attention.

WHEN Mr. James J. Hill gave forth the prophecy that governmental regulation of railways will destroy the credit of the roads, force a condition which will make it necessary for the government to supply funds for their rehabilitation, thus lead to government ownership, and through that destroy republican government, he said a thing that is simply silly. The railways of the country in their infancy were very largely built by governmental aid, land grants and votes of bonuses and bonds. If public aid did not lead to government ownership in the railways' infancy, there is no reason to say that it would, with any certainty, do so in what Mr. Hill implies is their helpless dotage. Furthermore, Mr. Hill should possess intelligence enough to know that more than forty of the great nations of the world now own and operate their railways, many of these among

the most democratic on earth, as Switzerland and New Zealand. Nowhere has there appeared in these any tendency toward a condition dangerous to democracy, growing out of government railways. The United States will take up the question when it reaches it—which it has not as yet done. We shall not leave the railways in private hands at the cost of unrestrained license on the part of their owners in the imposition of rates. If regulation means ultimate government ownership—which most of us hope it does not—then we shall enter upon the public-ownership policy; not to destroy democratic government, but to preserve it.

TO be an American always has been, and still is, rather more of a condition of mind than an accident of birth, and thus it has happened that many great foreigners, as well as countless inconspicuous ones, have been in ideals and sympathies American, although some other country claimed their birth and their fealty. Among the best and most idealistic of Americans has been the Right Honorable James Bryce, ambassador extraordinary from his Britannic Majesty's dominions. So fine a perception has he had of that glorious vision which the earlier Americans saw that he has been able to hold up before us our own ideals, bright and wonderful as they were in those first days of the commonwealth. But it is not alone ideals of national character which he ventures to offer us. In a recent address before the University of Chicago, and in speaking to the subject, "What University Instruction May Do to Provide Intellectual Pleasures for Later Life," he celebrated in a manner at once simple and eloquent the consolations and illuminations of imaginative literature. He did not appear to think that contemplation of the isosceles triangle, or any other scientific form would very greatly comfort the aged man or woman, left with an enfeebled body, a thousand memories, and the certainty of an approaching demise. But the eternal and moving beauty of the greater classics, of the Elizabethan masterpieces, of the contemplative poets—Wordsworth above all, according to Mr. Bryce—and the songs of young and expectant poets are, in such a case, the things to lift the mind above all ordinary vexations into the realm of the nobler and more uplifting thought. Sus-

Photo by N. Lazarnick, New York

John E. Eustis Wm. McCarroll Wm. R. Wilcox, Chairman F. M. Bassett M. R. Maltbie
THE MEN WHO ARE TO HEAR COMPLAINTS CONCERNING NEW YORK'S PUBLIC UTILITIES
THE UTILITIES COMMISSION OF THE FIRST DISTRICT

tained by the ideas these "masters of those who know" can offer, Mr. Bryce thought that age would have joys and revelations which youth itself hardly could excel.

Such words as these—spoken at a time when all the world is mad with enthusiasm over the practical education, when technology is given the right of way in ninety cases out of a hundred, and when every preparation is made for the years of physical efficiency—require a certain sort of moral courage. They serve as a reminder that there are other things beside money to lay up for old age.

THE best reason for making an article well is that excellence in the long run commands the market. This, however, assumes the existence of competition. The concern that has a monopoly of any industry must feel a temptation to turn out an inferior product; the world must use it, willing or unwilling. Free traders have always contended that the existence of a practical monopoly of our markets in the hands of protected manufacturers results in poorer manufactures for the American markets than those of nations that fight for trade in the great free marts of the world where price and quality must win. It has often been charged that abandoned machinery of European mills has been replaced by appliances of an improved pattern and shipped to America, where it has been found good enough to meet the restricted competition of a protected market. Whether these statements are correct or not, competition must make for excellence. There was once a time when the railroad

rails of this country were made in mills that strenuously competed with each other for the railway patronage. Since the organization of the steel trust this has all been changed. While the trust does not make all the rails used in the United States, it makes most of them, and it imposes conditions on the mills called independent. Practically there is no competition in the industry; and quality seems to have dropped off. Terrible railway accidents have followed each other during the past year with such frequency that travel has become a menace in this nation of travelers. There seems every reason to believe that many accidents have resulted from the turning out of inferior rails by the concerns freed from the pressure of competition. For generations our tariff has enabled the steel-makers to rob us. It seems that they now extend their license from robbery to murder.

IN spite of agitation and legislation favoring a "safe and sane" Fourth; in spite of mayors' proclamations and warnings, the usual noisy and gunpowdery national birthday held sway this year, and the statistics of the carnage show that as many lost their lives or limbs in the fray as were killed in some battles of the Spanish or Philippine wars.

In vain do legislators resolve, and in vain do editorial writers deplore this annual sacrifice to the God of Noise; the cracker still cracks, the rockets whiz, the Roman candles splutter and break, while saltpeter, dynamite, lyddite and nitro-glycerin make pandemonium, and "furious Frank and fiery Hun shout in their sulphurous canopy." For at

least twenty-four hours every year this fusillade continues wherever the stars and stripes wave, and then, "silence like a poultice comes to heal the wounds of sound." Not only have we the cannonading with death and destruction every minute, but we have the continuous ringing of fire bells, the clanging of fire gongs on the engines rushing to put out the fires of patriotism; we have overloaded excursion trains rushing head-on at each other on the same tracks; craft of all kinds, from rowboats to lake steamers, "turning turtle"; aeronauts falling out of balloons with parachutes which refuse to work; horses running away with helpless women and children, and various unique catastrophes by way of variety.

It is a picture worthy of a Cruikshank or, perhaps, a Doré. A nation which boasts that it is the most advanced of all the world, in which the study of economics, and ethics, and philanthropy and sociology are the common pastime of its men and women, whose very children are taught to reverence the results of these investigations, annually and by common consent burns up in gunpowder a respectable interest on the national debt, and wounds several thousands of its citizens! Really, viewed from Mr. Howells' "Altruria," could anything be more grotesque?

There is, however, not enough sentiment against this wanton waste of life and money to make a perceptible difference from year to year in the extravagant and fatal Fourth. The majority rules, say its advocates, so there is nothing to do but to lay in a stock of arnica and antiphlogistine and hope for the best.

ABOUT the last of the old school statesmen vanished when the venerable United States Senator Morgan, of Alabama, passed away the other day. Oldest member but one in point of age, and outranked by but one in point of service, he passed a large part of his life representing his state in Congress, and was, perhaps, better known by sight in Washington than in Alabama.

Like most senators from the South, he was a poor man all his days, and the probabilities are that he left but a meager estate; but he left something better than riches—a good name and a record for uprightness in public service unsurpassed by that of any of his colleagues.

THE transfer of the fleet to Pacific waters is a dramatic move in the diplomatic game with Japan. It may be accounted for as a mere disciplinary maneuver, but the story will deceive Japan least of all the world. The question masked behind many false issues of San Francisco schools, Japanese pride and the like is the greatest of world-questions—that of the migration of races. Before settling the question of what is practicable and politic, the twentieth-century mind will be likely to ask what is right. No question of right or wrong confronted the men of shore and sea along the varying line where the ocean of barbarism broke in bloody foam on the rock of the Roman frontier, and wore it away at last. It was the simple problem of bone, sinew and bravery against discipline, victorious traditions and stern intrepidity. But we of America may well look in the face the question as to whether or not we have the moral right to exclude from our country men who desire to come. We built up the tradition that our open door is a necessary manifestation of our faith in the equality of man. We have been violating this tradition in immigration laws, but we have never repudiated the principle itself. What right have we to exclude the Japanese, or the Chinese? To be sure, there are four hundred millions of them—enough to fill this continent from sea to sea with outnumbering hosts, and outvote, outwork and outfight us—and the sea has become a far easier highway than the bleak Sarmatian plain over which the invaders moved on Rome. To be sure, there are other hundred millions, Hindus, who are even now beginning their migratory movement—but the question is, may we rightly keep back the sea? Japan contends for a complete abandonment of the power on our part to restrict immigration. Perhaps we are at the parting of the ways. Let the portentous question once be grasped by the Caucasian race, and the answer is sure to be an assertion of the right—claimed by the white race, conceded to the browns, blacks and yellows—the right of each race to maintain its racial existence, and to regard its territory as a citizen regards his home—as a sacred place into which those only may be admitted who have the capacity of guestship, the personality which makes it possible to live with the host nation on terms of justice and righteousness.

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VISCOUNT AOKI, JAPAN'S LATE AMBASSADOR TO THIS COUNTRY

He has been studying, on the ground, the race troubles on the Pacific Coast

AUGUST

By MARION FRANKLIN HAM

Dat sun keep creepin' roun' de shady side—
Move my chair an' he ain't satisfied ;
Look like he tryin' fer to scorch my hide,
Laws-ee, honey !

Don' talk to me bout work—go way !
I can't help what de white-folks say ;
Spec' me ter work on a *Augus'* day ?
Unh- unh, honey !

Keeps me busy totin' dis chair
Roun' dis cabin fer to git fresh air ;
I ain't got no time to spare—
No *suh*, honey !

Dat sun too hot fer to pester my haid
'Bout de craps dat de white folks can't git made ;
I got to foller dis patch o' shade—
Sho 'nough, honey !

Unh—*unh* ! boy, you up an' run
An' tell dem folks out dar in de sun
I got mo' work dan I kin git done—
Run 'long, honey !

THE · SEPTEMBER

Oh for a cake of Pears now!

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Drawing by Ethel Franklin Betts

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THE BUMBLEBEE

By James Whitcomb Riley.

Wunst I watched one climb clean 'way
In a jim'son blossom, I did, one day—
An' I ist grabbed it—an' nen let go—
An' "Ooh-ooh! Honey! I told ye so!"
Says The Raggedy Man; an' he ist run

An' pullt out the stinger, an' don't laugh none,
An' says, "They *has* ben folks, I guess,
'At thought I wuz predjudust, more or less,—
Yit I still muntain 'at a Bumblebee
Wears out his welcome too quick fer me!"

THE READER

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WHY THE NATIONS CAN NOT DISARM

By AMOS S. HERSHEY

Author of "The International Law and Diplomacy of the Russo-Japanese War."
Professor of Science and International Law at Indiana University.
Professor Hershey is now attending the International
Peace Conference at The Hague

WHEN will the nations be ready to disarm? Or how soon will they begin to limit or reduce their armaments? These questions have acquired a new momentum since the meeting of the first Peace Conference at The Hague in the summer of 1899.

It will be recalled that the main object of that conference, as defined by the Czar's rescript of August 24, 1898, was "a possible reduction of armaments which weigh upon all nations," or at least a discussion of the possibility of "putting an end to the present armaments."

Then, as now, the proposal not to increase naval and military expenditures for a fixed period met with strenuous opposition from Germany. But instead of Russia, we now have Great Britain as the leading champion of the idea of a limitation of armaments.

Russia's change of attitude since 1899 can readily be explained. It may, as Mr. W. T. Stead affirms, be partly due

to the fact that the Czar is disillusioned, but it is more likely that the real or main causes for this change are to be found in the results of the Russo-Japanese war.

Russia is now relatively a weak nation, and it will be many years before she can hope to repair her losses. Moreover, the Russian government is confronted by internal as well as external foes, and under these circumstances can

scarcely be expected to consent to any scheme which would prevent her from trying to recover her former strength.

The attitude of Germany, although perhaps unwise, is equally intelligible and more consistent. The birth-pangs of modern

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AT THE HAGUE

Germany were accomplished at Sadowa and Sedan. She issued forth a full-grown, united warrior-nation in the midst of smoke and battle—a marvelous creation of Bismarck's policy of blood and iron. In the midst of an armed camp she has been nourished on smokeless powder, quick-firing guns and patriotic

speeches by her "war lord," and has prospered in spite of it all.

Wedge in for a generation between France and Russia, this nation of warriors has forced others as well as herself to bear military burdens beyond a parallel in history. Checked and thwarted at many turns in her commercial and colonial aims by England, she has created a great navy, and has outlined a naval program which threatens to put even British willingness to bear enormous naval expenditures to a severe test. Relieved for a time by the Russo-Japanese war of the fear of Russian pressure on the eastern frontier, the German Empire has finally been surrounded through British diplomacy by a network of alliances, until it stands practically isolated in Europe. To ask Germany to reduce or even limit her armaments under these conditions would be like asking a soldier to abandon his weapons when surrounded by enemies.

Unless Germany takes the initial step, France can not disarm with safety to her prestige and interests. It might be that her very life would be endangered. Neither Italy nor Austria are in a position to follow an independent policy of their own in this matter, although it may be that Italy could afford to suffer loss of prestige and disarm under a guarantee of the Powers. But it is likely that Germany would object.

Only Great Britain, the United States and the smaller and weaker states of Europe and America can, under the present conditions, afford to dispense with large standing armies; but England and the United States must, at least for the present, rely upon large and powerful navies for the protection of their interests and for the sake of their prestige.

If we could ignore Germany in our calculations, the present moment might be deemed particularly auspicious—not, indeed, for disarmament, but for fixing a maximum for military and naval ex-

penditures and for limiting the size of armies, battleships and navies. England is willing to take the risk. Russia would not at present be hampered by such limitations. France has already fallen behind, and Austria would doubtless follow the lead of Germany. Italy has never really been an important factor in international politics, and Spain is a negligible quantity. The United States intends to win by other than military methods.

Total disarmament is, of course, wholly out of the question at the present stage of our imperfect civilization. For a great nation to cast aside its weapons under existing circumstances would require a degree and kind of courage bordering alike on heroism and madness.

To find preventives of war we must first inquire into its causes. These are difficult to determine. They have their origin in the passions, appetites and ambitions of mankind and in the conditions of life (social, economic and political) under which man struggles for existence and the means of enjoyment. Until human nature is changed and social conditions are materially improved, or until there is established a more perfect equilibrium between human wants and the means by which these may be satisfied, neither war nor poverty can be eradicated.

Modern wars seem to be due mainly to seven causes: 1. The desire for commercial and colonial expansion. (Examples: The recent struggle in the Far East between Japan and Russia for the control of Manchuria and Korea, and most of the petty wars which Great Britain has waged in Asia and Africa during the past century.) 2. The desire to secure or maintain political or racial supremacy in certain quarters of the globe. (Examples: The Spanish-American war on the part of Spain, and the British-Boer war in South Africa.) 3. Motives of humanity mixed with considerations of political and commercial in-

THE KNIGHTS' HALL, THE HAGUE, IN WHICH THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE
CONFERENCE OF 1907 IS BEING HELD

terest. (Examples: The Spanish-American war of 1898 on the part of the United States, and the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 on the part of Russia.) 4. The desire for the realization of a more perfect nationality. (Examples: The Franco-German war of 1870 and the Prusso-Austrian war in 1866 for the unification of Germany, and the French-Italian war of 1859 against Austria for the union of Italy.) 5. Wars of conquest or aggression. (Examples: Most of the wars of the revolutionary and Napoleonic period between 1792 and 1815 on the part of France, and the war of the United States against Mexico in 1846.) 6. The suppression of revolutionary and democratic movements. (Examples: The invasion of Spain by France in 1823, and the suppression of the Hungarian revolt by Russia and Austria in 1849.) 7. Wars of self-preservation. (Examples: The British-Boer war of 1900 on the part of the Boers, and the Russo-Japanese war on the part of Japan.)

It may be noted that several prolific causes of war have almost ceased to

operate in modern times. Religious wars have almost disappeared from the pages of European history, and for nearly a century there have been no wars in Europe for the sake of dynastic interests or to maintain the balance of power. For the latter there has been substituted a system of alliances and the Concert of Europe—a development which has given to international relations a much firmer basis.

On the other hand, we have several new causes of war or sources of international friction which can scarcely be said to have operated on a large scale before the nineteenth century. The remarkable development of the twin ideas of democracy and nationality have brought into existence new and mighty forces which may ultimately insure peace, but which nevertheless increase the possibility of armed conflicts between modern nations.

Commerce, like democracy, is Janus-like, facing both ways. Although it is believed that modern industrial conditions make for peace, many so-called political wars have really been commercial wars in disguise, and the present strug-

gle for economic supremacy has given rise to a new doctrine of commercial imperialism which is a serious menace to the peace of the world.

Among the factors which make for the preservation of peace must be reckoned the present system of armaments in Europe. Like the *pax Romana*, it is, in fact, an "armed peace." Although the Czar's rescript of 1898 declares that these armaments have failed to bring about the "desired pacification," it can not be denied that Europe has during the past thirty-seven years enjoyed a larger immunity from actual warfare than at any previous period in her history. Whether this peace has been purchased at too dear a price is another question.

It is also another question whether, even under modern conditions, some relief might not be obtained as the result of a general agreement, or whether it might not be possible, the "war lord" of Germany willing, to put a stop to the "progressive increase of armaments."

In the meantime, while waiting for the causes of war to be removed, or until human nature and the conditions of life are improved, can nothing be done to prevent war? Much may be done to mitigate the pains and alleviate the sufferings of the victims, and the outbreak of war may often be prevented, but it can not be wholly eradicated from our social and political system.

Diplomacy has prevented, as it has caused, many a war. Formerly the servant of the War God, it is now the handmaid of peace. In the daily intercourse of nations it is constantly at work healing wounds, arranging compromises, adjusting claims, and preventing friction. But suppose diplomacy fails! Recourse should then be had to the mediation of third powers, commissions of inquiry, and arbitration.

The success of President Roosevelt in initiating negotiations which terminated the Russo-Japanese war shows the possi-

bilities of mediation at least as a means of preventing the continuation of warfare beyond a certain point; and the success of the North Sea commission in preventing war between Great Britain and Russia upon the occasion of the wanton attack of the Baltic fleet upon British fishermen at the Dogger Bank shows that commissions of inquiry are particularly well adapted at times of great public excitement or when questions affecting national honor and dignity are involved.

There is one preventive of war which has been proclaimed a sovereign and universal remedy. Arbitration is no longer an experiment. During the eighty years preceding 1895 there were nearly two hundred successful applications of this method, with practically no failures. In the decade between 1895 and 1905 nearly one hundred disputes—many of them serious—yielded to this treatment. The time has at last come when it is unnecessary—nay, foolish and even criminal—for nations to appeal to the arbitrament of the sword to settle mere boundary disputes, to collect pecuniary claims, or even to secure reparation for breaches of treaty or violations of international law. Questions such as these are capable of a judicial determination, and should be settled by arbitration.

Unfortunately, there are theoretical as well as practical limits to arbitration, for there are higher ideals even than those of peace. Such are the ideals of humanity, nationality, and justice. It may be necessary to go to war in the interest of humanity, as we did in the case of Cuba. And President Roosevelt has recently again called attention to the fact that there is always a possibility of a conflict between the ideal of peace and that of justice.

Moreover, there are questions affecting the life and growth of a nation, questions affecting its sense of dignity, honor and conscience or moral worth, questions affecting the welfare of the

race and the future interests of civilization which can in no wise be submitted to arbitration, at least for the present. The United States will never consent to arbitrate any question endangering the

How could the unity of modern Germany or Italy have been accomplished or the independence of the Dutch or American republics have been established except at the cost of war and the

THE KING'S PALACE, THE HAGUE

existence of the Monroe doctrine; neither England, Russia nor Japan could be induced to delegate to the Hague tribunal the settlement of their commercial and political rivalries in the Far East. It does not follow that such questions must needs be decided by the arbitrament of the God of Battles, but they are not proper subjects for judicial arbitration.

However, there seem to be questions whose Gordian knot can not be cut except by the sword. How, for example, would it have been possible to drive General Weyler out of starving and dying Cuba unless by the use of force?

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

sacrifice of human life? How can the Turkish parasites who feed like locusts upon the native populations of south-eastern Europe ever be driven out unless it be at the point of the bayonet?

On the other hand, the earth has been drenched with the blood of those who have died in vain—whose bodies have been offered up to satisfy the lust of luxury and conquest or the greed of avarice and ambition. Millions have died in unworthy and ignoble causes, and millions more have been sacrificed in causes which, however good or just in themselves, might have been settled by diplomacy, mediation or arbitration.

A QUIET STREET, THE HAGUE

TWO MEN NAMED COLLINS

By ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

Author of "Sentry-Go"

"CRUMMY" COLLINS
TELLS THE STORY

I KNOW some things all right if I could only think of them. These guys say I'm crazy—crazy in the head like a sheep; but I'm as happy as if I had good sense.

I hear 'em talking in the barracks when they think I'm not around, and I know what they say. I'll make some of 'em hard to catch, one of these days. They're afraid of me because I killed a man once. Well, I evened that up, but they don't know it.

When I get out of the army I'm going back to driving hack in Denver like I was before I enlisted. It ain't my fault I'm here. It's the old booze. I gets drunk one day and went out to Petersburg. I met a guy there who belonged to the army, and before I knew what I was about I had on one of these uniforms. I only got six months more, and you bet they won't get me again.

Before I go I'll get good and even with some of these guys. Ever I catch any of them fresh officers down around Arapahoe Street after dark I'll fix 'em.

They call me Crummy Collins, because I got crumbs when I first took on. Crumbs? Why lice—graybacks. I must a-had a billion. They used to hold battalion parade on me every night, and a little skirmish drill in the morning. I didn't need no setting up exercises in mine. I was 'most crazy clawing at myself until I got used to 'em. A fellow can get used to anything if he has patience.

The bunch used to kangaroo me something fierce and make me boil myself and my clothes about nine times a week, but I never did get rid of 'em for more'n a few days at a time. I got so I'd be lonesome without 'em, and after I'd most killed a couple of fresh stiff the gang let me alone.

But that's why they call me Crummy. I've heard 'em say I'm the orneriest

white man in the army. I don't know why. I'm big and strong, but that ain't nothing. I can take this Krag and bend it double like it was made of tin; I did it once when I got mad at a sentry because he wouldn't let me by.

I can lift any man in this company waist high with one hand. I can tear open a can of tomatoes with my teeth. But them things don't make a guy ornery, do they?

I used to get drunk whenever I could, and it made me mean. They threw it into me, too. Guardhouse all the time, and hard work. Then one day I heard a non-com tell another they was laying for me with a general court to give me a bobtail and a dash at Alcatraz next time I come up; so I quit. I haven't touched a drop in over a year.

They's something funny about me, though, and I don't know what it is. Whenever I walk post in front of the officers' quarters them fresh guys and their women get out on the porches and watch me. They talk just like I couldn't hear, too. I heard a woman say one day when I was stepping off the post—it's an even hundred of my steps from one end to the other—that I reminded her of a caged lion.

"More like a big bull behind a pasture gate," says an officer.

"Or a battery horse with the weaves," another sticks in.

Stuff like that, you know. Can you blame me for being sore?

About that man I killed. I didn't mean to do it. His name was just the same as mine, Charles Collins, only they called him Pretty Collins. He *was* pretty, too. He had a lot of education, and he got into the army accidentally, same as me.

I've seen lots of his kind. They're mostly to be found around Tort's or the Brown in evening clothes after a show, and they've paid me good money for hauling 'em around in my little old hack.

I used to feel like jumping up and

saying, "Cab, sir," every time he come past me on the parade ground. He was a private like any one else, but I've seen sentries half bring their guns down to salute when he went by. It was the way he wore his clothes, maybe.

I've heard some of these guys say he spent a barrel of money going the route, and broke his old lady's heart. His old man give him the run, or something, so he breaks into the army. The officers pitied him a lot, and he used to be something of a pet with them. They didn't holler and growl at him same as they do at me and the rest. I heard the top say once that they offered to get him discharged, but he wouldn't stand for it. Anyway, they used to treat him mighty white.

I had it in for him strong.

I didn't like him from the start because they used to kid us both, changing our names around and calling him Crummy and me Pretty. I know I ain't pretty, and I knew how they meant it.

The top, when he called the roll, used to put it Collins No. 1, which was him, and Collins No. 2, which was me. They ain't anything unusual about that. I've seen companies where they'd have four or five Johnsons, or Browns, or Smiths.

I got so I hated the sight of Collins. I hated his pink and white face, and I hated him because he wasn't supposed to be no better than me, but *was*, somehow.

He didn't know how much I had it in for him, but he did know I didn't like him, because one day he starts to joshing me with the rest, and I took him to the mat. I had my fingers on his throat and his white flesh come out between them like I had grabbed a lump of dough.

They broke me loose, but I told him then that if ever he tried to hand me anything again I'd bust his crust. He looked whiter than ever, but he bowed polite and says:

"All right, Collins; I beg your pardon. It won't happen again."

He offered me his hand, but I spit at

it. He never spoke to me again. And I hated him more than ever for it.

They used to rawhide me something fierce in the company. I mean the non-coms did. I got all the extra duty there was doing. I knew I was getting the dirty end, but I couldn't holler. It wouldn't done me any good.

I've seen Pretty Collins come into quarters after taps just spifficated, and nothing was ever done to him. Do you wonder I was sore on him?

Well, I just laid low and waited. I figured to get to him some day some way, so I laid low.

Finally we goes to Manila and gets sent out on the north line, where they was fighting about every day. That's when I gets next to Pretty Collins.

He was about my height and heft, so was in the same set of fours as me. When we fanned out in open order, that brought him next to me, on my right. The first scrap we went into I watched Pretty, and I was hep in a minute.

His face turned whiter than the time I grabbed him, and his hands trembled so he could hardly hold his gun. I sensed him, all right, all right. He was a coward.

When the bullets commenced to whistle I thought he was going to drop in his tracks. I'm no coward, whatever I am, and you bet I took a lot of satisfaction watching that guy suffer; because they do suffer—all the tortures of hell, I've heard.

I don't think any one else noticed him, but Pretty knew that I knew—he looked at me once and saw me grinning.

I used to own a pit dog—Sunday Morning. He was beat by Mitchell's Money on the Overland race track one Christmas day. He was nearly all out when I picked him up for his last scratch, and he looked at me out of his eyes like he was trying to tell me not to send him in again. Pretty reminded me of Sunday Morning when he looked at me across that rice paddy.

It wasn't much of a fight, but when it was over Pretty was as limp as a rag. The rest thought it was too much sun, but I knew—and Pretty knew I knew—and that was more satisfaction to me than if the whole brigade knew. He never said anything to me; just looked at me out of his eyes like Sunday Morning looked.

It wasn't long after that we was laying in front of a line of nigger trenches which were across a river from us. The general commanding the brigade and his staff was with our outfit. The gu-gus was slapping a kind of blanket of bullets over our heads, and we was hugging the ground pretty close. The general sings out to our captain:

"Send a man down to Colonel Kelley on the left of the line and tell him to advance at once."

You know what that meant?

A man had to chase across that open field for a quarter of a mile with all the gu-gus pecking at him. It was a two ace bet that he would get his before he got half way. Cap looks down the line and says:

"Collins!"

He was looking right at Pretty, over my head, and he meant Pretty. Man! That fellow's face was already white, but it seemed to go dead all at once. I'll bet anything he couldn't have moved if he'd tried, his muscles being sort o' paralyzed.

Cap kept looking at him—over my head. It wasn't three seconds, but it seemed three hours. When I first heard Cap call I felt glad, because it meant all day with Pretty. Then when I looked at Pretty's face I felt sorry, and there's where I made a sucker of myself. I jumped up and started on a run down the line. Cap didn't say anything. It looked like I had made a mistake and thought he meant me, but Cap knew better—and he knew I knew better—and Pretty knew better.

They shot at me considerable and

Drawing by John W. Norton

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A MAN HAD TO CHASE ACROSS THAT OPEN FIELD FOR A QUARTER OF A MILE
WITH ALL THE GU-GUS PECKING AT HIM

winged me a little once, but I delivered the order and got back in time to go into the charge with my outfit.

I could gone into the hospital if I'd wanted to, but I wasn't hurt very bad. That night I was sleeping near Cap and the two lieutenants, and I heard Cap say:

"The old man is going to recommend Crummy Collins for a stiffycate of merit. He wanted to make him a lieutenant, but I showed him the"—something—"of such a course.

"I meant Pretty Collins all the time, because I knew it was a chance to take him out of the ranks. He could have won his shoulder straps right there, but—"

"Do you think he's—" something I didn't get again, one of the loots asked.

"I fear he is," says Cap, and I went to sleep.

Well, we put in nearly two years on the islands, but Pretty got transferred to special duty, and I didn't see no more of him until we sailed for home. He looked kind of bad in the face, like he'd been going too strong, but he was just as popular as ever in the company. No one knew what Cap and me knew, and I didn't tell, but Pretty kept away from me.

By this time the gang had commenced to treat me a little better, because I'd showed 'em I was a good game guy, but I didn't have no bunksies.

I'd almost forgotten Pretty while he was away, but when he come back again he made me just as sore as ever at him—just by being around, you know.

He didn't get so much petting from the officers as he used to, but he was still the whole thing with the bucks.

We went to Fort D. A. Russell, just out of Cheyenne, from 'Frisco, and I gets my stiffycate of merit there. It's a big sheet of paper, something like an officer's commission, all engraved, with my name and outfit and telling what I'd done when I carried that order across

the firing line. Best of all, it gives me a couple of bucks extra pay every month. I stuck it away in my chest and didn't show it to any of the guys, although they knew I got it. You're supposed to send them things home to your people, so they can frame 'em and hang 'em up in the parlor, but I didn't have no people or parlor either.

We hadn't been in Russell more'n a month when Pretty shows up one morning missing. They calls his name for ten mornings at roll call, and then they posts him as a deserter. It like to broke these guys that'd been so friendly to him all up, and you bet I was glad.

They caught him in a couple of weeks up in Rock Springs on a drunk, and they brings him back to Russell and slaps him in the general prison. He's good for about eighteen months at the lowest, because the officers that had been so friendly to him shook him right away.

I was doing guard duty one day over a bunch of prisoners cleaning up quarters, and Pretty was one of 'em. I wasn't paying much attention to any but him, watching him moving around in that brown suit with the big white P on his back, when all of a sudden he makes a break.

He must a-gone nutty. He didn't have a chance in the world to get away. They told me he said before he cashed in that he got wild having my eyes follow him around, but that's rot. All I did, so help me, was just watch him, and I leave it to any one if that should make him go bugs.

I hollered at him to halt three times. Then I aimed at him, meaning to hit him in the leg. His head kept bobbing in front of my sights, and he was getting further away all the time, so I had to let go. He dropped and laid there kicking around.

The whole barracks come running up, and I don't remember much else, except that they relieved me and sent me to quarters.

HIS HEAD KEPT BOBBING IN FRONT OF MY SIGHTS, AND HE WAS GETTING
FURTHER AWAY ALL THE TIME

None of the fellows would talk to me or tell me what was doing, but I heard some one say he was dead. I stayed in quarters all the next day, and no one come near me. If I'd walk up to some of the fellows they'd get up and move off, like they was afraid of me. The Cap come in toward evening and talked kind to me. He said I'd only done my duty, but that it would be best for me to be transferred, and they was going to send me to Plattsburg to join another regiment. That was all right with me. He told me to get my junk together and get ready to go right away.

It didn't take me no time to pack. While I was throwing my stuff into my chest I ran across that stiffycate of merit and shoved it in the inside pocket of my blouse.

I heard some of the fellows talking

that night, and they spoke about "him," so I knew they meant Pretty.

"His father and mother are coming in a special train from the east," one of them said. "The top and four non-coms are going to take him to Denver and turn him over to them."

No one even looked at me all this time.

Cap give me my transfer papers and transportation that night, and next morning I went to Cheyenne and got a train for Denver. Only the Cap said good-by to me.

At Denver I missed the first I was to take east, and hung around the depot all day. Along toward evening a train of just a baggage car and a Pullman pulled in while I was looking through the fence outside the depot. The Pullman blinds were down, and it looked so mournful

and still that I had a hunch right away that it was Pretty's folks. I was right, too. A gray-haired man, who moves around brisk and talks rough to the porters, gets off and helps a little old lady, all dressed in black, to the platform. You couldn't see much of her face on account of a heavy veil, but you could tell by her eyes that she had been crying a lot.

They hadn't more'n got on the platform when the regular Cheyenne train pulls in and the top sergeant and a squad of non-coms from my old company hops off. The old man leads the little old lady up to them, and they shook hands all around and stood talking a while.

Then they went to the baggage car, and the squad hauls out a long wooden box with a flag across it. Somehow it made me sort o' sick to look at it, because I knew Pretty was inside.

The non-coms put the box on a truck and pushes it over to the special train and shoves the box in the Pullman—not in the baggage car.

The old lady follows it in, and the man stood at the end of the Pullman talking to the top. I couldn't stand it no longer. I wanted to hear what they said, so I sneaks through the gate and around behind a train on the track next to the Pullman.

The old man was saying:

"I'm mighty glad the boy died like a gentleman, anyway. He was always a little wild, but I never believed he was a coward. I was rather pleased when he joined the army, because I felt it would make a man of him."

"Yes, sir," the top says, "he was a man all right. He gave that prisoner a hard fight before he went under, and would have won out if the prisoner hadn't been stronger."

I see the drift all right. They was making this old man believe Pretty had been killed in the performance of his duty; see? I listens to a little more, and

I makes out that the top has told him Pretty was guarding prisoners, when one of 'em turns on him and shoots him with his own gun. He was giving Pretty a great send-off.

Maybe you think I wasn't dead sore!

What right had they to tell all them lies? If it'd been me in the box they'd probably have said I was the worst blackguard in the army and got all that was coming to me.

The top and the other non-coms shake hands all around with the old man again, and then they hikes off. The old man goes into the Pullman, and the engine crew gets ready to pull out. I make up my mind in about two seconds, Mex., to go in there and tell them folks all about Pretty and why I had to kill him. I see my chance to get good and even with him more than ever.

I climbed on the rear platform and opens the door. The box was in the aisle, and the old lady was setting in a seat beside it. The old man was with her, holding her hands, and she was crying, soft and easy like. He isn't crying, but he looks old and tired.

They both raise their heads when I come in and looked at me like they was waiting for me to say something.

"I soldiered with him," I says, pointing to the box.

The old lady looked at me out of Pretty's eyes, just as Pretty looked at me that day across the rice paddy. She almost smiled.

"He was all I had," she said. "He was his mother's boy."

The old man didn't say anything—just looked me over.

I don't know what got the matter with me. I couldn't say a thing—just stand there looking at them two like a sad-eyed dub. The words I wanted to tell 'em wouldn't come.

"He was a good soldier?" the old man finally asks.

It wasn't what I meant to say, but I just had to tell him yes.

"He was all we had," the old man said. "It is a hard blow, but it is softened by knowing that he served his country well and died in the line of duty."

I tried to shake myself together and tell them that their boy had been a coward and a deserter, and if he'd lived would have put in a year or so in prison, with a yellow bobtail discharge at the end, but I couldn't do it—that's all.

The train commenced to back up, getting ready to start out.

"Do you know of any of his companions who have any reminder of my

darling boy?" the old lady asked. "They didn't bring me anything—but his body."

I felt something crackle in my inside breast-pocket. Ain't I a sucker, though? I stuck my hand in and hauls out that stiffycate of merit.

"Here," I says, handing it to her. "They sent this to you by me."

And then I hikes out of that car, for fear I might get dingey and bust out crying myself.

I know some things, all right, all right.

THE DOOR

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

This little door that shuts my living in!

I wonder at it with a growing fear;

My soul is strong, the door is slight and frail,

Why should it hold me here?

I'll match it, strength with strength, 'twill surely yield,

And I shall fare me forth the way you went—

Is it so strong then?—Ah! It throws me back,

Heart-torn and impotent!

Your face is just outside, your lips, your hair,

The tender hands I yearn for—and your eyes!

Only the door between—I call your name

With eager, panting cries!

You stole away, so swift you stole away!

My tear upon your cheek can scarce be dried;

Your kiss is fresh upon my lips, like dew,

And you are just outside!

Stay, love, O stay—I'll tear this barrier down—

I dare—'tis naught—I tell you I will dare!

What holds me back?—A horror—ah, what if—

What if—you were not there!

Drawing by Will Vawter

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THE TATTLE-TALE

WHAT IS SOCIALISM

NOT A POLITICAL PATENT MEDICINE, BUT AN ACCURATE, SCIENTIFIC FORECAST, PROMISING
THE EXTENSION OF COMMON OWNERSHIP, WITH "THE CO-OPERATIVE
COMMONWEALTH OF THE WORLD" AS AN ULTIMATE IDEAL

By WILLIAM HARD

Mr. Hard is not a Socialist. He writes as a trained observer, not as a partizan. In this article he has, at our request, presented only the attractions of Socialism in order to show what it is that has won to the cause seven million devoted adherents. His article should be read with this fact in mind.—THE EDITOR

SOcialism, in its political aspect, is not so much an invitation as a prophecy.

Only incidentally do Socialists assert that such and such things *ought* to be. Fundamentally what they assert is that such and such things *will* be. The co-operative commonwealth, it is true, is desirable. But, whether desirable or not, the co-operative commonwealth is inevitable.

They malign Socialism, therefore, who say that it is a political patent medicine. If it were a medicine, society might either reject it or pour it out on the ground, just as it pleased. But modern Socialism relieves society from this perplexing liberty of choice. Modern Socialism is not a political patent medicine. It is a political weather forecast.

Modern Socialists take great comfort from this distinction. They say that prescribing political medicines is foolish and "Utopian," whereas making political weather forecasts is accurate and "scientific."

At one time, back toward the beginning of the nineteenth century, there were "Utopian" Socialists, men like François Fourier in France and Robert Owen in England.

These men came to their prospective converts and said:

"It is very dark. There is great injustice in the world. Competition in business is producing extravagant wealth on the one side and horrible poverty on the other. The blackness of night is overspreading us. But we have studied the art of illumination and we have invented a wonderful artificial light. Do you see it? It is called co-operation. We will form small groups of people who will retire from the world and who will work together, not as employers and employés, but as partners; who will consume the fruits of their toil together, not as masters and servants, but as equals. We shall own in common and enjoy in common. Invest now in this wonderful light. Buy it. Set it up on high poles. When you have erected a sufficient num-

ber of poles, the world will be flooded with the beneficent rays of our newly invented artificial sunshine. And that will be Socialism."

They had a wealth of moral fervor, these early "Utopian" Socialists. But the communistic communities which they founded have almost all of them faded away from the face of the earth.

THE PRESBYTERIANS OF POLITICS

The modern "scientific" Socialists are quite different persons. They come to the world and say:

"Arouse yourselves, comrades. It is very dark now, but the sun is due to rise on the whole world in a very short time. We are not interested in manufacturing artificial sunshine. We prefer to spend our time predicting real sunshine. The earth is turning on its axis. You can not prevent it from turning, no matter what you do. It has turned from feudalism to capitalism. It will turn from capitalism to socialism. It has turned from the rule of the nobleman to the rule of the business man. It will turn from the rule of the business man to the rule of the workingman. The first rays of light are already beginning to appear on the horizon. I can not do much to hasten them. I am simply the chanticleer of the co-operative commonwealth. I am simply crowing because I feel elated. But even if you go back to sleep again the sun will rise just the same. And it will be the sun of Socialism."

In other words, the modern "scientific" Socialist is something of a fatalist. He is something of an evolutionist. He believes, from his study of human history, that certain things are more or less inevitable. The Socialists are the Presbyterians of politics. They confidently believe that the world is predestined to Socialism.

Manifestly, then, Socialism is a study much more complex than is implied in the couplet—

What is a Socialist? One who is willing
To give you his penny and pocket your
shilling.

It is difficult to imagine that the Countess of Warwick, who is a strong Socialist, is animated by an ambition to exchange her penny for the shilling of her grocer. Young Mr. Phelps-Stokes, of New York, may be equally exonerated from any such charge. And, as a matter of fact, the people who are most in need of shillings do not seem to flock to the Socialist party. Socialists are found among cigarmakers more than among teamsters, among typesetters more than among common laborers. The slums do not produce Socialists. They are produced mainly in the upper stratum of the working class and in the lower stratum of the capitalist class. Socialism is not the voice of the debased element of society. It is the voice of an element which at least has leisure and intelligence enough to study and to adopt a rather intricate philosophy of politics and of economics. Socialism claims to be the philosophy of the working class. And in a vital way it is. But it did not spring spontaneously from the working class, and it is nourished to-day not by the most exhausted victims of capitalism, but by men and women who are well enough off to have time to think, or, at any rate, to think that they are thinking.

It is well, therefore, to dismiss at the beginning the hypothesis that Socialism is merely the desire of the man who has a small coin to exchange for a large one. Few Socialists now living expect to see the co-operative commonwealth. Both because they are not the poorest people in society and because they expect the co-operative commonwealth to be established after their deaths, it is only fair to acquit them of mercenary motives.

The next hypothesis for the explanation of Socialism is that Socialists are

crazy. There might seem in many cases to be some ground for this conjecture, but, on second thought, it will be found to lead to a prospect more appalling than any other.

IN EVERY CIVILIZED COUNTRY

It is now only about seventy years since the word "socialism" made its first bow to the world in the columns of a newspaper published in England. It is only sixty years since Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels issued "The Communist Manifesto," which, without irreverence, may be called the Socialist Sermon on the Mount, and which concluded with the exhortation: "Workingmen of all countries, unite." It is only forty years since Karl Marx wrote his fundamental book, the classic book of modern Socialism, "Capital."

Yet to-day there is a Socialist party in every civilized country. In France there are two Socialists in the Cabinet, namely: M. Briand, the minister of worship, and M. Viviani, the minister of labor. In Germany the Socialist party has polled three million votes. In England many of the labor members of the House of Commons are avowed Socialists. In the United States the Socialist vote is approaching the half-million mark. There are twelve Socialist aldermen in Milwaukee. Altogether the Socialist voters of the world to-day, less than eight decades after the first appearance of the word "socialism," number more than seven million. If these seven million men are insane, the world is indeed in a sad case.

Moreover, no reference is here made to the untold millions of voters who are in favor of such "socialistic" propositions as municipal ownership of street-cars and compulsory insurance of workmen. No reference is here made to persons like the Progressives in England, who are turning the English municipalities into owners and operators of

gas plants, electric lighting plants, greenhouses, cemeteries and milk wagons. No reference is here made to the countless citizens of all countries who give their approval to that gradual extension of governmental activity to which Sir William Vernon-Harcourt was alluding when he made his famous remark to the effect that "We are all Socialists now." The seven million Socialists above mentioned are straight Socialists. They vote, not for incidental experiments in public ownership, but for the whole co-operative commonwealth.

What do they mean by the co-operative commonwealth? This might seem to people outside the party to be a fairly important question, but it appears to be the least of the troubles of the Socialists themselves. The co-operative commonwealth, they admit, would necessarily imply a tremendous extension of the area of common ownership. But common ownership is not the most striking feature of modern orthodox Socialism. Many people think it is, but they are committing the argumentative error which the logicians call barking up the wrong tree. The essential doctrine of modern orthodox Socialism is the control of the powers of government by the working class, or, at any rate, the recognition of the working class as an important element in the control of those powers.

THE FUNDAMENTAL OBJECT

In Germany to-day the government owns the railroads. Are the Socialists elated? Not at all. In Chicago Dunne, the late mayor, attempted to secure municipally owned streets-cars. Did the Socialist party cast its votes for Mayor Dunne? By no means. And why? Because the government of Germany and the government of Chicago are to-day, according to the Socialists, business men's governments, capitalist governments, "bourgeois" governments. It is necessary that these governments should

be changed toward being workingmen's governments, labor class governments, "proletarian" governments, before common ownership will be of any great value to the community at large.

In Socialist slang, the capitalist class is called the bourgeoisie and the working class is called the proletariat. The fundamental object of the Socialist party is the overthrow of the power of the bourgeoisie and the establishment of the power of the proletariat. The inevitable consequence, of course, will be that many industries, if not all, will be transferred from private hands to the hands of the community. But that will be only a consequence. The indispensable preliminary is that a class-conscious proletariat shall vote itself into a control, complete or partial, of the powers of government.

BUSINESS MAN VS. THE WORKINGMAN

It will be seen that, compared with the Scientific Socialist, the Utopian Socialist was a mild and harmless being. The Utopian socialist was more or less satisfied if he was allowed to retire in peace to Brook Farm or New Harmony, or some other communistic community in which he might live in common with his fellow-Utopians. The Scientific Socialist refuses to retire. He stays in the world in order to capture it. He is not a monk. He is an evangelist. And his object is a Socialist planet.

The avenue to the Socialist planet will be through class conflict. This is not a libel on modern Socialism. It is a definition of it. According to the modern Socialist all human history since the introduction of private property has been a series of class struggles. All progress has been made through class struggles. And classes are formed on economic differences. As long as there are economic differences there must be classes and class struggles. This is Marx's famous materialistic conception of history.

Economic differences are the important differences. Changes in human society are caused by the conflicts engendered by these differences, and not by sentiment or by philanthropy. In the French Revolution and in similar revolutions in other countries the business class revolted against the feudal class and overthrew it. The business class was prompted by its self-interest. Today the working class, prompted by its self-interest, is about to overthrow the business class.

As long as economic differences remain, these conflicts are inevitable. But when once the working class has elevated itself to power and has abolished economic differences, there will be no further possibility of the formation of classes. There will then be only one class—the working class.

This, crudely, is the Marxian doctrine of the class struggle.

NEITHER UNLETTERED NOR UNWASHED

It might be supposed that a doctrine which claimed so much for the working class was the direct product of the factory or of the forge. Yet the direct contrary is the fact. Socialism, both Utopian and Scientific, came not from the factory, but from the library; not from the forge, but from the study. The Socialist party is the most bookish political party that ever existed.

The first great Socialist in England was Robert Owen. At the age of nineteen Mr. Owen was manager of a cotton mill that employed five hundred hands. Later on he became one of the most successful manufacturers in all England. He was very rich. He read many books and wrote several. There was not much of the ignorant, discontented workingman about him.

Following Owen, on toward the middle of the nineteenth century, came the Christian Socialists. They were Utopians of the most abandoned type, being

religious as well as visionary. They are consequently much despised by many of the violently economic Scientific Socialists of the present day. Their most distinguished leader was Charles Kingsley, clergyman, scholar, and author of "Alton Locke," "Westward Ho" and "Hypatia." There was nothing unwashed about him.

Since the dawn of Scientific Socialism in England the best-known English orthodox Socialist has been Henry Mayers Hyndman. Mr. Hyndman was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He began life as a correspondent for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He may be a workman, but he is certainly not a particularly pathetic case.

Over against the orthodox Socialists in England stand the Fabians. The main difference between the two groups seems to be that the Fabians permit themselves to look pleased when a municipality begins to own and operate an electric lighting plant, while the orthodox Socialists regard a municipal plant as a rather poor reason for any relaxation of the countenance. The most famous member of the Fabian group is that wild, rough workingman, Bernard Shaw, author of "How He Lied to Her Husband." The next most famous member is Sidney Webb, a lawyer, a civil service official, educated at the City of London College, and afterward a member of the Senate of the University of London.

The only other English Socialist who has any reputation outside of England is Keir Hardie, who is a pretty unorthodox Socialist, but who is a *bona fide* workingman in the ordinary sense of the word. It can not be said, however, that he has added anything to the doctrines of Socialism, and our present discussion is concerned with the leaders of Socialist thought. We are looking at the men who have made Socialism what it is.

When we cross the channel from England to France, we still remain in the

atmosphere of books. We also remain in a middle-class environment.

The three most distinguished names in French Socialism before the dominance of Marx were Fourier, Saint-Simon and Blanc.

Fourier was the son of a merchant. He spent his whole life in mercantile pursuits, writing incidentally but voluminously.

Saint-Simon was a noble by birth, a colonel in the French army, and at one time extremely wealthy. His complete works fill nineteen volumes.

Louis Blanc was first a clerk, then a private tutor, then a journalist.

Since the Utopians were displaced by the Scientific Socialists in France, the best-known leader of the French Socialist movement has been Jean Jaurès. M. Jaurès taught philosophy at Albi and at Toulouse, and is one of the three or four most finished orators in French public life.

If the opponent of Socialism is looking for unlettered and uncouth proletarian monsters among the great men of Socialism, or if the partizan of Socialism is looking for *bona fide* factory hands, impressed with the wrongs of their class and eager to fight its battles, the search in both cases will end in the same disappointment.

MARX AND LASSALLE

Karl Marx himself is no exception. He was the greatest of German Socialists, and the greatest of all Socialists. He was of Jewish birth. He was educated at the Universities of Bonn and of Berlin. Early in life he became an editor. After he left the continent for England he spent studious and industrious years in the British Museum. He was a man of noble character, enduring extreme poverty for the sake of his economic and literary work. His devotion to his wife was one of his most touching qualities. When he lost her, one of his

friends truly remarked: "Well, then, Marx himself is dead, too." Karl Marx was a middle-class scholar of immense attainments. His Socialism was the result not of ignorant resentment, but of long-continued application to his studies.

The man who shares with Marx the honor of starting the German Social Democratic party on its spectacular career was Ferdinand Lassalle. This brutalized workingman was the son of a rich Jewish silk merchant. He was destined to commerce, but he eluded destiny and became a fascinating combination of scholar and knight errant. Going to the University of Berlin, he devoted himself to philosophy, philology and archæology, pursuits which may be safely recommended to the proletariat. He interrupted his studies, however, in order to devote himself to the rescue of the Countess von Hatzfeldt, who was being badly treated by her husband. After eight years of effort the countess secured a legal separation. Lassalle then returned to his studies and wrote a book called "Das System der erworbenen Rechte," which Savigny said was the greatest legal work written since the sixteenth century. This expropriated outcast also wrote another book called "The Philosophy of Heraclitus the Obscure." Finally, however, he threw his whole energy into wonderful feats of Socialistic agitation among the workingmen of Germany. His end was as romantic as his life. He perished in a most feudal and unproletarian way in a duel.

No attempt is here made to deny the fact that the Socialist party is a working class party. It undoubtedly is. The vast bulk of its membership is drawn from the working class. Especially is this true if the Socialist definition of the word "proletarian" be adopted.

WHAT IS A "PROLETARIAN"?

A "proletarian" is a person who derives his income from the labor of his

hands or of his brain, and not from the ownership of capital; who lives on a wage or a salary, and not on rent, interest or profits. This rule might create some doubts in the case of a man who derived five hundred dollars a year from being a carpenter and five hundred dollars from being the owner of a rented house and lot. Such a man might have to be analyzed by a social assayer before he could be sure in which direction he ought to become class-conscious. According to the Socialists, however, the dubious cases are rare, and are becoming rarer. Taking men by and large, they either depend upon their capital or else upon their labor. Those that depend upon their labor are proletarians.

In this sense, of course, the Socialist party is overwhelmingly a party of proletarians, despite such exceptional instances as the Countess of Warwick and young Mr. Phelps-Stokes of New York.

But the point here made is no attack upon the unblemished proletarian character of the Socialist party as a whole. All that is here said is that the foundations of Socialism were laid by men whom the non-Socialist is in the habit of regarding as members of the middle class. These middle class men laid the foundations and asked the working class to stand on them. Socialism has been no spontaneous outburst of working class ideals. In that respect it differs from trade unionism. Trade unionism came from the workers themselves, and it is officered and operated by them. Socialism has always included a considerable proportion of middle-class people, and its great men have arisen from a distinctly middle class environment.

SOME AMIABLE INCONSISTENCIES

In the executive committee of the Socialist party of America there are seven members. One used to be a coal miner now a speaker and lecturer and one is a lawyer, one is a pub-

lisher, one is a country merchant, one is a cigarmaker, one is an assistant editor, and one is an editor, writer and scholar.

Victor Berger, of Milwaukee, the most successful Socialist politician in America, is a thorough scholar, a profoundly cultivated man, once a school teacher, now an editor.

Mr. A. M. Simons, one of the seven members of the executive committee of the Socialist party of America, is the editor of the *International Socialist Review*. He was a student at the University of Wisconsin. He there became a specialist in economics. He is undoubtedly a proletarian, because he derives his income from the labor of his brain. But he has an admirable brain. He could have made a much larger income by working for the capitalist papers. Why didn't he do it? Why did he devote himself to the service of the Socialist party? Can it be that Mr. Simons is actuated by sentimental motives? Can it be that he is a lover of his fellow men, that he is a philanthropist? It is a thought to shudder at. Yet one can see no mercenary reason why Mr. Simons should edit Socialist magazines and make Socialist speeches. The fact is that Socialists of the Simons type are the most deeply-dyed hypocrites in the world. To hear them talk, you would think that there was nothing in the world but a selfish antagonism between classes. They know, of course, and they would cheerfully admit, that there is a great deal more than that in every age of the world's history. But their surface talk is all of economic differences, and of class antagonism, and of inevitable conflicts, and of the necessity of a self-asserted self-interest on the part of the working class. They also talk about the absolute inevitability of the co-operative commonwealth. And yet they forsake their personal interests, and toil and pinch and go without sleep and work themselves to the bone in order to stick a spur into the sides of the inevitable,

and in order to assert the self-interest of the men and women and children who are working in the factories of the world!

Well, if it were not for these amiable inconsistencies the world would be a sad place.

There is also the case of Otto McFeely. Mr. McFeely had a good, safe job on the *Chicago Evening Post*. Then came the *Chicago Daily Socialist*, an experiment, a precarious experiment. It was the height of romanticism for Mr. McFeely to leave the *Post* and take the managing editorship of the *Socialist*. No one thought that the *Socialist* would last a year. Yet McFeely took the chance. He couldn't afford it. But the working class, including Mr. McFeely, must make an assertion of its self-interest against the capitalist class. There you have a designing demagogue! Mr. McFeely is a dangerous character. And, really, he is. When any idea can claim such loyalty from so many people, it is likely to make some stir before it is extirpated.

But it is time to turn from the prospective triumph of the proletariat to the ideas which the proletariat will advocate when it once has the power to do so.

WHAT WILL HE DO?

To begin with, nobody need fear that he will have to eat his dinner at the same table with all the other people in his ward. So far as the modern Socialist party is concerned, the individual family may continue to enjoy the possession and the use of its own private individual dining table to the end of time. Modern Socialism is not Utopian Communism. Modern Socialism proposes that we shall produce in common. It does not propose that we shall consume in common.

Some Socialists there are, of course, who seem to be animated by an overpowering desire to serve cosmic meals in

a bihemispheric dining-room at chronometric intervals to a harmonious human family. But we can not find space for all the vagaries of all the persons who have ever chosen to call themselves Socialists, any more than a man who was writing an article about Christianity in a Tibetan magazine could find space for all the vagaries of all the persons who have ever called themselves Christians. We shall confine ourselves to the Socialist party as a party. And that will be about enough.

The Socialist party, then, has no designs upon the family dining-room, or upon the family piano. The co-operative commonwealth would no more interfere with the way in which its members might choose to dissipate their incomes than the postoffice department now interferes with the methods employed for that same purpose by its clerks. At present the postoffice clerk saves up his income for about three weeks, buys some furniture, marries a nice girl, rents a flat, moves into that flat, and shuts the door on the rest of the world. So far as the Socialist party is concerned, the clerk who is employed in the oil department of the co-operative commonwealth may adopt the same policy without let or hindrance.

It can not be too clearly understood that the Socialist party says absolutely nothing about the way in which a man shall consume the product of his toil. He may throw it into the sea. He may spend it on the ladies of the theater. He may devote it to a private kitchen, a private wife and a set of private children, just exactly as at present.

MARRIAGE AND FEMALE SUFFRAGE

The next topic is marriage. Here, again, so far as the modern Socialist party is concerned, a man may do what he pleases. Except that the Socialist party demands female suffrage and the economic equality of men and women

(whatever that may mean), it says no more about marriage than the Republican party or the Democratic party. A man's domestic troubles may still be his own in the co-operative commonwealth. Socialism does not propose to tear the wife from the bosom of her husband or the child from the breast of its mother. It has nothing to say on such points.

One may suspect, of course, that if every woman had a full opportunity to earn her living there would be more women who would depart from the hearthstones of brutal and inconsiderate husbands. But the defenders of matrimony surely do not claim that women ought to be bound to their husbands by a need of bread and butter. Such a claim would be a denial of all that is sacred in matrimony. In the co-operative commonwealth, just as in the present capitalistic world, a man and a woman may live together and rear their children in common just as long as they please.

As with marriage, so with religion. According to all Socialist platforms, religion is a private matter. The present antagonism between Socialism and the Church, an antagonism which is as stupid as it is obvious, would require a whole separate article for its elucidation. But in spite of this antagonism the Socialist party distinctly says in all its public utterances that it is a purely secular movement, a purely political and economic movement, and that it has absolutely nothing to say about a man's religious convictions.

In the matter of education a similar principle must be announced. There can be little doubt that the Socialist party would demand an extension of the present period of compulsory education. But it has no intention of taking new-born babes away from their parents and suckling them in centrally located baby factories. Here, as elsewhere, the Socialist party must not be loaded with the burden of all the mental efforts of all its irresponsible members.

SPEND BUT NOT EARN AS YOU PLEASE

In education, in religion, in marriage, in the distribution of private incomes, the Socialist party advocates no noticeable deviations from present policies. The Socialist party is concerned only with politics and with economics; with the democratic phases of politics and with the productive phases of economics. In concerning itself with the productive phases of economics it confesses that it is interested in the way in which people shall earn their incomes. It also confesses that it is not interested in the way in which people shall spend their incomes. You may spend your income as you please, but in earning your income, in doing your daily work, you will be an object of concern to the co-operative commonwealth.

It has already been remarked that the triumph of the proletariat and the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth would be followed by an extension of the area of common ownership. The question is: How wide would that extension be?

SOCIALISM AND THE FARMER

To begin with, would common ownership be extended to the farms? Would all the farms in America be owned by the community? This question puzzles the Socialists themselves. They give no definite answer to it. Karl Marx expected that all the small farms would be gathered into large farms, just as all the small factories would be gathered into trusts. But agriculture has not proved so amenable as has industry to the predictions of the Socialist philosophers. While consolidation has proceeded with an accelerated pace in the domain of the great industries, it has remained sadly true that the farms of the world have continued to be owned in small, individual, separated parcels.

This being the case, it does not seem

likely that any attempt could be made to transfer farm lands to the control of the community. Friedrich Engels, Karl Marx's bosom friend, said long ago that "if the public powers came into our hands we should not think of expropriating the little peasant." And, only the other day, Victor Berger, of Milwaukee, proposed an alliance between the proletarian and the farmer on the basis of the idea that the common ownership of the trusts would be equally advantageous to the farmer owning his own farm and to the socialized workingman employed by the socialized state.

THE FATE OF THE TRUSTS

This brings us to the one thing that the Socialist party would undoubtedly do. And that one thing is, of course, quite large enough to satisfy the ambition of any one party. If the Socialist party should gain control of the United States at the next election, it would undoubtedly proceed to transfer all the great industries from the ownership of private individuals to the ownership of the community. This program would include particularly the industries in which the process of consolidation has gone to the furthest extreme, as well as any other industries for which Congress could find time.

There would be no doubt about the fate of Standard Oil or of the International Harvester Company, or of the National Biscuit Company, or of any other so-called trust. The consolidated or trustified industries would be the first to lose their heads. Other industries would follow in the order of their degree of trustification. Any industry that wishes to elude Socialism would do well to keep away from the hands of trust-forming promoters. The order of precedence on the way to the executioner's block is, first, the trust; second, the ordinary big business; and, third, the small business.

Sidney Webb says: "No reasonable Socialist thinks it possible for the state immediately to take over the grocers' shops." Of course, Sidney Webb is a Fabian Socialist, and not quite so fierce as a real orthodox Marxian. Yet his statement represents the case pretty exactly. As Vandervelde, the Belgian Socialist, says: "History proceeds from personal property to capitalist property, and from capitalist property to collective property." The grocer's shop, like the farm, is still personal property. Socialism is not essentially interested in it. The big industry, however, and, in an even greater degree, the trust, has ceased to be private property, and has become capitalist property. That is, it has ceased to represent an individual, personal, private enterprise, and has come to represent an intricate, stock-jobbing, widely-owned, closely-controlled industrial monopoly, or semi-monopoly. With such industries Socialism is closely concerned. It proposes to take them over, either by confiscation or by purchase.

Shall the big industries of the world be confiscated to the community, or shall they be purchased? That might seem to be an interesting question, but the Socialists have reached no decision about it. Karl Marx often expressed the opinion that the cheapest way would be to purchase them. Much will depend upon the attitude of the capitalists themselves. If they resist to the point of annoyance, they may expect severe measures.

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? Why, this: Socialism is

an assertion to the effect that the working class will gain a more or less complete control of society, and will institute a program of common ownership which will begin with the trusts and the great industries, and which will proceed toward other industries to a more or less indefinite extent. The essential fact will be the emergence of the working class. The consequent fact will be the extension of common ownership. And the ideal in view will be the co-operative commonwealth of the world.

This article has taken little notice of the objections to Socialism. It has had nothing to say about the real weaknesses of the Socialist party. Such objections and such weaknesses would be easy to enumerate. But the enthusiasms and the ambitions of Socialism are broad enough to fill the scope of a single essay. The Socialist party is the one great international fact of the present day. It claims the devotion of seven million adherents. It is the first political party to base itself on a study of the alleged science of society and to shape its platform in conformity with the economic forces which are supposed to be driving the world, even against its will, toward a certain inevitable goal. It has in its veins the life-blood of noble, self-sacrificing men and women. Its frailties, its foibles and even its vices could be expanded and exposed. But it represents an enormous, cumulative force of human enthusiasm and human love. That is enough for once. The co-operative commonwealth of the world! It is a splendid caprice of somnambulism, if it is nothing more!

“UNKNOWN U. S. SOLDIER”

“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori”

By S. H. KEMPER

The hot sky would split with the uproar
That day when they fought;
This rest in the stillness and shadow
Gives time for long thought:
He must think of one strange revelation,
One thrilling surprise—
It is better to think with cool darkness
Laid over your eyes.

Time enough for deep thought while the branches
With Winter are dumb;
When the great sun swings far to the Northward
And Summer has come:
He lies hushed with the wonderful knowledge
He holds in his breast
And the bright flag droops always above him
To honor his rest.

Rough and reckless and headstrong and violent,
Tingling with life,
Charmed once by the call of the drums
And the sound of the fife—
That day when they waited and waited
And knew they must die,
Where was comfort for him, where was help
Beneath the hot sky?

All the life beating strong in his body
Revolted, out-cried
Against dying; no courage or passion
But only his pride
Sent him on with the others, despairing
And hating it all,
And faint with sick horror at seeing them
Stumble and fall.

Far out on the crest of the battle,
Up, up toward the death—
“To die for one’s country is sweet!”—he remembered,
And then, out of breath,
Met the shock and the pain and the terror
Unflinching and knew
In one instant’s unbearable brightness
It was true! It was true!

"LOGIC BE BLESSED!" CRIED CARTWRIGHT. "LOVERS WERE NEVER LOGICAL!"

CARTWRIGHT AND THE SHADE

By P. A. PRICE AND J. T. MCINTYRE

IT was one of those beautiful, star-hung nights when the moon's subtle influence seems to work in the blood, and young Cartwright could resist no longer. So he asked Florence to marry him. But she shook her head and spoke of her career.

"I'm glad you love me, Bob," she said, "but I'm not sure that I do more than care for you. I may some day, but not now."

"Your career," said Cartwright, resentfully, "was bound to get in my way. I always knew it would. The higher education, for women, Flo, is a fraud—men can stand knowledge; but it causes women to make critical analyses of their feelings, dissect them, take temperatures

and intensities, and all that rot, and then end by suspecting everything of not being up to the mark."

"But we must be logical," said Florence, with much of the manner habitual to her when teaching her class at the Girls' High School.

"Logic be blessed!" cried the exasperated Cartwright. "Lovers were never logical."

"And see how many mistakes are made in consequence. No, Bob, I can never be quite sure about this until I receive some inner prompting."

"Then my proposal must first get the sanction, as it were, of your subconscious self?"

Florence had always been interested

in psychology, which had been included in her course of pedagogy; so she smiled and answered:

"That is it, exactly. You know, the subconscious mind watches closely after the welfare of its possessor. And I think it would be an ideal judge," this very seriously.

But Cartwright scoffed openly.

"Why," demanded he, "what does a confounded old subliminal consciousness know of love? Imagine it, seated on the medulla oblongata, picking the petals from a psychological impulse, and saying: 'I love him, I love him not!' Why, it's silly!"

Florence was amused; but she held to her point, and he left, disconsolately.

"Just think," he growled, "a girl with eyes like hers, fussing with such stuff. Why, it's unnatural!"

Cartwright was employed by a big telephone concern, was a practical fellow and a brilliant engineer. Next morning, while working on some composite circuits between San Francisco and Los Angeles, the manager came in.

"Cartwright," said this personage, "I want you to go east—start to-night. They are working out an idea on tandem trunks which I think we could use to advantage between 'Frisco and San Rafael. So get your traps together and secure a ticket for Philadelphia."

He snatched the time to see Florence, however, before he left. Watch in hand, and with a hansom at the door, he pleaded with her to reconsider.

"I have my work to do," she said. "You know that I have always felt convinced that I was called. And it would be like shirking a duty if I failed. And then again," smiling seriously, "the inner self has not spoken, Bob."

So Cartwright snapped his watch case shut and turned to seek the hansom. But she ran after him into the hall.

"You mustn't take it like that, Bob," she said. "It's not kind. And I wanted to ask a great favor."

"I'll do anything in the world for you," he said.

"When you get to Philadelphia I want you to look up my Cousin Tom." She hesitated a little, but then went on: "I'm afraid you'll not find him very nice; but then he's kind and generous. It was he, you know, who provided the money for my education."

"I never heard you speak of him before," said Cartwright.

"You see," returned Florence, "he's not very real to me. I never saw him. He ran away as a boy; became a jockey or something of that sort. And afterward," hesitating once more, "I'm afraid he gambled and was rather wild. But I'm sure he has a kind heart, for he always remembered that I was alone in the world."

She gave Bob a name and address.

"I haven't heard from him in a long time," she said. "And I want you to tell him how I'm progressing; for I'm sure it will please and interest him."

So Cartwright set out for the east, carrying his dejection with him. The car noises gave him little sleep at night, for Cartwright was not a good traveler; so when he reached Philadelphia one afternoon, he immediately hunted up a hotel near the station and went to bed.

It was toward two in the morning when he awoke. He had left the windows open and the curtains were down, admitting a wide bar of light from a street lamp. He sat up to look at his watch, and then received a small shock of surprise.

A sort of fog-mass sat in a chair at the open window; a pair of rather indistinct feet were elevated upon the sill, and a vague sort of cigar was being puffed with great calmness.

"A ghost," said Cartwright, positively. The head of the shade turned; it removed the cigar from its mouth and smiled affably.

"Hello!" it said. "Awake?"

Cartwright got up and put his feet

YOUR DOPE IS SOME WRONG," SAID THE SHADE. "DID YOU EVER HEAR
THAT EVERY PERSON HAD TWO MINDS?"

into his slippers. Then he sat regarding the apparition with considerable interest.

"You're a live one," spoke the shade, in admiration of his composure.

"I'm sorry I can't return the compliment," answered Cartwright.

The ghost laughed.

"Fine!" said he. "You're there with

the come-back, sure enough." He sat smiling at Cartwright for a moment; then he continued: "I'm sorry I can't offer you a torch," with a little wave of the vague cigar. "You see, you couldn't burn one of these very well. But light one of your own, won't you? This room is my old hang-out, and when any one

is put in here I feel as though I were neglecting my duties as a host if they don't keep busy."

Cartwright lit a cigarette. Somehow, as he regarded the uncertain outlines of the foggy form in the chair, he seemed to get a general impression of rakishness. It was as though the shade were the wraith of a sporting character which still moved in its earthly atmosphere.

"I'm glad you didn't throw a fit when you spotted me," said the apparition, gratefully. "It sort of disturbs me when they do that. The last fellow that used this room just whooped until he had the whole place in an uproar. You see, he wasn't jerry like you. You seem to know that I couldn't hurt you, even if I wanted to."

"Of course not," said Cartwright. "You are only an embodied thought."

"Your dope is some wrong," said the shade. "But not much. Did you ever hear that every person had two minds—an inside and an outside one?"

This was Florence's idea of the subjective and objective self, as the college psychologists had taught her; so Cartwright nodded his head.

"The inside mind," continued the ghost, "is what shows me to you now. I don't have to, but I get a hankering to see the old place, and that's what does it. But the power don't last long. It goes to pieces like everything else. I'm not as husky a spook as I was a year ago—nothing like it."

"You don't look very old, as far I can see," observed Cartwright. "You must have passed out when quite young."

"It was two years ago. I was thirty-five."

"An accident?"

"Something like that. I had a book at the track; a guy welsches a bet on me, and I roast him. He got wild, and dug for his gem. I made a swing and missed. It was taps for me, for he landed me the first time."

Cartwright shuddered.

"Too bad," said he.

"So it was," agreed the shade, soberly, "for I had lots of things to do. But more than anything else I had to see little Flo started right."

"Ah," said Cartwright, "a relative?"

"A cousin—quite a kid. And she was left all alone. Of course, I had done some things for her, but not much. I had it all fixed so that when I made a big stake I'd go out to 'Frisco and see her."

"Pardon me," said Cartwright.

He arose and went to his coat, which hung across a chair-back; then he took out his pocketbook and looked at a card.

"You're Tom Davis," said he to the shade.

The latter looked astonished.

"You've got it right," it returned.

"But how comes it so?"

"Florence asked me to hunt you up. I just got in from 'Frisco this afternoon."

The shade arose and gave him a chilly, unsubstantial hand.

"I'm glad to know you," it said. "Are you related to Florence?"

"No, but I want to be."

"I see." The shade sat down once more and crossed its legs. "What does Flo say about it?"

"She'd say yes, but she's got some odd notions about waiting for some sort of inner promptings." A thought struck Cartwright, and he leaned toward his shadowy acquaintance, eagerly. "I say, couldn't you help me out in this?"

"I'd like to, for I think your style is good," spoke the shade. "But what can a guy like me do?"

"Don't you ever come into contact with the second selves of living persons?"

"Often; but it's no use trying to suggest anything to them that way. The inside mind takes it in, but can't hand it on to the outside one. As a rule the two minds are not friendly enough. I used to get results at New Orleans and other tracks, beat the wire back to town and

"SHE'S IN HER ROOM, IN A ROCKING-CHAIR AND A KIMONO
AND SHE'S READING A BUNCH OF LETTERS"

tip off an old pal of mine to play the pool rooms."

"Didn't it work?"

"Not even a little. He'd feel a hunch coming, but could never get anything real except funny notions. I had to cut it out or I'd have had him batty."

Cartwright considered this phase for a while and then said, with conviction:

"The case of Florence is a very different one. She is of a finer and higher type; and then she has studied these things."

The shade of Tom Davis seemed impressed.

"Maybe you're right," it said. "I always knew that Flo was a real one. I'll try it, anyway. Where does she live? I've forgotten."

Cartwright told him. Instantly the shade vanished; and then returned almost as quickly.

"What, so soon!" cried Cartwright.

"Sure. It don't take me long to do these little things. I'm a thought, you know; a person can think himself in 'Frisco like a flash. But I didn't see Flo; she's out with her aunt to a play."

"What, at this time in the morning?" exclaimed Cartwright. "It's two o'clock."

"Not in 'Frisco, it ain't," returned the spook composedly. "Get wise, get wise."

They talked for some time about various matters which interested Cartwright greatly; and then the shade suggested that he make another trip to the coast. His return was immediate once more.

"She's home. She's in her room, in a rocking chair and a kimono. And she's reading a bunch of letters."

"What kind of letters?" demanded Cartwright, jealously.

"You don't suppose I'd read Cousin Flo's letters, do you?" said the shade in a hurt tone. "But they were on blue paper with a purple monogram."

"They're mine," said Cartwright exultantly. "The ones I wrote her the last time I was away."

"Well, that looks good. But, get busy; what do you want me to say to her?"

"If you can get into communication with her subconscious self just now,"

IT WAS ALMOST AN HOUR BEFORE THE SHADE OF TOM DAVIS
RETURNED. BUT IT WORE A SMILE

reasoned Cartwright, "it will do a lot of good. She's thinking of me—I'll bet she misses me—and a suggestion of the right nature will carry weight."

"Right," spoke the shade with admiration. "You dope these things out to a fraction. But it's me to get on the job. I'll see you later."

He vanished; Cartwright lit another cigarette and began pacing the room. It was almost an hour before the shade of Tom Davis returned. But it wore a smile.

"Fine!" it said. "But I had to put up a hot line of talk. Florence is still reading the letters, and, of course, she

couldn't see me—that is, her outside self couldn't. But her subconscious mind spots me in a minute.

"'What's doing?' it says to me. 'What are you hanging around here for?'"

"Of course, it don't grapple with the languages in just that way; but that's the size of it.

"'I'm from a guy named Cartwright,' says I. 'He's a telephone fellow. He wants to marry Flo; and let me tell you he's an ace.'

"'Push along,' says the mind. 'Don't hand me anything like that. Here she is; why don't he come and ask her himself?'"

"'But he has,' says I.

"'Then why can't he take his beating?' says the mind. 'Why ain't he a sport? If she's flagged him, why don't he stay flagged?'"

"'But you've got a wrong hunch,' says I. 'She didn't flag him.'

"At this the mind looks kind of puzzled.

"'Tell me about it,' it says.

"'Girls,' says I, 'are strong on the puzzle thing. They enjoy keeping a man guessing about the finish. They don't like to fall to him until they've got him breathless. She told him that she couldn't see him clearly—until she heard from you.'

"The mind looked pleased.

"'Say,' it tells me, 'she does think a lot of my advice. I've noticed that right along. Most people don't care a boot about their inner selves. But with her it's different. It's a pleasure to belong to a girl like that.'

"'Right,' says I. 'I'm her cousin and I ought to know. Now, she should marry this Cartwright—she wants him, for he's a real one, and is there with the bells on. He can't get a direct wire, so you're a sort of transfer.'

"'You're sure she likes him, are you?' says the mind.

"'He's her one best bet,' I comes back. 'And she's right. To him she's the only

queen in the deck; if she marries him it's silks for hers and happy days. And look at her now,' says I, 'look at her kissing his picture.'"

Cartwright leaped up.

"Oh, I say!" he cried. "It's a confounded shame to spy on a girl this way." He hesitated a moment, then continued eagerly. "And was she really kissing them?"

"She was," answered the shade, "and that's what did the business. Her subconscious mind is busy establishing an impression for you just about this minute. I'll go out and look matters over in a little while."

"Don't wait," implored Cartwright. "Go now."

"Anything to be agreeable," answered the spook. And with this it vanished. But in a moment it had returned, indistinct, vague and badly scattered.

"I'm afraid I'm done," it said in a whispering sort of a way. "I'll not be able to hold together after that."

"What's happened?" cried Cartwright anxiously, as he gazed perplexed at the rents in the foggy shape.

"It's the wireless," the ghost informed him, in a still weaker voice. "It's playing the mischief with us spooks. Friend of mine got hit with a 'G' the other day; it was an 'H' that got me."

"But how in the world could you be hit by an 'H'?" demanded Cartwright.

"It's easy enough," answered the shade, who seemed to be growing more and more unsubstantial with each minute. "They use the regular Morse code. 'H' is four dots, one after the other. I got mixed up, near Sandy Hook, for I went that way, with a message from a ship. I side-stepped an 'L,' which is a long, slow one; but the 'H' got me right. It's lucky it wasn't a 'P'; there's five dots in that."

"Don't you feel well?" asked Cartwright sympathetically.

"I'll only last another minute," said the spook. "And I'm sorry, for I'd like to have seen this thing out for you. But,

say, take it from me. Send her a wire—ask her again. It's sure to be all right. So long, and good luck!"

And with that the shade faded entirely away, this time for good.

"Struck by an 'H'," murmured Cartwright, as he climbed into bed. "Heavens, what a fate."

Next morning he was very doubtful about it all; nevertheless he sent a telegram as advised. It read:

"Once again—will you marry me?"
"BOB."

When the answer came it read:

"I will—and hurry back. Cousin Tom arrived the day you left. I'm delighted with him."
FLORENCE."

Cartwright pondered deeply.

"It wasn't a spook, after all," said he. "It couldn't have been—it was a dream. But," shaking his head stubbornly, "that Cousin Tom of hers had something to do with this thing, somehow. I'm sure of it."



THUS ENDETH THE FIRST LESSON

By RUTH HUNTOON

I slipped my ring upon My Lady's finger,
And she lifted up her lips for me to kiss.
All time, I thought, would not be long to linger
With such a witch. Quite confident of bliss,
I offered lavish vows of Love's endurance—
For I had doubted winning one so fair.
But from her hand my gem flashed reassurance.
I had been wildly glad

To put it there.

My dainty minx was not content to settle.
A dozen eager swains were in my way.
The lively chase first put me on my mettle—
Then staled a bit. I tired of the play.
Another hand consoled my gloom, extensive.
I found blue eyes an antidote for black.
Sweethearts were plentiful—my gem expensive—
And I was mildly glad

To get it back.

THE RELATION OF THE STATE TO LABOR

THE SEVENTH IN THE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON

THE PROBLEMS OF THE PEOPLE

•WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

THE SPIRIT OF BROTHERHOOD

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

THERE should be no such thing as a labor question; that there is such a question is a reflection upon mankind. As far as history carries us back into the past, however, there has been a labor question and it has too often seemed to vary in its gravity in proportion to the advancement of the country. I say "seemed" because, as a matter of fact, the industrial controversies among the advanced nations are due to the growing strength and independence of the wage-earners rather than to any retrograde movement. While in the United States the condition of the laboring man is not what it ought to be when compared with the importance of the position which he occupies, while he suffers from evils which should be corrected and is deserving of more consideration than he receives at the hands of the government, still it is only fair to say that, generally speaking, he is more intelligent, more influential and better supplied with the necessities and comforts of life than he has ever been before.

AMERICA'S REWARDS TO LABOR

Compared with the laborer of other countries his superiority is still more marked. It is only a few centuries ago that the wage-earner was entirely igno-

rant of history, geography, science and literature. It did not relieve his condition to know that nearly all of the community shared the disability. While the printing press and the public school have brought an immeasurable advance to the workmen of Europe and are bringing improvement to the laboring classes of the Orient, our country is approached by but a few of the nations and equaled by none in the reward that it offers to the man who earns his bread in the sweat of his face.

WHY FOREIGN LABOR COMES HERE

The fact that laborers have flocked to the United States from all the countries of Europe is proof that in the Old World, as well as in the United States, the advantages offered here are appreciated. The Chinese, by coming temporarily, admit our possession of greater industrial opportunities; but the Europeans, by casting in their lot with us, give stronger proof. It is one thing to travel into other lands for commercial reasons or for the purpose of exploitation, and quite another thing to make a change of citizenship and commit one's self and posterity to the keeping of another people and government. Those who come to us, therefore, to become citizens and

to identify themselves with the destiny of the nation, pay us the highest possible compliment, and the great bulk of those who come—almost all, in fact—come to enter the ranks of labor or to settle upon farms. There is additional significance in the fact that no American-born laborer and few naturalized laborers go to other countries to become permanent residents.

Many causes have contributed to the steady upward progress of the laborer, among which may be mentioned education, labor-saving machinery, trade organizations, cheapened transportation and the growth of the idea of brotherhood.

Education has increased the efficiency of the laborer, and, therefore, his earning power; it has enlarged his capabilities, and, therefore, his independence. The man whose mental discipline is such that he can easily adjust himself to any occupation which offers an opening has a great advantage over one who has nothing but muscle to offer. Those who have dealt with the Oriental laborer comment upon his lack of initiative. He does what he is told to do and does it as he is directed; but if anything happens in the absence of the overseer the laborer is lost, for he does not know how to meet an emergency or to devise a new method on the spur of the moment.

Education also enables a man to present with intelligence his claims for proper treatment. In any group of men who have a grievance to state, the men who can state the grievance clearly and forcibly naturally become the leaders, and so an improvement in the average condition of the man follows closely upon his intellectual improvement.

WHAT LABOR OWES TO EDUCATION

Education furnishes the companionship of books and tends to raise the standard of social intercourse. No matter how favorable the influences of gov-

ernment or the social environment may be, much depends upon the habits of the individual; and education, by supplying a higher form of enjoyment, lessens the conviviality that wastes time and money as well as impairs the strength. Intelligence and morals are not inseparable companions, but one is apt to promote the other—it would be a reflection on the dispensations of Providence to doubt that the proper development of the body, the mind or the heart would, for any natural reason, retard the development of the others. The thing to be desired is the harmonious development of the threefold man, and the performance of our duty in respect to the care of one part of our being throws light upon our duty in respect to the care of the other parts.

WHY IT PAYS TO GO TO SCHOOL

The labor-saving machine has often been spoken of as if it were an enemy of the laboring man. The error arises from confusing the temporary with the permanent effect. What would we think of one who would argue against the economic advantage of education on the ground that the child is withdrawn from remunerative work while it is in school? The very obvious answer would be that the training acquired in school would constitute an investment far greater, even measured by dollars and cents, than the child could possibly make with the money earned during the school period. Nearly everybody in our country understands to-day that there is a pecuniary advantage in education which far surpasses any pecuniary advantage which could arise from the labor of children during the years from six to fourteen. So universal is this opinion that schools are provided at public expense and attendance is, in many places, made compulsory. Some communities furnish the text-books at public expense, other communities furnish conveyance to and

from school, and there is no doubt that public sentiment would support the proposition to furnish board and clothing to any whose parents were too poor to supply them. In fact, this is already done in the case of the blind, the deaf and orphans.

Another illustration may be cited. While a child can earn money in a factory or in a mine, and while the parents may, in some cases, need the earnings of the child for the support of the family, still public sentiment supports measures making it absolutely unlawful for the children to be employed. The anti-child labor laws all rest upon the theory that the future advantage of education to the child and to the country more than offsets any temporary advantage that could come to the child, the home or the country from employment that would deny to the child the opportunity to attend school.

MACHINES CREATE DEMAND FOR LABOR

So with labor-saving machinery. If there is any suffering or injustice caused by new inventions it is more than counterbalanced by the gain that ultimately comes to society from the improved method.

It is possible that society should in some way assume a part of the burden where the transition from the old state to the new bears with especial severity upon a few or upon a class, but modern society encourages, and will still continue to encourage, the cheapening processes.

The labor-saving machine ought really to be called the labor-multiplying machine, for the actual effect of an important invention is to increase the total amount of labor employed, rather than to decrease it. While in a particular case the cost is reduced, the invention itself creates new demands for labor by enlarging the field of human effort.

One of the earliest labor-saving inventions was the sail. The first man who

raised a sail for the propelling of his canoe doubtless caused consternation among the oarsmen, for would not the strong arm of Boreas displace the puny arm of man? It might seem so to one who took a short-sighted view of the subject, but it is safe to say that more men have found employment on ships than could have made a living paddling canoes. The sail brought into use a larger ship than the oar could propel and made international commerce possible. Steam has, in like manner, supplanted the sailing vessel to a considerable extent, but only still further to augment commerce and knit the world more closely together.

What an interesting study the evolution of the land vehicle presents! Each change has displaced some simpler carriage with a more perfect one and the result is that more people ride than ever before and more people are employed making the carriages and wagons of various kinds. The electric car has superseded the mule car, and the interurban line is rapidly obliterating the boundary line which separates the city from the country, but the demand for labor has increased.

The railroad brought quite a loss to those who freighted across the desert and interfered to a very considerable extent with the river steamers, but it multiplied the number of persons engaged in transporting merchandise. It is safe to say that because of the commerce brought into being by the railroads many times as many men are engaged in hauling freight and passengers to and from the depots as would have been employed in teaming if we had no railroads, not to speak of the men employed on the railroads and the men employed in wholesale and retail houses that could not exist without the railroads.

One more illustration. The printing press was ruinous to the copyists, but what a small proportion the copyists would, to-day, bear to the number

employed in typesetting, presswork and bookbinding, without considering the number employed in collecting material for newspapers and books and the number engaged in distributing them. If we attempt to measure the influence for good exerted by the printing press or to estimate the condition of the world to-day if copying were still done by hand, we can form some idea of the advantage of the labor-saving machine.

Machinery has not only multiplied the demand for labor, but it has raised the grade of labor by calling the mind to the assistance of the hand. The men who manage the ships command higher wages than the oarsman; the engineers and conductors draw higher salaries than the teamsters on the plains and the rates of a typographical union are better than the wages of the copyist.

All enlightened governments encourage invention to-day, giving to the originator of an idea a monopoly for a limited period. While he thus secures compensation for his service to society the public at large enjoys the greatest benefit, for, in a little while, the improved machine is working for all.

The labor organization has been an important factor in the laboring man's progress. It has shortened hours; it has increased wages; it has improved sanitary conditions; it has secured the passage of laws for the prevention of child labor; it was largely instrumental in introducing the secret ballot, and it has in a hundred ways made its impress upon industry, government and society. That it has made mistakes is true, but what organization composed of human beings is free from mistakes? Have the officials of the labor organization sometimes been corrupted? It would be strange if they had not, for high government officials have sometimes been convicted of dishonesty and even ministers of the Gospel have occasionally fallen from grace.

The labor organization has helped those outside of it as well as those inside.

To test it, take a case where a labor organization has secured an advance in wages and ask the employer why he pays union and non-union men the same wages, and he will tell you that the non-union men will not work for less than he pays the union men. And yet there are some who wonder why members of the union, who pay their dues to the organization and contribute to the support of their brothers on a strike, should object to sharing in the victory with those who not only refuse to bear the burdens, but sometimes endeavor to defeat the strike.

A. JUST CLAIM TO BETTER CONDITIONS

Improved methods of transportation have greatly benefited the laborer by making it easier for him to move to better fields. Supply and demand have been brought nearer together and employment has been made steadier. While the steam railroads have been facilitating the distribution of labor over large areas, street-car service in the cities has shortened the distance between the home and the factory and permitted the workman to be at home for a longer time.

The spirit of brotherhood is growing and no class is likely to feel its influence more than the laboring class. It has already acted powerfully in bringing laboring men into sympathy with each other and it will ultimately bring harmony between the employer and the employés.

But as civilization is a continuing development, so there must be continual advancement among all the elements that contribute to that civilization, and the laboring men are still struggling to secure a larger reward and a higher position for themselves and their descendants. Notwithstanding the fact that they enjoy in America more than their brethren in other lands enjoy, they have a just claim to still better conditions.

They are now endeavoring to secure the eight-hour day and they are entitled

to it; they have not secured their share of the benefits which the improved machine has brought to the world. The productive power of man has been vastly increased, and it is only fair that those who operate the machine should have more leisure to prepare themselves for the responsibilities of their more advanced position. The home has claims upon the breadwinner; society needs him and the government has a right to expect his intelligent co-operation. He can not fill the position to which he is entitled, or discharge the duties which devolve upon him, if his entire time is occupied by labor, sleep, eating and traveling to and from his work.

It is not a sufficient answer to his demand to say that some of the leisure hours will be misused. Those who are so exercised by the fear that the wage-earner may not wisely employ the time given him by shorter hours are not, as a rule, disturbed by the fact that the leisure classes waste a good deal of time. Until shorter working hours are secured there is no way of determining what use will be made of them; when they are secured, the same influences that have already improved the ideals and the condition of those who toil may be counted upon to put the extra hours to a use which will be elevating.

PROTECTION FROM INJUNCTION

A second need of the laboring man to-day is protection from the writ of injunction under which he is denied the right of trial by jury. While this is not resorted to in many cases and while comparatively few have personally felt the harshness of the writ, it is a menace to all. The jury is so sacred an institution that its protection can not be denied to any thief, no matter how often he has been convicted; it is surprising that it can be denied to a laboring man without arousing instant and universal protest.

But the greatest need of the laboring man in this country at this time is arbi-

tration, for this would enable him to secure the shorter hours for which he contends and would prevent the strikes which have brought the writ of injunction into use. There is no more reason why the laboring man should be left to enforce his contentions by an idleness that throws the burden upon himself and his family than there would be for a return to the wager of battle as a means of settling law suits. While improved machinery has increased the number of workers and raised the grade of their employment it has also brought about conditions under which the superintendent is so far removed from the individual worker that the personal relationship is greatly weakened. Justice must, therefore, be secured by a resort to some impartial court. It is not necessary that the finding of the board shall be binding upon the parties to the dispute. If there is compulsory investigation at the request of either party public opinion may be relied upon to enforce the conclusion reached by the arbitrators. The president has recently called attention to the importance of this subject, and, as the Democratic party has in three national platforms urged the importance of arbitration, there is reason to hope that it is near at hand.

But the needs before mentioned, *viz.*, a shorter day, arbitration and protection from government by injunction, are but means to an end, and the end sought is the more equitable distribution of the wealth produced. There has been a wonderful increase in the production in every department of labor; the strength of the human arm has been multiplied many times—in some occupations many hundred times—by the introduction of machinery, but the man at the machine does not secure his share of the product. The economic problem of to-day is the re-adjustment of rewards. Prince Bismarck, in addressing an agricultural audience, once said that it was necessary for the farmers to stand together and protect themselves from the "drones of

society who produce nothing but laws." The same may be said of the wage-earners of the cities. The wealth producers of America, on the farm and in the factory, create the nation's wealth in time of peace and defend the nation's flag in time of war, and yet they do not enjoy the same degree of prosperity as the non-producing class. The laws have permitted the creation of an exploiting element, and this element has grown rich at the expense of the general public.

THE PEOPLE VS. SPECIAL PRIVILEGE

The settlement of labor questions should not be left to the laboring men alone, for the whole of society is interested in every question which concerns those who are engaged in manual labor. There are no fixed classes and castes in this country; there is constant passage from one occupation to another and from one grade of labor to a higher or lower grade. The son of the wage-earner of to-day may be a lawyer of position or minister of the Gospel; the son of the professional man or merchant may be-

come an artisan or a farmer, and any one in any of the occupations or professions may aspire to the highest position in the state. Some one has said that there are not usually more than three generations between shirt sleeves and shirt sleeves—the first generation making the money, the second generation spending it and the third returning to manual labor. In such a country, and under such conditions, each person has a family interest in obliterating distinctions of rank and class and in establishing intimate and friendly relations between all.

Our government can be made what the people want it to be, and they should want it to be the protector of equal rights and the enemy of privilege. While the professional classes should be farsighted enough to recognize that a just government is a richer legacy to leave to children than any amount of money could be, the wage-earner has even a more immediate reason for acting upon this theory, because he often has little to leave as a legacy except the government whose character he helps to determine.

MUTUAL CONFIDENCE AND CONSIDERATION

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

DON'T "kill the goose that lays the golden egg" for both of you, employer and employé. Mutual hatred and suspicion will kill, mutual confidence and consideration protect and feed it. This truth shall guide my part of this debate, and so I shall offend extremists on both sides.

Let's get straight at the beginning. Manual labor is not the only labor. Most people are laborers. Doctor, farmer, miner, author, printer, banker, brakeman, merchant, actor, manufacturer, artisan, railway officer, molder, hod-car-

rier, editor, reporter—all useful human beings work. The hardest worked man in the country is President Roosevelt himself.

National labor leaders will appreciate my point, for they know that they work harder than any man in their union. John Mitchell has burned up energy more rapidly in ably directing his great organization than almost any score of his men. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, toils ceaselessly at the heavy tasks his office brings him. So we can not say that

hand workers only are laborers and head workers are not.

THE LABOR PROBLEM IS EVERYBODY'S

Therefore, the labor problem, in its broad sense, is everybody's problem. Most legislation concerns labor, even if we limit that word to wage-earners. Financial, tariff, transportation laws, etc., etc.—all affect the wage-earner. This is why a debate upon labor can not be a party question *unless it is admitted that one party considers it in the broad spirit and the other party in the narrow spirit.*

Yet debate is a good thing—make every public man tell where he stands. Men who try to evade public questions are dishonest, weak, dangerous. Defeat the dodgers. It is certainly true that many public men try to fool labor.

To understand the "labor problem" we must understand present labor conditions, the progress or decline of the workers in employment, wages and human comforts. What, then, of their situation to-day? Take the period of the Roosevelt administration. *There are over one million more laborers employed IN FACTORIES ALONE, to-day, than there were when Theodore Roosevelt became president.* American factories have paid their employes over *six hundred million dollars more wages* than they paid to the same people when Theodore Roosevelt became president. *While the number of factory employes has increased 16.3 per cent. during this period, the wages paid them have increased 30.1 per cent.*

This is due to many causes, among which is the increased ability of the remainder of the people to buy at increased prices what these factory employes make. For example, the value of the American farmer's land and products has increased *over one billion dollars EVERY YEAR* since Theodore Roosevelt became president. You can follow this illustration through every form of American industrial activity.

The reverse was true when the Opposition was in power—a million laborers were starving, thousands of farmers burning their corn for fuel.

The American workingman has not spent all his earnings in living—deposits have increased three billion dollars *during the present administration*, and now amount to over twelve billion dollars. The greater part of this is in savings banks, building and loan associations and like institutions, and is the surplus earnings of labor. An even better illustration is the growing number of homes owned by workingmen.

A prime element in both employment and wages is the ability with which great industries are handled. Wealth means the production and sale of a surplus; wages and employment depend upon this increase of wealth. If we did not sell our surplus our markets at home would be congested, lowering prices, lessening sales, shortening output, closing mills, discharging workmen, reducing the wages of those that remained.

Very well! Our total sales abroad last year were one billion seven hundred and forty-three million eight hundred and sixty-four thousand five hundred dollars, which is over two hundred million dollars more than ever before. Beginning with 1892 the sale of our surplus diminished until 1897; and during these four years *both wages and employment correspondingly decreased.* Beginning with 1897 the sale of our surplus abroad increased steadily until 1901, when it was believed high-water mark had been reached; and *employment and wages correspondingly increased.* But high-water mark was not reached, and during the last two years of President Roosevelt's administration American exports have passed all former records.

Employment and wages, then, are, comparatively, excellent. If they can be bettered they should be; *but is it wise to trust those who have always made them worse?* If Mr. Bryan believes the

Opposition can improve employment and wages, will he tell us how? There should be a just division of profits between employer and employé; but no more—wise labor leaders will refrain from demanding wages that will ruin business. Of course, there are some who will not, just as there are some employers who would press down wages to the lowest living point and increase hours of labor to the highest exhaustion point. Both such employers and labor leaders are foolish; worse, they are dangerous—dangerous to employers, more dangerous to the country, most dangerous to wage-earners themselves.

So much for conditions; what now of "labor legislation"? Here is what we have already done: Up to 1874 men were held in involuntary service after having been forcibly kidnapped in other countries. We have abolished that. In 1882 the immigration of Chinese was prohibited; and in 1902, upon the recommendation of President Roosevelt, our Chinese Exclusion Laws were extended to our possessions.

The importation of foreign laborers under contract has been stopped; and under the administration of President Roosevelt new and rigid restrictions have been placed upon the immigration of cheap foreign labor.

We have provided for the inspection of steam vessels and of coal mines in the territories; for safety appliances on interstate railroads; for a report from interstate railways to the Interstate Commerce Commission of the number and cause of accidents. President Grant secured the eight-hour law for government employés in 1868—this now covers employés on government works.

Then there is the law punishing the man or corporation who tries to influence his employé's vote by threat of discharge from his work or ejection from a rented house; the law relating to skilled labor in the Government Printing Office; the law for payment of all government employés for holidays; the

law for the incorporation of national trades unions; the board of arbitration law.

There is the law for the commission to settle differences between interstate railroads and their employés; the indemnity law guaranteeing the payment by contractors constructing government buildings of all labor in their employ; the law prohibiting railroads from forbidding employés to enter labor organizations or be members thereof, or discriminating against such employés on account of such membership.

At the last session of the last Congress we passed the law preventing railroads from requiring employés to work unreasonable hours without rest. At the first session of the last Congress we passed the employer's liability act, making the railroads liable for injuries to employés resulting from negligence of its officers or other employés, abolishing contributory negligence as a bar to the recovery of damages, and finally making the jury the judge of the degree of negligence. That law worked a legal revolution, overthrowing the rule of the common law uniformly held by the courts for one hundred and fifty years.

MOST IMPORTANT LAW EVER PASSED

More important than all these laws put together is the statute creating the Department of Commerce and Labor, which is the most important legislation ever enacted for the protection of American laboring men, on the one hand, and for regulation of employing capital on the other hand. Through this department the American people, in the last five years, have learned more about the condition of American labor and the conduct of American business than they knew during the one hundred and twenty-five years since the Constitution was adopted. It is steadily recommending and framing wise bills that will help labor *without injuring the country*—a point worth considering.

So we see that not only in employment and wages, but in legislation for the comfort and safety of American labor, progress has been steady and rapid. To quote John Mitchell, "*There is no doubt that, upon the whole, the American workingman receives better wages, both in money and in what money will buy, than the workingman of any of the nations of Europe.*"

With the progress of legislation for the protection and comfort of labor there has been an even more rapid growth of legislation restraining and regulating capital in its various forms. For example, there is the Sherman anti-trust law, the anti-rebate law, the pure food law, the meat inspection law, the law preventing corporate contributions to campaign funds, the law permitting the government to appeal in trust criminal cases, and a dozen others.

WHAT ROOSEVELT HAS DONE

All the above laws are Republican. Nearly all their enforcement has been chiefly Republican. *President Roosevelt, in five years, has caused more injunctions to be issued against lawless trusts and directed more criminal prosecutions against mighty law violators than was done during the four preceding administrations combined.*

This has been done in the spirit of justice instead of revenge, and therefore has not closed the doors of business or locked the wheels of trade. Whether a thing be done in wrath or righteousness is a vital distinction. The one frightens good men and honest corporations as much as it terrifies bad men and dishonest corporations. For destruction always sees darkly, and the good man who is in the same business as the bad man fears that the blow may fall upon the upright as well as upon the evil who are engaged in the same business; whereas justice always sees clearly, and the good man knows that he will not be involved in the punishment of the bad man.

This is why, of two possible administrations that might deal with the same wrongs with equal courage, one, in punishing the guilty, would destroy confidence among the innocent; while another, in punishing the guilty, would strengthen confidence among the innocent. Confidence is the nerve force of business; don't destroy it. No nervous prostration of business—business, the parent and provider of employment and wages.

All this is of the past, you say; but we must know the past to understand the present and provide for the future, must we not? What, then, of present questions? These are involved in the growth of the modern labor organization; so let us examine that.

Twentieth century conditions make organized labor necessary precisely the same as organized capital. When business was run by individuals, partnerships and small corporations, it was possible for the individual laboring man to deal with the employer. With the giant affairs of the present day the individual laborer is at the mercy of the employer; and it is human nature that the powerful employer will not always deal mercifully or even justly with the individual laborer. There are splendid exceptions, and if all were like these, the individual laborer would not be in such hard case; just as if monarchs were always good and wise a monarchy would not be so bad for the people.

So when the organization of capital combined into vast enterprises it comprehended the organization of labor also. Both are economically sound. A thousand laborers acting together could get better terms than one laborer acting alone, and this not only helped the laboring man, but the wiser employers soon found that it helped them as well.

Again, the labor organization is a school for mutual improvement and for the fostering of the spirit of self-respecting independence of its members—examples to the contrary, numerous as they

may be, are incalculably outnumbered by the general action and effect of the labor union. Vandals of labor are as few as buccaneers of business, considering the comparative number of laborers and financiers.

And these are becoming fewer; labor is learning that violence is a ruinous policy; that extravagant and unreasonable demands disgust instead of persuade; and that moderation and self-restraint are labor's best policy, just as moderation and self-restraint are the best policy of everybody. The day of the Martin Irons, the Dennis Kearneys and the torch-and-powder agitators is over. Should it come again, let it be fought out to the setting of its sun. No outrage by either capital or labor; obedience to law by both. One man slugged in a strike riot puts back the cause of the strikers more than all the devices of the employer.

Also, the modern labor organization is a training in self-government. Take, for example, the parliament of longshoremen and employers: The longshoremen and their employers each elect their representatives. Each body meets in a separate house across the street from the other, just like our national senate and house of representatives. A conference committee receives the propositions of both houses, debates these, reports disagreements to their respective houses, etc. Finally they reach a common conclusion, and this is adopted by a vote of both houses. This report includes scales of wages, hours of work and other items of vital moment to both employer and employé; when adopted it becomes a contract.

THE FIGHT KIND OF STRIKE-BREAKERS

This contract is morally binding only—it has no legal effect. But if any local union violates it that union is rigorously disciplined. For example, not many years ago the longshoremen of Cleveland struck in violation of one of these

agreements. The general employers' union complained to the officers of the general longshoremen's union, and Dennis O'Keefe, its president, immediately went to Cleveland and *broke the strike with union men from other cities whom he put in the places of the strikers*. That act not only proved Dennis O'Keefe a man of honor, courage and wisdom, but it did more to establish organized labor in the confidence of the American people than the violence sometimes perpetrated in its name had done to destroy it.

Another example: Coal miners numbering almost four hundred thousand men elect representatives to a general congress composed of these representatives and representatives of the operators similarly elected. This congress meets in the same building—thirteen hundred miner and four hundred operator representatives—sitting on opposite sides of the hall. The operators first present their proposals, which are rejected. The miners do the like, with like result. Then a joint committee is appointed of thirty-two men, half miners and half operators. This committee wrangles and debates just as such committees do in legislative bodies.

Finally a subcommittee of sixteen is appointed, which meets behind closed doors in a "heart-to-heart talk," the miners and operators frankly telling one another their condition. They usually agree; and their report is then submitted to the two houses meeting separately, and adopted by a majority vote. This majority vote then acts as a unit rule when the two bodies again meet in joint convention—that is, the thirteen hundred miner representatives vote as a unit and the four hundred operators vote as a unit for the report, and it becomes a contract.

Such a contract is seldom broken. If it is, the violators are harshly handled *by the national union itself*. For example, if a local mine union belonging to the general mine workers' union closes down a mine in violation of the contract,

each miner is fined one dollar a day so long as the mine is closed down, and if this is not sufficient their charter is withdrawn and union miners from other mines put in their places. But usually the contract is observed.

A GLORIOUS EXAMPLE

Thus, during the great anthracite strike in 1902, the bituminous miners met in convention in Indianapolis. The question was whether they should strike in sympathy with their brothers in the anthracite regions. Hot-headed men advised this course, but the miners overwhelmingly voted it down *because their MORAL contract with the operators did not expire until the following year*. But they aided their brothers financially—in sixteen weeks the bituminous miners raised \$2,643,240.42 to help the starving anthracite miners. When men will thus refuse to declare a sympathetic strike to help their brothers because they are held by a contract, which is only *morally* binding on them, and at the same time will pay that much money to provide their brothers with food and shelter, it is a proof both of their honor and of their generosity.

These illustrations can be multiplied. So we see how self-restraint and mutual counsel is evolving practical self-government among laborers and employers; how the strongest, wisest and most moderate men are developed in each class; and, finally, how industrial peace and progress is thus being brought about naturally. A greater steadiness in business is manifesting itself; and a new spirit of mutual respect and tolerance is growing.

Now mark how the failure to organize labor works in the case of children in factories, mines and sweat-shops. These little ones can not organize into national unions—and even with adults local unions were worse than useless until they developed into *national* bodies. The children are not capable of electing

representatives who can treat with the representatives of the employers, as the miners, longshoremens and other *national* unions do. *So about two million American children between the ages of five and sixteen are being either killed or reduced to degeneracy by toiling from ten to twelve hours in mill, mine and sweat-shop.*

There is literally no hope for these children except from a national law to prohibit interstate railways from carrying the child-made goods. The employers *do* not remedy this terrible national evil. The states *can* not. If one state has a good child labor law honestly enforced, its manufacturers are at a business disadvantage with those in states having no such law and honest enforcement. When Tennessee passed such a law and a just governor enforced it, mill owners of South Carolina sent their agents to Tennessee and shipped carloads of children in charge of bosses to the commercial infernos of the last state.

Again, in the states where the evil is worst, the interests fattening on the blood of American children are so powerful that they either prevent the passage of good laws or paralyze their execution. Yet when I introduced a national bill to do away with this national evil, the extent of the evil was denied by certain members of both parties. When I presented voluminous proof *under oath* of its widespread extent and revolting character, the denials ceased; but I was met with the familiar cry that the bill was "unconstitutional." When I read decisions of the Supreme Court demonstrating its constitutionality I was met with the assertion that the *Supreme Court was wrong*—and this in debate on the floor of the Senate.

Concerning the bill's constitutionality: The Lottery Case, which is one of the six greatest decisions of the Supreme Court, expressly declares that Congress has the right to prohibit any article from interstate commerce when Congress thinks the interests of the Amer-

ican people demand it. So do several other cases. The Constitution says:

"Congress shall have power to regulate commerce among the states with foreign nations and the Indian tribes."

In *Gibbons versus Ogden* the Supreme Court declared that under this clause the power of Congress is *just as great over interstate commerce as over foreign commerce* or over commerce among the Indian tribes—more, *that it is the same power*. This has been confirmed by the Supreme Court every time the question has been raised.

Very well! Under our power over foreign commerce we exclude goods made by convicts; so we can exclude them from interstate commerce also, *our power over both foreign and domestic commerce being "the same power,"* as the Supreme Court says. But if we can exclude from interstate commerce goods made *by convicts*, of course, we can exclude goods *made by children*.

There are many laws prohibiting various articles from interstate commerce. For example, we have prohibited interstate commerce in insects, loose hay, dynamite, etc., etc. When I cited these laws I was answered that these articles were harmful in themselves, although this has nothing to do with our *power* to pass such laws, but only with our *wisdom* in passing them. But when I replied that we had also prohibited interstate commerce in *certain gold and silver articles* and other like things which harmed nobody, but were distasteful to a few manufacturers in New York and New Jersey, *there was no answer*.

Next session I will have a vote upon this bill. Its most powerful friend is Theodore Roosevelt, just as he has been the most powerful friend in our day of all measures helpful to his fellow-men. Mr. Bryan, too, is earnestly for it. But southern mill owners, the anthracite combine, glass factories, silk mills, sweat-shops, the railways that directly haul their products and other roads in sympathy with these—all are against it.

Also a few sincere doctrinaires are against it. On an "aye" and "no" vote we shall see who wins—the child-slave drivers and honest word-theorists, or the conscience and humanity of the American people.

THE NATION AND THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY

Next, the proposed eight-hour law: Our present eight-hour law was secured by Grant, a Republican president, and enacted by a Republican Congress. It provides for an eight-hour day for all government employés. The proposed eight-hour law extends this to the employés of such contractors as are doing work for the government, and only then so far as their work on that contract is concerned.

An historic review of hours of labor will help us. When the factory system in England began toward the close of the eighteenth century, the workday was from fourteen to sixteen hours. It took several decades to get the working day down to ten hours—the manufacturers said that a shorter day would ruin them. It was reduced to ten hours; yet profits increased and the working people did better work. Also, they began to *live*.

In America the average workday was from twelve to fourteen hours at the beginning of the last century. President Van Buren reduced it to ten hours in the navy-yards; and all private ship-building plants followed the government's lead. Then a general movement began for ten hours, which finally succeeded in nearly all manufacturing, mining and building trades. Next, General Grant secured eight hours for government employés, as above explained.

ORGANIZED LABOR'S PROGRESS

Since then organized labor has asked for the eight-hour day, and at present, *by agreement between employers and employés*—the ideal method—eight

hours constitutes a day's work, as a general rule, in the trades enumerated in the footnote.* This historic summary of the progress of toiling humanity from the fourteen-hour to the eight-hour day shows how natural and inevitable it is.

Here are a few reasons for the eight-hour day. The concentration over intricate present-day machinery exhausts brain and nerve more rapidly than the crude and brute force of old-time methods. Taking a workingman's life altogether, he will do more and better work in an eight-hour day than in a ten-hour day; because nature has more time to build up worn-out energy. And we must consider the whole working life of the laboring man—not six or eight years only.

For the laborer is a human being, not a mere machine. He has the right to get something out of life—recreation, improvement, rest. If it is said that he will use these extra hours in dissipation, the answer is that the enormous majority of workingmen go to their homes, tend their gardens in spring and summer, do the home chores in fall and winter, and have the evening with their wives and families for reading or amusement.

If it be said that the employer works ten, twelve and fourteen hours, the answer is that it is not the continuous and

concentrated attention over a machine; the employer's work, hard as it is, is varied. He is the master of it and likes to do it. The laborer's work is unvaried, unbroken, and he must do it whether he likes it or not.

That the farmer works excessive hours is true only in the spring, summer and fall; farm machinery is lessening both the length and severity of the farmer's toil even in these seasons; and in winter, while still busy, the farmer's work diminishes greatly. Also, the farmer's work is diversified, and in the open air, with all the health-giving and nerve-building influences of nature about him.

The fact that our export trade, which is of vital importance to the nation, especially to its laboring men, will suffer by competition with German exporters, whose laborers work ten hours and more a day, gave me the most serious concern for a while. But the chief cause of Germany's successful competition with us, even in Mexico, is the practical methods of German business men. They send German agents to live among the people to whom they wish to sell, carefully learning and reporting the habits, desires and peculiarities of that people—we do not; they have an extensive and simple banking system, and give long credit to their customers—we do not; they make things for these pur-

*TRADES WORKING EIGHT HOURS.

The eight-hour workday obtains generally in the carpenters' trade.

Electrical workers have general eight-hour workday.

The plasterers, eight hours' labor per day is the rule. There are a few places where plasterers work seven hours, and one per cent. work nine hours.

The bricklayers enforce the eight-hour workday.

The granite cutters, eight hours is the universal rule.

Masons, eight hours is the rule.

Painters, eight hours is the rule.

Decorators, eight hours is the rule.

Paperhangers, eight hours is the rule.

Plumbers, eight hours is the rule.

Gas fitters, eight hours is the rule.

Steam and hot water fitters, eight hours is the rule.

Machine woodworkers, about 30 per cent. work eight hours.

Roofers, eight hours is the rule.

Printers, eight hours is the rule.

Compositors on morning newspapers, generally seven hours as a rule.

Compositors on afternoon newspapers, eight hours.

German compositors, eight hours is the universal rule, five days constituting a week's work.

Stereotypers and electrotypers on newspapers, eight hours is the rule.

Coopers, eight hours is the rule.

Cigarmakers, eight hours is the rule.

Brewery workers, eight hours is the rule in about one-half of the trade.

Stationary firemen, about fifty per cent. work eight hours.

Iron and steel workers, generally three shifts, eight hours each.

Papermakers, eight hours is the rule.

Coal miners, in bituminous regions, eight hours is the rule.

Plate printers, eight hours is the rule.

Lathers, eight hours is the rule.

Bridge and structural iron workers, eight hours is the rule.

Cement workers, eight hours is the rule.

Elevator constructors, eight hours is the rule.

Hod-carriers and building laborers, eight hours is the rule.

Lithographers, eight hours is generally the rule.

Metal-workers, eight hours is the rule.

Photo-engravers, eight hours is the rule.

chasing people just as such people want them—we do not.

If it is said that if eight hours, why not seven, six, five or no hours at all, the plain answer is, if ten hours, why not twelve hours, fourteen, eighteen, or the whole twenty-four? Such an argument either way is silly. The justice and good sense of the American people will instantly check any such foolish demand as that.

Of course, there are occasions, such as flood, fire and war, when eight hours or even ten hours is not enough. Also, there are occupations in which a rigid eight-hour rule is not practicable. But generally the eight-hour day in most occupations is rapidly approaching; is here in many trades *by agreement between employer and employe*; and, by the same method, will soon be secured in all trades to which it is applicable. The burden of the argument favors the proposed eight-hour law, and properly guarded, it should be enacted. But labor must be careful not to misuse the moral leverage such a law gives it.

We are in the fat years now—they will not always last. And when the lean years come, if it develops that our export trade is being driven from the markets of the world by nations whose laborers produce more than ours by working longer, our laborers must face the conditions. Nine hours, ten hours is better than no employment and starvation. But let us reduce hours of labor as much as possible; let us try the experiment, remembering that most experiments to improve human life and increase human happiness have proved helpful even to business.

What, now, of the treatment of injunctions? To discuss this properly would require several papers. So I can give only an unsatisfactory summary and conclusion. The injunction is a part of equity jurisprudence which is specifically preserved and guaranteed by the Constitution. "Equity," says Blackstone, "is the correction of that

wherein the law (by reason of its universality) is deficient." It operates to prevent damage to property for which the law can give no compensation.

Equity has grown in America and England to be the most important and valuable part of our system of justice. It is used to restrain nuisances, the execution of fraudulent judgments, the cancellation of certain mortgages and other contracts, the levying of taxes, waste, trespass, the infringement of patents, copyrights, etc., and, generally, *to prevent irreparable wrong or injury*, etc. This latter is the very foundation of this branch of equity, is the growth of centuries, and a part of our ideal of "a government of liberty regulated by law."

In recent years writs of injunction have been used increasingly against railroads—for example, to compel a railway to receive and transport cars; to prevent a railway from making unjust discriminations; to compel a railway to deliver live stock; to prevent railways from non-competing agreements, etc.; to prevent railways and other great corporations from violating certain statutes.

For example, under President Roosevelt the writ of injunction has been used against trusts and combinations of capital more times than the government hitherto has used it in the entire history of our country; *and not once has Theodore Roosevelt caused it to be used against a labor organization*. However, he would do it just as quickly against labor as he does against capital; for, though he favors both labor and capital, if orderly and honest, he has no mercy on either if either is a violator of the law.

This *résumé* shows that it is a serious thing to interfere with that system of justice known as equity jurisprudence in its most important branch. For example, what would the country say if the beef trust, drug trust, paper trust and numerous other trusts, against which President Roosevelt has caused injunctions to issue, were to demand the

destruction of injunctions as applying to them. We have been *extending* by statute the power of the courts to issue injunctions against lawless capital; if we greatly *withdraw* the same power as applied to labor, the country will soon think that we are unjust, and stop all legislation. Don't you see that, laboring men?

Only since the war have injunctions been used in labor troubles. At first they commanded strikers to refrain from violence only—that is right. But they have gone further, until practically the whole American bench agrees that certain injunctions have been extreme

These injunctions were granted without hearing the men enjoined; and made returnable at so distant a day that it would then do the men no good to be heard. Here is the root of the evil and the plain suggestion for the remedy. If the men could have been heard *immediately* after the temporary restraining order was issued, there could have been no such extremes.

So we should require judges issuing temporary injunctions *to hear the same IMMEDIATELY*. If *immediate* hearing does not cure the evil, we must devise a method that will. Also, it must be remembered that injunctions can issue *only when property or property rights are involved*.

Such a measure as the one I have suggested is satisfactory to some of the most powerful and reputable labor organizations, though unsatisfactory to others. But if the latter will only consider how invaluable the injunction is in our

system of justice; how, without it, the government will be helpless before the lawlessness of trusts and the criminal practice of capital; how any man *ought* to be enjoined from injuring property or person if affecting property rights, they will see how dangerous it is radically and violently to change this branch of equity jurisprudence, especially as a class measure.

On the other hand, let those entirely opposed to any legislation to remedy *admitted* misuse of injunctions remember that "a stitch in time saves nine." If the moderate law, proposed by Theodore Roosevelt and supported by the railway trainmen, railway engineers and other great labor organizations, is defeated, a broader demand will take its place and will mass behind it not some, but all labor organizations, supported by the great body of the people.

Speaking for myself, I shall support such a measure if the more cautious law proposed by President Roosevelt is defeated, but never a bill destructive of justice and of that order upon which our free institutions absolutely depend. Moderation and common sense, instead of extravagance and unreason; consideration of labor's point of view by capital and of capital's point of view by labor—these are the words of wisdom, truth and soberness in the affairs of labor and capital. Patience wins more victories than violence. Justice, counseling with humanity, will solve most human problems if men will listen to their advice. And in this Republic men—*all* men—must listen to their advice.

THE REPLIES TO THESE PAPERS ON "LABOR" WILL
APPEAR IN THE OCTOBER READER.

THE NEW JUSTICE

ITS ADMINISTRATOR, JUDGE CLELAND, IS NOT A RADICAL—SIMPLY WISE, PATIENT AND COURAGEOUS. HE PAROLES DRUNKARDS TO THE MEN THAT SELL THEM LIQUOR, WHILE A VOLUNTEER ORGANIZATION OF BUSINESS MEN FINDS EMPLOYMENT AND BECOMES RESPONSIBLE FOR OTHER OFFENDERS. PRISON THE LAST RESORT

By JEAN COWGILL

Author of "The Teamsters' Strike," etc.

A MAN stood before the bar of justice. Beside him stood his wife. She carried a black eye; the man's face was sodden and dejected. Silence lay over the courtroom as the judge waited to hear the complaint. An officer spoke:

"He beat up his wife last night, your Honor."

The little woman looked at the blue coat vaguely. She choked pitifully and edged nearer to the man.

"He ees my man," she said. "Dey no understand'."

The judge looked at her intently. He leaned forward and scrutinized the prisoner. Then he questioned briefly.

"Does he drink much?"

"Every Saturday." It was an interpreter who answered. "She says, your Honor, that he is a fine and noble husband, only on Saturday he will spend all his week's wages in the saloon, and then she has nothing in the house to eat for the children. So when there is no meal he beats her. But he is drunk."

"How many children?"

"Four, your Honor."

"How old?"

"Baby six months. Oldest is seven."

"What does she want done with him?"

"She wants him to stop drinking."

The judge thought it over. Next he spoke to the man.

"Come here," he said. The man advanced a pace and stood with his head raised so that the two were face to face. He was ready for whatever the law might deal out to him as his share in the judicial adjustment of things. The face of the woman was pale from the suspense that tortured her.

"What makes you drink?" asked the judge at last. The man looked at him wonderingly. It was not what a judge is supposed to say to a prisoner on a "drunk and disorderly" charge, who has beaten his wife.

"You can't take care of your family if you drink," went on the judge. "You know that as well as I do. And you know that when a man has the appetite,

THE PURPOSE OF THE LAW IS TO KEEP MEN
OUT OF PRISON

—Judge McKenzie Cleland

as you have, he can't take even one drink without wanting more. If I felt like it, I could send you over to the county jail. Or I might send you to the Bridewell for a year. I am not going to do either. I'm going to be your friend. You are going to stop drinking, once and for all. I am going to put you downstairs in a cell for a few days till you get over this. Then I am going to have a talk with your wife and let you go home so that you can go to work. All you've got to do is to stop drinking. We are going to help you do it."

An officer led the man away. Tears were raining from his eyes, which were no longer filled with sullen defiance. The wife watched helplessly.

"He ees good-a man," she repeated, as she saw the door close upon him.

"You go home," said the judge kindly. "In a few days I'll let him come home. Then you must come and tell me just how he gets along."

A blankness came over the face of the little woman. She could not follow him. He saw it.

"Tell her," he said to the interpreter, "that I am going to parole him to her. Tell her I know he is a good man, and would not have struck her only for the drink. Tell her to take good care of the children, and that she must go home."

The little woman drew her inevitable Italian shawl up around her face and walked unsteadily out of the court room. In her eyes, as in the eyes of her husband, was a mighty gratitude.

"Risky," said a man who knew the husband. "He's a tough customer."

The judge made no reply. He smiled at the man. It was the last case on the sheet, and the judge was preparing to leave the court room. A bright young policeman epitomized the situation.

"It all depends," he said, "upon what you think is *the purpose of the law*."

Maxwell Street Branch of the Municipal Court of Chicago was where it happened—where it happens several

times every day in the week. McKenzie Cleland is the judge. Critical lawyers will tell you that he does not follow the law. Maybe not—as it is printed in the statutes.

Under the law the man should have been sent to the Bridewell. That is as clear as sunshiny daylight. The way of it is a fine. The man is poor and can not pay. Then the Bridewell—to work it out. Meanwhile the family starves or is on the charity of the county. Or maybe it is only the charity of some beautifully beneficent organization that society has built up to atone for its mistakes. The name matters little. It is charity anyway, and hopelessness, and the crumbling of pride.

Those who know will tell you that Maxwell Street Police Station has entertained as many guests in its cells as any police station in the world. Certain magazine writers have been pleased to designate the district as "a nest of vice." They prate of hold-ups and sluggings and the torturings of women. Some of it is true. Much of it is not. The record of an arrest does not always mean that a crime has been committed.

Here in Maxwell Street a courageous judge has done what no other judge has ever attempted or dared to do. Where no curative agents had ever been employed, and all the scheme was one of punishment, he came with his belief in the healing of souls as well as the healing of bodies, and put in operation the machinery of the most wonderful justice that common sense can dream of.

Once Chicago had a police court system. It was bad—very, very bad. So the people rose up and demanded city courts, with regularly elected judges, instead of justices appointed by the state executive and recommended by the henchmen of a vicious spoils system. The demand for city courts had a not unreasonable look, but for all that it was only after years of struggle that a municipal court law was enacted by the

McKENZIE CLELAND

Judge of the Maxwell Street Branch of the Municipal Court of Chicago

legislature and the notorious police courts went out of existence.

To be quite accurate, it was only in the fall of 1906 that the first municipal judges were elected. On the third of December there walked into Maxwell Street Station a tall and slender man, with irregular features and keen gray eyes.

"Who is he?" asked the policemen who watched his entrance.

"He's the new judge," said one. The court room filled up with the usual cases. One after another the prisoners stood before the bar of justice. In many tongues they pleaded their justifications for the deeds that had brought them into the station. Interpreters who speak seven or eight or even ten languages are present at every session of the court. They are needed, too, for in Maxwell Street

District are gathered men and women from thirty lands over the sea.

Then began an expression of opinions concerning the new judge. The gist of it was:

"No good for this station. Fine fellow. Clean moral character. Teetotaler as to drink. All right as a lawyer, but he has had no practice in criminal courts."

Which was the truth. When McKenzie Cleland came to preside over Maxwell Street Branch of the Municipal Court of Chicago, he had never been inside of a criminal court. He told me so himself. More, he had never defended a criminal. His practice had been entirely confined to probate and civil courts.

As a matter of fact, it was accident that flung this courageous judge, who now holds the respect of all Chicago,

into Maxwell Street. One of the former assistant state's attorneys, Judge Crowe, was first selected for the place. A provision of the new municipal court law is that city judges may sit in the Criminal Court when the docket is so crowded that there are not enough judges to go around. It happened that at this critical time there was an over-supply of murder trials on the North Side in the Criminal Court, so Judge Crowe did not come to Maxwell Street, but went over to the other branch. It is only fair to state that he was chosen for this bench because of his excellent record as a state's attorney. He had prosecuted many criminals and had many convictions to his credit. It is one of the maxims of the state's attorney's office that trials must be speedy and convictions plentiful. Lately Chief Justice Oleson, of the Municipal Court, in an address, cited the case of a man who was arrested at nine, tried at ten, and was in the Bridewell by eleven o'clock. The chief justice himself was an able state's attorney. He believes that the best ends of society are furthered only by speedy and inexorable conviction.

So came McKenzie Cleland to Maxwell Street Police Court, with his inexperience and his comprehension of a few things that are not mentioned in the statutes. Those first few weeks he was heart-sick and discouraged. It was all a monstrous puzzle—the treatment of those who came before him. One day in his chambers, after a day in his court, he talked to me about it.

"I saw the mistake it is to send men to prison," he said slowly, weighing each word carefully. "I'm not radical. My opinions, it seems to me, are based upon common sense. I think the purpose of the law is to *keep men out of prison*. The people of a community should love the law, not fear it. Money spent in prosecution and punishment is about thrown away. It should be spent in keeping men and women from going to

jail in the first place. I don't believe in speedy justice, as it is popularly understood. It doesn't give men a fair chance. Especially is it unfair to the poor man, who has not enough money to hire expensive counsel. I want every prisoner who comes before me to feel that I am a friend to be depended upon. I want them all to feel that as long as they don't go back on me I won't go back on them."

A child came into the room at this point. He was a shabby and pitiful enough little lad, with his pallid face and stunted stature. Instantly the judge ceased his discussion of his work and greeted the boy.

"Well, George," he asked cheerily, "how are you making it?"

"I ain't been near Bunker Street, and I got a fine job wi' de Postal," said the boy.

"What had he done?" I asked when the boy was gone.

"Larceny," responded the judge. "He was a bad boy. I took him into chambers, and what do you think he said? 'Every one is against me!' I sent him home instead of to jail, and kept him in sight. Now he is as good a boy as you would want to find."

"Where would he have gone?"

"To the reformatory—from the jail. He was a cigarette fiend, but I got him to stop. You would never think he is sixteen years old, would you?"

Later I found a written report from this same boy, which I here offer in evidence. Only the signature is remarkable. *When the judge sitting in a police court becomes "loving friend" to a criminal boy—under the statutes—and that boy is no longer bad, but very good, it is time for society to sit up and look at itself.*

A question had been burning itself into my mind while we talked. Now I asked it.

"Suppose they go back on you," I said; "what do you do then?"

He smiled and waited an indefinable instant.

Photograph by H. P. Burke, Chicago

THE BOY AND HIS MOTHER—PROBATION OFFICER JOSEPH SHERLOCK DECIDES THAT THE BOY IS NOT TO BE TRIED PUBLICLY IN COURT

Mr. Hon. McKenzie Cleland:

My mother came to give you my report because I go to work. I start at 9 o'clock and stop at 6 o'clock, and I can not come. Your loving freind,

GEORGE ANNUNCEATO.

"I give them another chance," he said. "You may set it down that in this court prison is the last resource. I sentence a man there only after all my other means have failed!"

Now we come to the vitality in this man's wonderful work. It is the "other means" that tell the story, even though they are but efforts to remedy the mistakes of the old system. A police captain put it well the other day.

"Cleland has discovered that when society punishes criminals it punishes itself," he said tersely. Truly, life is an endless chain of paradoxes and compromises. Still, it was a remarkable thing for a police officer to say. He knows, or ought to know, some of the complications that beset the practical criminologist.

At first there was no sensation over Judge Cleland's court. The police court lawyers who came to him as a legacy from the old system liked him. They had good reason to. He released their clients much more readily than had the justices who went before him. The prisoner who has no particular evidence against him is fairly safe in Judge Cleland's court. There is another sort that he takes care of, too. It is here that his greatest and most immeasurable good is done. In no court has *motive* ever played so large a part. A good example of his method is a "stick-up" boy.

Now a "stick-up" is a hold-up. The weapon was a knife, and the sum involved was one hundred dollars. The evidence was clear, and the assistant state's attorney, who had been sent over to prosecute, was satisfied with himself. He prosecuted vigorously. Let us not forget

that every conviction marked down beside the name of a state's attorney is to his glory. The history of the city proves that it is a pretty sure road to political advancement. Governor Deeneen was a relentless prosecutor. So were Judge Barnes and Judge Oleson, and scores of other prominent office-holders.

The "stick-up" boy had no friends. He was penniless. The penalty is life imprisonment. We have so heavy a penalty because once, when the question agitated the public, there was special legislation in Springfield. That was just after the car-barn bandits were hanged—all three of them in one day. That week in the county jail there was a regular carnival of hangings. Seven men were there, condemned to death. One after another they all swung off into the Beyond. Said the wise ones:

"Now we will have no more hold-ups."

They were wrong, some way. Hold-ups increased. Then came the legislation, and even *attempted* hold-up was made punishable with life imprisonment. Probably Judge Cleland thought some of these things over when he looked at the nineteen-year-old lad who came before him that morning. Anyway, he did a daring thing. He did not hold him to

the grand jury, nor even send him to the Bridewell. He had a talk with him. It was unique and informal.

"How did it happen?" he said to the boy.

"I was drunk," the lad made answer. In law that is no excuse for any crime. Lately the supreme court has found so.

"What is the

C. S. CORNELL, ASSISTANT STATE'S ATTORNEY
Assigned to Judge Cleland's Court

A TRIAL CONDUCTED BY MCKENZIE CLELAND AT THE MAXWELL STREET COURT

matter?" asked the judge. "Can't you stop drinking?"

The boy made the time-old reply of the criminal—so old that no prosecutor pays attention to it.

"I could if I had another chance."

The judge pondered. "Ever been arrested before?"

An officer answered. "Your Honor, he's been in the Bridewell four or five times. He's got a general bad record."

Still the judge was not satisfied. He saw the fellow's pitiful youth and liked his face. Yet youth commits crimes. Most of those that have disgraced Chicago have been the work of mere boys.

No one was prepared for the judge's action. He leaned over his desk a little and looked at the "stick-up" boy.

"I might send you to the jail," he said. "Then you would go to the penitentiary for the rest of your life. That is the penalty for what you have done. I am not going to do that. I am going to fine you two hundred dollars. There will be a motion to vacate, which I will continue. Then I will see if I can find a job for you. I don't think it is good economy on the part of the state to send a manly boy like you to prison. I think you ought to be restored to society and become a good citizen. It seems to me that this is what the law means in your case, so I am going to take a chance on you. I am going to trust you."

That afternoon the judge went to a manufacturer of picture frames.

"Mr. Franklin," said the judge, "I

Destitution follows the cessation of that support. Heretofore it has been the custom to send such cases to the Bridewell to "get the drink out of them." This procedure struck the judge as wrong. Uncertain what to do, he began continuing cases. One after another he set them for February first until there were sixty. When he realized the number he grew anxious. Many were wife-beaters—most of them were habitual drunkards. He must find some way to circumvent the liquor. He told me himself how it came about.

"I have a friend," he said. "He is not a lawyer at all, but a railway official. We have been friends for twenty-five years. Whenever I am worried about anything, I go to him and tell him all about it. Well, I told him my worry with the sixty continued cases. He had an inspiration. 'Why don't you try the brotherly love idea?' he said.

"What is that?"

"Why, it is a law in some churches that when a member commits an offense against the church law he can be placed in the brotherly care of some other member, who thereupon becomes responsible for his future behavior."

The value of the proceeding is plain. A man hesitates to drag another in where he himself will plunge boldly. It is odd that a railroad man, not experienced in criminology, should have made the suggestion that bids fair to revolutionize criminal courts.

A day or two afterward the daily papers contained sensational articles headed, "Blue Book of Drunkards."

It was a simple thing to make so much ado over. The judge had paroled an habitual drunkard to a saloon-keeper. Maxwell Street District has within its confines over four hundred saloons. He asked for their co-operation. A call was issued to every saloon-keeper in the district to a meeting in Maxwell Street Court room. Each one was invited to come and talk over the saloon question

**"SLEEP THE DRINK OFF IN THERE—THEN WE'LL
SEE WHAT WE CAN DO FOR YOU"**

A cell in the Maxwell Street jail—the bench is the only bed

want you to give a boy a job. He is in hard luck, but I think he will make good."

The boy got the job. Every day he came to the judge. Always he said he was getting along finely. One day the judge went to the factory and made personal inquiry concerning the boy.

Not until he had been told that the boy was entirely satisfactory did he mention his record. Mr. Franklin was not dismayed. He agreed to hire any one whom the judge recommended. Soon he raised the boy's wages a dollar a week. To-day you can not find a better or steadier young workman.

While the judge was reaching success in this case his way was not devoid of obstacles that kept him stumbling. Every session of the court he ran into something new. One was the D D's, which is another name for drunk and disorderly. Most of these are men of family. Meager though their wage oftentimes is, it is yet the sole support of wife and children.

with the judge. It was an innovation. Not a saloon-keeper failed to come. The court room filled up three times before they had all heard what he had to say.

And he did not mince words. He told them straight out from the shoulder that he had no sympathy with their business. He had never tasted a drop of alcoholic liquor, and did not think he ever would. Still he recognized the fact that the law sanctions their business. All he asked was that it should be conducted decently. He wanted them to help him in his plans for the welfare of the women and children of the community. Some of these suffered—they even starved because their men folks spent their wages in saloons. The saloon-keepers must not sell drink to any of his cases. He begged that they would not. If they did he would see that they were prosecuted. Later he did actually fine one man fifty dollars for contempt. Court officials say that the saloon-keeper was glad to get off so easily, though lawyers say boldly that he was fined illegally. Be that as it may, popular opinion is on the side of the judge. That first night they were enthusiastic. They told the judge that they, too, had a few beliefs. They did not want men to get drunk. They would help him all they could. After this the judge went on with his organization of a new kind of court of equity.

He invited all his lawyers to a sort of reception and explained frankly his views on the subject. The men and women, he said, who came before him it did not seem to him had a fair chance. He would like to see more of them kept out of prison, and he would be glad of the lawyers' help. The lawyers were enthusiastic. They brought forth plan after plan. Finally the judge stated his.

"You live in the district," he said. "You have friends among the business men. I am going to hold a session of the court on the night of February first. Any one you invite to attend it may do so without business loss."

Then he told them of his brotherly love plan. The rest he left to their good sense. During the next few days he released many of the continued cases on their own recognizance, and told them to come on the night of February first. He did not consider that he ran any risk in doing this. Most of the cases he had made subjects of individual investigation. The others he had full reports on from the officers. By the new law each police officer is made a deputy bailiff of the police court. It will be seen that the municipal justice has more than the ordinary means for carrying out any scheme of reform he may originate.

The lawyers got together a list of seventy-five men who were willing to be their brothers' keepers. When the night of February first came, every seat in the court room was filled. There were few prisoners in the bull-pen—most of them

MISS HATTIE ROSENSTADT

Miss Rosenstadt represents a Jewish society which is answerable to Judge Cleland's court for the good conduct of its members. The society aims to adjust the difficulties of any one of its members by extra-legal steps, thus saving expense and notoriety.

First letter sent to volunteer parole officers.

THE MUNICIPAL COURT OF CHICAGO
MAXWELL STREET BRANCH

CHICAGO, *Feb 16th* 1907

Charles M. Knapp

195 So. La Salle St

DEAR SIR:

In accordance with your consent to assist this Court in its effort to make better citizens of some of the residents of this District who have been convicted of minor offences, you are hereby requested to personally call upon Mr. *Frank Thomas* No. *2471* *W 21st Place* ~~some~~ who has been found guilty of *Drunkenly Conduct* and paroled during good behavior, and report to me upon the enclosed cards, at least once each month, how -he is getting along, and especially whether or not -he is keeping his agreement to remain sober and support his family.

I appreciate very much your assistance in this important matter.

Very truly yours,

Maxwell Street
Judge.

were in the audience. After a brief explanation of the purposes of the court, the cases were called. Unattended by officers, the prisoners, as their names were called, walked up to the bar. With them were relatives in whose care the judge had placed them. Among the visitors were the seventy-five business men. They were to be volunteer parole officers, according to the judge's plan, if they were willing to serve.

They were. One after another the sixty cases were treated exactly as was the case of the "stick-up" boy. There was a fine, a motion to vacate, which was continued indefinitely. To each one, man or woman, he said the same thing.

"You will not have to pay the fine as long as you keep your promise to me. If you drink I will send you to the Bridewell to work it out."

Then followed the phrase which has since become historic in Maxwell Street.

"A friend of mine will call around in a few days to see how you are getting along."

The volunteer parole officers were having their work cut out for them. For the first time in their lives, probably, they were fraternizing with police court subjects. In many cases the result of the month's experiment was very apparent. Men who had been brought in during December ragged and unkempt came

THE MUNICIPAL COURT OF CHICAGO
MAXWELL STREET BRANCH

I hereby tender my services to the Court as a Volunteer
Parole officer and agree to visit and report at least once each month
until further notice on / person who may be assigned to me by the
Court.

I speak the following languages *German & English*
Feb 17th 1907
Charles M. Henry
Address *695 So. La Salle St.*

THE MUNICIPAL COURT OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, *April 26th 1907*

DEAR SIR:

No report has been received from you recently regarding
Mr. *Frank Thomas*

No. *2471 W. 21st Place* Street. Will you
please call on him and advise me how he is getting along
and especially whether he is keeping his promise to remain
sober and support his family

Thanking you for your assistance and co-operation,
I remain very truly yours,

McKenzie Cleland
Judge

THE MUNICIPAL COURT OF CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, *May 7th 1907*

McKenzie Cleland, Judge.

In pursuance of my undertaking to assist the Maxwell Street Branch of
the Municipal Court in its effort to make better Citizens of certain persons
guilty of minor offenses, I have on this date called upon *Frank*
Thomas No. *2471 W. 21st Pl.* St.

and hereby report that he is keeping his promise to remain sober and
support his family

I further report *that he is*
doing well in his family and wife
has been able to get on
695 So. La Salle Street

No. 16347 *Charge Disorderly*
THE MUNICIPAL COURT OF CHICAGO,
MAXWELL STREET BRANCH

PAROLE DOCKET

NAME *Frank Thomas*
ADDRESS *2471 W. 21st Place*
Laborer German
Trial *Dec. 30th 1906*
Cont'd *Jan. 8th 1907*
Cont'd *Feb. 1st*
Cont'd *15th*
Cont'd
Disposed of *Feb. 15th 1907*
Judgment *\$100.00 (Paid into court)*
Assistant *Charles M. Henry*
Address *695 So. La Salle St.*

REPORT

Jan. 8th report 0-11.
Feb. 1st report with report on working & Adl.
Feb. 15th satisfactory
May 3rd report as before and says for
family wife thank judge for getting her husband good
115 years old married wife 4 children arrested
on Complaint of wife drunk & abuse family
spends most of his money on saloons in OH when
not drinking arrested several times before same
offense was in N of P last month promised Court
faithfully to abstain

REPORT

TO UNION TRUST CO.:

The bearer is on my Special

Docket
McKenzie Cleland
JUDGE MUNICIPAL COURT.

THE LETTERS THAT TELL THE STORY OF ONE MAN'S REFORMATION

now in whole garments. With them came their wives or children, and their whole aspect was that of independent respectability.

Of course, there were intricacies in the situation, but as time went on they straightened themselves out. The work became thoroughly systematized and a matter of complete record. From a pile of reports I selected one at random, which I was permitted to carry away for reproduction. Copies of all the correspondence relating to the case are inter-

esting, especially the letter which relates to the bank accounts.

After that first night session of the court there was a grand rallying to the standard of the judge. The night sessions became a regular thing. No lawyers were ever present. Sometimes as many as ninety cases are disposed of in the evening. Last of all to fall in with the general march were the banks. As the judge thought it over he came more and more to see that poverty is the compelling force back of crime. At last he

went to a West Side concern near the court and told them his feelings. They responded quickly and substantially. The letter which the judge sends to certain deserving ones of his people is self-explanatory. So is the card, which is an introduction to the Union Trust Company. The conditions are the same in both banks.

Up to date seven hundred men and women make up the promise fulfilled. From out of the wreckage of humanity which began to come before him last December the judge claims a salvage of ninety per cent. Of the others he by no means despairs. They are simply a matter of more patience, or perhaps more peremptory severity. Often he deals with them summarily and draws his lines sharply. They do not mind, even when it is, strictly speaking, outside the limits of the law. Always hanging over their heads is the fine to be worked out in the Bridewell. A drunken man will not mind that so much, but when he is entirely sober it is a different matter. So when the judge inquires as to drink and finds that a man is taking a *little*, say a pint a day, he often sends him "down-stairs" to think it over.

"Down stairs" is a cell. The living is not pleasant, but it seems to be a good place for retrospection. After a few nights of soberness and sleeping on a plank the man generally goes back to his family with all desire for even the pint well rooted out.

Many girls come before Judge Cleland for trial. They are difficult to understand from a standpoint of one-sided virtue. Their own view of themselves is different. Most of them are far more hopeless to deal with than "hold-up" men or burglars. Patience will in time convince a "hold-up" man that his is not following one of society's necessary callings, but the painted girl will fling many a gibe at respectability, and cry out that society both makes and keeps her what she is. Drink leads to the condition in

women, but it is hard to make them stop. Of the seven hundred cases, about sixty are women. They have usually to be more patiently dealt with than the men. A man will make a promise and keep it, where an appetite is concerned, but a woman will break it over and over again. Whether the cause is weakness, depravity or sensitiveness is hard to determine. The thing that is of most importance is the result. All but five or six of the sixty paroled cases are living decent lives. They live unfettered by court proceedings, too. Details that may injure the future good standing of the woman are kept out of the record as much as possible. As in the other cases, the *welfare of the woman* is the first consideration, not the satisfaction of the law. Society forgives "hold-up" men and burglars. It has small pity for the painted woman.

CONCLUSION

From the ranks of such as make up the paroled seven hundred has always sprung Chicago's Captains of Crime. Logically, then, there is economy in the new court of equity. Prosecutions and hangings cost thousands and thousands of dollars. Any plan which lessens crime lessens the burden.

This aside from any moral recompense—which should mean something. Each individual paroled is supposed by economists to represent five others. That would bring the immediate influence of the court into the lives of something like three thousand five hundred persons. Illinois has a population of four millions, in round numbers. Yet in the state prisons are actually no more than three thousand human beings incarcerated. From this it would seem that there is small risk in the judge's plan—even from the standpoint of the most relentless state prosecutor. Crime is, after all, of small importance numerically in the commonwealth.

THE MUNICIPAL COURT OF CHICAGO
MAXWELL STREET BRANCH

CHICAGO, Feb 15th 1907

Frank Thomas

2471 W. 21st Place

DEAR SIR:

I am pleased to inform you that as a paroled defendant in my Court you are entitled to open a savings account in the UNION TRUST CO BANK with a gift of \$5.00 from the Bank.

This amount will belong to you provided you keep your parole for one year and deposit at least \$2 00 each month during that time in the Bank

I enclose a card which you will please present to the Bank and you will then receive your book with the \$5 00 deposit entered therein

The Bank is open every day except Sunday from 10 to 3 o'clock and also on Monday and Saturday Evenings.

Please attend to this at once and the Bank will report to me

Your friend

McKenzie Cleland
Judge.

Out of the seven hundred paroles there has been no commission of crime that would warrant state interference. This fact sets the unprejudiced to wondering why there was not long ago a deeper search for some surer method of prevention than inexorable conviction. If crime had been lessened it would have been all right, but, again, calm-mindedness must conclude that these seven hundred parolers are a pertinent proof that the old system is no longer to be depended on.

Judge Cleland has other plans for the extension of his humanitarianism.

"I would like to see my court the so-

cial center of the district," he said. We had been commenting on some strange presences in the court room. Just inside the rail, on a row of benches, was a Sunday-school class of dainty misses, attended by their minister and their teacher.

"I would like an amusement hall and a gymnasium. We have a piano. One night the lawyers gave me a reception, and the piano was brought over. Next morning they got together and bought it for the court."

No other court in the world possesses a piano. Neither is there another which holds regular night sessions.

"After the novelty has worn away, I

a night session; clerks and several officers commented upon the work. Criticism was rare. The enthusiasm is boundless. So is the enthusiasm in the neighborhood. One day, just to find out the feeling, I set out on a tramp. Fifty-one families were visited within a radius of perhaps half a mile of the court. I did not find one that was not informed upon the subject, nor an individual who was not in sympathy with Judge Cleland's scheme.

The judge himself could not put it better than did an old Irish woman. The very soul of the progression was in her definition.

"It's *shamin'* out wrong-doin'," she said. "Mesilf was a booze fighter. So was me man. It's cut me tongue out I would now before I would touch the stuff. Don't be thinkin' it's the fine. It's the judge; Holy Mother presarve him!"

Her husband put in a word. "He's after gettin' acquainted," he said. "Folks will do fur a frind what they won't fur a judge."

Which explains the success of the volunteer parole officers. They look after the parolers as friends, not as mentors. The judge has found that for anything more than making arrests the police are practically useless. The people still fear a uniform, although it would be hard to find a finer body of policemen than those at Maxwell Street Station. Here, again, we seem to have an argument against the old system, which is practically built upon fear.

So far as this individual locality is concerned, the work is now beyond the experimental stage. It remains for sociologists and humanitarians generally to watch the scheme to its finality. One thing should not be allowed, and that is failure through poverty. The court is a municipal institution. It is not at all likely that the city will in any manner help the judge with his "social center" plans. Philanthropy might step in here and bestow a trifle worthily.

THE COURT CLERK—A PIANIST AFTER THE
DAILY SESSION—EMIL A. ZUTZ

am going to open every session of my court with either a sacred or a national air. Mr. Zutz, our minute clerk, plays quite well. I would have done it long ago, only that I was afraid of ridicule. Nothing hurts like that. It can undo all the good in a day. I wouldn't like to see my people misunderstood or my special docket made light of."

"But to keep in touch with them all," I said. "How are you going to do it?"

"Easily, now. After a while, when the value of it has come to be known, some way will be found. The parole officers will all help. Every once in a while I make a tour of the district myself and see how they are getting along. I want them to feel that I may drop in on them any minute, not to investigate, but simply to be friends."

At this writing the judge's calls have come to be the regular thing in the district. As he goes about from one place to another the children follow him and call out, "There goes the good judge."

We talked long this time. It was after

THE LION'S SHARE

By OCTAVE THANET

Author of "The Man of the Hour," etc.

CHAPTER IX

THE AGENT OF THE FIRELESS STOVE

THE time was two hours later. Rupert Winter was sitting on one of the stone benches of the colonnade about the *patio*. The court was suffused with the golden glow presaging sunset. Warm afternoon shadows lay along the flags; wavering silhouettes of leafage or plant; blurred reflections from the bold bas-reliefs of Spanish warriors and Spanish priests sculptured between the spandrels of the arches. Winter's dull eyes hardly noted them: the exotic luxuriance of foliage, the Spanish armor and Spanish cowls were all too common to a denizen of a Spanish colony in the tropics to distract his thoughts from his own ugly problem. He had been having it out with himself, as he phrased it. And there had been moments during those two hours when he had ground his teeth and clenched his fists because of the futile and furious pain in him.

When he recognized Janet Smith, in that same illuminating flash he recognized that this woman who had been tricking him was the woman that he loved. He believed that he had said his last word to love, but love, after seeming to accept the curt dismissal, was lightly riding his heart again. "Fooled a second time," he thought with inexpressible bitterness, recalling his unhappy married life and the pretty, weak creature who had caused him such humiliation. Yet with Gertie there had been no real wrong-doing, only absolute lack of discretion and a childish craving for gaiety and adulation. Poor Gertie! what a woful ending for it all! The baby, the little girl who was their only living child, to die of a sudden access of an apparently

trifling attack of croup, while the mother was dancing at a post ball! He was east, taking his examination for promotion. The frantic drive home in the chill of the dawn had given her a cold which her shock and grief left her no strength to resist—she was always a frail little creature, poor butterfly!—and she followed her baby inside of a month. Had she lived, her husband might have found it hard to forgive her, for already a sore heart was turning to the child for comfort; but she was dead and he did not let his thoughts misuse her memory. Now—here was another, so different but just as false. Then he brought himself up with a jerk; he would be fair; he would look at things as they were; many a man had been fooled by the dummy. He would not jump at conclusions because they were cruel, any more than he would because they were kind. There was such a thing, he knew well, as credulous suspicion; it did more harm than credulous trust. Meanwhile, he had his detail. He was to find Archie; therefore, he waited. They were in the house; it were only folly to give up their advantage under the stress of any of Mercer's plausible lures to the outside.

Moreover, by degrees, he became convinced that Mercer, certainly to some extent, was sincere in his profession of belief in Archie's absence and safety. This, in spite of hearing several times that Archie was not returned. Mercer did all the speaking, but he allowed Birdsall to hold the receiver and take the message from Mrs. Winter.

The telephone was in an adjoining room, but by shifting his position a num-

ber of times the colonel was able to catch a murmur of the conversation. He heard Mercer's voice distinctly. He had turned away and was following the detective out of the room; "I don't understand it any more than you do, Mr. Bird-sall," he said; "you won't believe me, suh, but I am right worried."

"Of course I believe you," purred the detective so softly that the colonel knew he did not believe any more than Mercer suspected. "Of course I believe you; but I don't know what to do. It ain't on the map. I guess it's up to you to throw a little light. I've called the boys off twice already and told 'em to wait an hour or a half-hour longer. I got to see the colonel."

"I can trust my intuitions, or I can trust the circumstantial evidence," thought the colonel. He jumped up and began to pace the court.

"Seems to be like a game of bridge before one can see the dummy," he complained; and as so often happens in the crises of life, a trivial illustration struck a wavering mind with the force of an argument; his thoughts reverted whimsically to the card table; how many times had he hesitated over the first lead between evenly balanced suits of four; and how often had he regretted or won, depending solely upon whether his card instinct had been denied or obeyed! It might be instinct, this much-discussed "card instinct," or it might be a summing up of logical deductions so swift that the obscure steps were lost, and the reasoner was unconscious of his own logical processes. "Now," groaned Rupert Winter, "I am up against it. She *looks* like a good woman; she *seems* like a good woman; but I have only my impressions and Aunt Rebecca's against the apparent facts in the case. Well, Aunt Rebecca is a shrewd one!" He sat down and thought harder. Finally he arose, smiling. He had threshed out his problem; and his conclusion, inaudibly, but very

distinctly uttered to himself, was: "Me for my own impressions! If that girl is in with this gang, either what they are after isn't so bad—or they have made her believe it isn't bad."

He looked idly about him at the arched doorway of the outer court. It was carved with a favorite mission design of eight pointed flowers with vase-like fluting below. There was a tiny crack in one of the flowers, the tiniest crack in the world. He looked at it without seeing it or seeing it with only the outer half of his senses, but—he could not have told how—into his effort to see straight through his own tangle there crept a sudden interest, a sudden keenness of scrutiny of this minute, insignificant crack in stone. He became aware that the crack was singularly regular, preserving the form of the flower and the fluting beneath. Kito, the Japanese, who was sitting at the far end of the court, conversing in amity with Haley, just at this moment arose and came to this particular pillar. The Irishman sat alone, rimmed by the sunset gold, little spangles of motes drifting about him; for the merest second Winter's glance lingered on him ere it went to the Jap, who passed him, courteously saluting.

After he had passed, the colonel looked again at the column and the crack—it was not there.

"*Chito, chito!*" muttered the colonel. Carelessly he approached the column and took the same posture as the Jap. Unobtrusively his fingers strayed over the stone. He scratched the surface; not stone, but cement. He tapped cautiously, keeping his hand well hidden by his body; no hollow sound rewarded him; but all at once his groping fingers touched a little round object under the bold point of an eight-pointed flower. He didn't dare press on it; instead he resumed his cautious tapping. It seemed to him that the sound had changed. He glanced about him. Save for Haley he was alone in the *patio*. He pressed on

the round white knob, and what he had half expected happened: a segment of the column swung on inner hinges, disclosing the hollow center of the engaged columns on either side. He looked down. Nothing but darkness was visible, but while he stood, tensely holding his breath, his abnormally sensitive auricular nerve caught distinctly the staccato breath of that kind of sigh which is like a groan, and a voice said more wearily than angrily: "Oh, damn it all!"

Almost simultaneously he heard the faint footfalls of the men within; he must replace his movable flower. The column was intact, and he was bending his frowning brows on the stylobate of another column when Birdsall and Mercer entered together, Mercer, with a shrug of his shoulders at the detective's dogged suspicion, preceding the latter.

"Well," says the colonel, "did you get my aunt?"

"Yes, suh, I got your aunt herself," responds Mercer, with his Virginian survival of the formal civility of an earlier generation. "Yes, suh; but I regret to say Archie is not there."

"Where is he?" The soldier's voice was curt.

"Honestly," declared Mercer, "I wish I knew, suh, I certainly *do*. But—" Mercer's jaw fell; he turned sharply at the soft whirr of an electric stanhope gently entering the *patio* through the great arched gateway. It stopped abreast of the group, and its only occupant, a handsome young man, jumped nimbly out of the vehicle. He greeted them with a polite removal of his cap, a bow, and a flashing smile which made the circuit of the beholders. Birdsall and the colonel recognized the traveling enthusiast of the Fireless Stove.

The colonel took matters into his own hands.

"I think you're the young gentleman who took my nephew away," said he. "Will you kindly tell us where he is?"

"And don't get giddy, young gentle-

man," Birdsall chimed in, "because we know perfectly well that you are *not* the agent of the Peerless Fireless Stove."

"I've got one here on trial, and I've come back to see if they like it," explained the young man, in silken accents, but with an unruly gleam of the eyes.

"We are going to keep it," said Mercer: "Kito," calling the unseen Jap, "fetch that Fireless Stove this gentleman left us, and show it to this gentleman here."

"Oh, cut it out!" Birdsall waved him off. "It's only ten minutes before our fellows will come. You can put the police court wise with all that. Try it on *them*; it don't go with us."

"Where is the boy?" said the colonel.

"Tell him, if you know," said Mercer. "This gentleman," he explained, "left a stove with us to test. He was here about it this morning, and we gave Archie to *him* to take to the Palace Hotel."

"And he is there now," said the young man.

"Did you leave him there?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, *did* you?" insisted Mercer.

The young man looked from Mercer to the other two men. There was no visible appeal to the Southerner, but Winter felt sure of two things: one, that the newcomer was Mercer's confederate whom he was striving to shield by pretending to disavow; the other, that for some reason Mercer was as anxious for the answer as were they.

"Why-y," hesitated the stove promoter, "you see, Mr.—ah, gentlemen, you see, I was told to take the boy to the Palace Hotel, and I set out to do it. We weren't going at more than an eight-mile-an-hour clip, yet some fozzler of a cop arrested us for speeding. It was perfectly ridiculous, and I tried to shake him, but of no use. They carried us off to a police court and stuck me for ten dollars. Meanwhile an officer was in the machine with my passenger. When I

got outside I couldn't find them. I skirmished around, and finally did get the machine. I'd taken the precaution to fix it so it couldn't be run before I left it—took the key out, you know—it must have been trundled off by hand somewhere!—but I couldn't find the boy. Naturally, I was a bit worried; but after I had looked up the force and the neighborhood, it occurred to me to 'phone to the Palace. I did, and I was told he was there."

"Who told you?" The question came simultaneously out of three throats.

"Why, Mrs. Winter—that's what she called herself."

"But not three minutes ago Mrs. Winter told *me* that he wasn't there," remarked Mercer, coldly. "*When* did you telephone?"

"It was at least fifteen minutes ago," the young man said dolefully. "I say, wouldn't you better call them up again? There may be some explanation. I wouldn't have come back without the kid if I hadn't been *sure* he was safe."

"Was it Mrs. Melville or Mrs. Winter you got?" This came from the colonel. "Did she by chance have an English accent, or was it Southern?"

"Oh, no, not Southern," protested the young man. "Yes, I should say it was English—or trying to be."

"It would be exactly like Millicent," thought the colonel wrathfully, "to try to fool the kidnappers, who had apparently lost Archie, by pretending he was at the hotel!"

He made no comment aloud, but he nodded assent to Mercer's proposal to telephone; and then he walked up to the man addressed as Endy.

"The game is up," he said quietly. "We have a lot of men waiting outside. If we signal, they will come any minute; if we don't signal, they will come in ten minutes. Give us a chance to be merciful to you. This is no kind of a scrape for your father's son—or for Arnold's."

Shot without range though it was,

Winter was sure that it went home under all the young fellow's assumed bewilderment. He continued:

"You look now, I'll wager, about as you used to look in the office when you called on the dean—by invitation—and were wondering just where the inquiry was going to light!"

The dimple showed in the young man's cheek. "I admit," he replied, "that I didn't take advantage as I should of my university opportunities. Probably that is why I have to earn a strenuous livelihood boosting the Only Peerless Fireless Stove. By the way, have *you* ever seen the Fireless in action? Just the thing for the army! Fills a long-felt want. I should be very pleased to demonstrate. We have a stove here."

The colonel grinned responsively. "You do it very well," said he. "Can't you let me into the game?"

There was the slightest waver in the promoter's glance, although he smiled brilliantly as he answered: "I'll take it into consideration, but—will you excuse me? I want to speak to Mr. Mercer about the stove."

The moment he had removed his affable young presence Birdsall approached his employer. It had been a difficult quarter of an hour with the detective. Vague instinct warned him not to touch the subject of Miss Smith; he felt nothing assured about anything else. The result had been that he had fidgeted in silence. But the accumulated flood could no longer be held.

"I've found out one thing," exploded Birdsall, puffing in the haste of his utterance. "The boy is on the premises."

"Think so?" was all the colonel's answer.

"I'm sure of it. Say, I overheard Mercer talking down a speaking-tube."

"What did he say?"

"Talked French, damn him! But say, what's *gorge*?"

"Throat."

"What's *cupillo gorge*?"

"Sure he wasn't talking of a carriage, or did he say *je le couperai la gorge?*"

"Maybe. I wouldn't swear to it. I don't *parler français* a little bit."

"Did you hear any other noises? Where were they?"

Birdsall thought he had heard other noises, and that they were down cellar. "And anyhow; Colonel, I'm dead to rights sure those guys are giving us hot stuff to get us out of the house. I'm for getting our men in now and rushing the house. It's me for the cellar."

While the colonel was rolling Birdsall's information around in his mind he heard the echo of steps on the flagging which preceded Mercer and the other man.

There was that in the bearing and the look of them that made the watcher, used to the signs of decision on men's faces, instantly sure that their whole course of plans and action had been changed.

Mercer spoke first and in a low tone to the colonel.

"I have no right," said he "to ask so much trust from you, but will you trust me enough to step aside with this young man and me for a moment only—out of earshot? I give you my word of honor I mean no slightest harm to you. I want to be frank. I will go alone if you desire."

The colonel eyed him intently for the briefest space. "I'll trust you," said he; then: "I think you have the key to this queer mixup. At your service. And let your friend come, too. He is an ingenuous sort, and he amuses me."

Birdsall looked distinctly sullen over the request to wait, intimating quite frankly that his employer was walking into a trap. "I won't stand here more than fifteen minutes," he grumbled. "I've given those fellows *poco tiene* often enough." But the colonel insisted on twenty minutes, and reluctantly Birdsall acquiesced.

Mercer conducted the others to the li-

brary. When they were seated he began in his composed, melancholy fashion:

"I earnestly beg of you to listen to me, and to believe me, for your nephew's sake. I am going to tell you the absolute truth. It is the only way now. When you came, we handed him over to this gentleman, exactly as we have said. I do not know why he should have been stopped. I do not know why he left the machine—"

"Might he not have been *carried* away?" said Winter.

"He might; but I don't know what motive—"

"What motive had *you?* You kidnapped him!"

"Not exactly. We had no intention of harming him. He came accidentally into the room between Mrs. Winter's and Mr. Keatcham's suites. Standing in that room, trying to stanch the bleeding of a sudden hemorrhage of the nose, he overheard me and a friend—"

"*You?*" asked the colonel laconically of the young Harvard man.

"I," smilingly confessed the latter. "I am ready to own up. You are a decent fellow, and you are shrewd. You ought to be on our side, not fighting us. I tell you, you don't want to have the boy turn up safe and sound any more than I do. Mr. Mercer was talking to me, and the kid overheard. We heard him and went into the room—"

"How?"

"Knocked on the door and he opened it. And we jumped on him. It was life and death for us not to be blown on; so, as we didn't wish to kill the kid, and as we didn't know the youngster well enough to trust him *then*—although we might, for he is game and the whitest chap!—but we didn't know—why, we just told him he would have to stay with us a while until our rush was over. That was all we meant; and we let him 'phone you."

"How about his great-aunt—the cruel anxiety—"

"Anxiety nothing!" began the other man, but a glance from Mercer cut him short.

The Southerner took the word in his slow, gentle voice. "I tried to reassure our aunt, Colonel Winter. I think I succeeded. As for Archie, after we talked with him he was willing enough to go. He stole out with my friend inside of five minutes, while you all were searching your rooms. It was *he* insisted on calling you up, lest you should be worried. He said you were right afraid of kidnappers, and you would be sending the police after us. You can call Mrs. Winter up and find out if I am not telling you the exact facts."

"Very well, I *will*," said Winter. They met the sullen detective at the door. Cary Mercer, with his mirthless smile, led the way. Mercer rang up the hotel for Winter himself. To the colonel's vast relief Aunt Rebecca's voice answered the call.

"*Est-ce que c'est vous-même, mon neveu?*" said she drily.

"*Mais oui, ma tante.* Why are you speaking so formally and in foreign tongues? Is Millicent on deck?"

"In her room," came the answer, still in French. "Well, you have put me in a pretty mess. Where is my boy?"

"I only wish I knew! Tell me now, though, is Mercer's story straight? About the nosebleed, *et cetera?*"

"Absolutely. You can trust him."

"What's his real game, then? The one he was afraid Archie would expose?"

"Ask him."

"But *you* are in it, aren't you?"

"Enough to require that you abandon the chase—at once! Unless you wish to ruin me!"

"You'll have to speak plainer. I've been kept in the dark as long as I can stand it in this matter."

But before he could finish the sentence, "*Pas ici, pas maintenant—c'est trop de péril,*" she cried, and she must have gone, for he could get no more

from her. When he rang again, Randall responded:

"Mrs. Winter says, sir, will you please come up here as quick as you can. She's gone out. She thought she caught sight of Mr. Archie on the street."

To the colonel's demand, "Where, how, did she see him?" he obtained no answer, and on his vicious peeling of the bell there came, eventually, mellow Anglican accents which asked: "Yes? Whom do you wish to see?" It is an evidence of the undisciplined nature of the sex that the soldier made a face and—hung up the receiver.

He found himself—although this to a really open mind is no excuse—in a muddle of conflicting impulses. He was on edge to get into the street for the search after the boy; he was clutched in a vise by his conviction that the clue to Archie's whereabouts lay in Mercer's hands, and that the Southerner meant no harm to the lad. And all the while he could feel Birdsall tugging at the leash.

"It's on the cards," he grumbled, with a wry face, "quite on the cards that he may bolt in spite of me, and do some foolish stunt of his own that will make a most awful muddle."

Not nearly so composed as he looked, therefore, he turned to Mercer. However, his ammunition was ready, and to Mercer's inquiry, Was he satisfied? he replied calmly: "Well, *not* entirely. If Archie isn't in the house, *who* is it whose throat you wish to cut? Who is hidden here?"

It could not have been an unexpected question or Mercer hardly had answered so readily: "You know who it is," said he. "It is Mr. Keatcham."

CHAPTER X

THE SMOULDERING EMBERS

If Mercer's avowal surprised the colonel, there was no trace of such emotion in his face or his manner. "I rather thought it might be," he said. "And our

young friend who is promoting fireless stoves with the solemn energy he learned doing Dicky stunts?"

"Mr. Endicott Tracy." Mercer had the manner of a ceremonious introduction. Tracy flavored the customary murmuring of pleasure with his radiant smile.

"Pleased, I am sure," said the colonel in turn, bowing. "Your father, I suppose, is the president of the Midland; and Mr. Keatcham will, I suppose, not be able to prevent his re-election tomorrow. Is that the game?"

Mr. Tracy's son admitted that it might be.

"Ah, very clever," said the colonel, "very. Any side show, for example?"

"I did not go into this for money." Mercer's level gaze did not relax, and he kept his dreary eyes unflinchingly on Winter's. A peculiar look in the eyes recalled some tragic and alien memory, just what, Rupert could not capture; it flitted hazily through his thoughts ere the next words drove it off. "Nevertheless, it is true that if we win out I shall have enough to pay back to all the people who trusted me the money they lost when they were frightened into selling their stock in the Tidewater, and your aunt and Mr. Tracy stand to make money."

"How do you expect to make it?"

"The M. and S. stock is away down because of rumors Keatcham is likely to control it. When it is settled it is not to be looted by him, the stock will rise—we are sure of the ten points; we may make twenty—"

"And my aunt has financed your scheme, has she?—paid all your expenses?"

The Harvard man laughed out. "Our expenses? Oh, yes, she has grub-staked us, all right; but she has done a good deal more—she has furnished more than half a million to us for our gamble."

The colonel considered; then: "But why did you keep him here so long beforehand?" said he.

"It was not long beforehand," said Mercer. "The meeting was adjourned for a day—we don't know why—we fancy that his partners suspect something. It is called for to-morrow, in spite of their efforts to have it put off a week. But we want more; we want to induce Keatcham to vote his own stock for us, and to call off his dogs himself."

"And you can't force him to do it?"

"We shall force him, easily enough," returned Mercer, "but we don't trust him. We want his private code book to be sure he is playing fair. In fact, we have to have it, because nothing gets any attention that isn't, so to speak, properly introduced."

"And he will not give it to you?"

"Says he has lost it."

"Perhaps he *has*," mused the soldier. "But now, all this is not my concern, except that I have no right as a soldier to passively aid in breaking the laws. It is my duty to rescue and free Mr. Keatcham."

But before he could speak further Mercer lifted a hand in apologetic interruption. Would Colonel Winter excuse him, but he must ask Mr. Tracy to go back to the *patio* and have an eye on the detective. Endicott only exchanged a single glance before he obeyed. Mercer's eyes followed him. "It was not to be helped," he said, half to himself, "but I have been sorry more than once that I had to take him into this."

Winter looked at him, more puzzled than he wanted to admit to himself; indeed, he was rather glad to have the next word come from Mercer.

"I have a few things I want to say to you; they go easier when we are alone—but won't you sit down?" When the colonel had seated himself he went on: "I'd like to explain things a bit."

"I'd like to have you," answered the soldier. "I think you have the clue to Archie's whereabouts and don't recognize it yourself; so put me wise, as the slang goes."

Then, without preface, in brief, nervous sentences, spoken hardly with a quiver of a muscle or a wavering cadence of the voice, yet nevertheless instinct with a deadly earnestness, Mercer began to talk. He told of his struggling youth on the drained plantation, mortgaged so that after the interest was paid there was barely enough to get the meagerest living for his mother and sister and little brother; of his accidental discovery of iron ore on the place; of his working as a common laborer in the steel mills; of his being "rooster," "strand boy," "rougher," "heater," "roller," during three years while he was waiting for his chance; of his ferocious toil; of his solitary studies.

"I never was a kind of fellow to make friends," he said, in his soft, monotonous voice, "so I expect I was the fonder of my own kin. I'd a mighty good mother, sir, and sister; and there was Phil—my little brother. We were right happy all together on the old place that's been in our family for a hundred years, and it was all we asked to stay there; but it had every dollar of mortgage it could stand, and the soil all worn out, needing all kinds of things; and I wish you could have seen the makeshifts we had for machines! I was blacksmith and carpenter and painter—just sixteen, and not an especially bright chap, but mighty willing to work; and my mother and Sis and I—we did a heap. When I stumbled on the ore I couldn't be sure, but I wrote to Aunt Rebecca Winter. She sent a man down. He looked up things. It would take a heap of money to work the mines, but it might be a big thing. She paid off the mortgage and took another. First to last, she's been mighty kind to us. She would have done more had we let her. So I went to Pittsburg and learned my trade, and I made enough to pay interest, and the people at home got a fairly good living. When I was twenty-one I was back home, and got a company started and put up a mill. You

know how those things have to creep up. But there was ore, all right, and I understood my business and taught the hands. We'd a right sweet little mill. Well, I don't want to take up your time, suh. Those next ten or twelve years were right hard work, but they were happy, too. We prospered; we helped the whole country prosper. We paid Aunt Beckie. We were in good shape. We went through '93 paying our dividends just as regular, and making them, too, though we didn't much more—it was close sailing. But we were honest; we made a mighty good article, and everybody trusted us. Then came the craze for mergers, and a number of us got together. Still we weren't very big, but we were big enough to be listed. I didn't want it, but some of the men thought it was a terrible fine thing to be 'Iron Kings.' That was how. Keatcham was looking over the country for fish for his net; he somehow heard that here was a heap of good ore and new mills. The first intimation we had was his secretary coming as a Northern invalid—why, he stayed at our house because we were so sorry for him, the hotel being in new hands and not right comfortable. He seemed so interested in our mills, and bought some stock, and sent presents to Phil and my mother after he went."

"That was Keatcham's private secretary, you say?"

"Yes, suh, Atkins. You saw him on the train—as sleek and deadly a little scoundrel as ever got rich quick. Oh, he's deep. Well, suh, you know the usual process. Convinced of the value of the property, Keatcham and one or two others set out to buy it. They got little blocks of it here and there. Then Atkins wrote me in confidence that some men were after the controlling interest and meant to squeeze us all out—offered to lend me money to buy—of course, on a margin. And I was plumb idiot enough to be tolled into his trap! I, who had never speculated with a dollar before, I

didn't borrow *his* money, but I took all I could raise myself, and I bought enough to be sure I could control the next election. Then—the slump came, and after the slump the long, slow crumbling. I controlled the election all right, of course, but before the next one came I was ruined, and Keatcham put his own men in. I went desperately to New York. I didn't know how to fight those fellows; it was a new game. I didn't find Atkins. Maybe because that wasn't his name when I had known him. I was so sure that the property was good—as if that mattered! As if anything mattered with these gamblers who play with loaded dice and dope the horses they bet against! Phil had all his little property in the mills; we all had. We mortgaged the house; we had to, to protect our stock. You know how the fight ended, and what happened at Cambridge. That isn't all. My wife—" He stood a little straighter, and the light went out of his eyes. "I told you I don't make friends easily, and I am not the kind of man women take to; all the same, the loveliest girl in Virginia loved me ever since I jumped over the mill dam to save her rag doll. I'd married, when we seemed prosperous. Now, understand me, I don't say it was my ruin and Phil's death that killed her and the baby; she had pneumonia, and it may be that seeing that paper by accident didn't turn the scale; but I do say that she had her last hours embittered by it. That's enough for me. When I got home with—with Phil, she was dead."

"Tough," said the colonel. He began to revise his impressions of Mercer.

"Wasn't it?" the other asked, with a simplicity of appeal that affected the listener more than anything which he had heard. He jumped out of his chair and began pacing the room, talking more rapidly. "You're a *man*; you know what I wanted to do."

"Kill somebody, I suppose. I should."

"Just that. I ran Atkins to cover after

a while through Endicott Tracy. That boy is one of the noblest fellows that ever lived; yes, suh. He was going to help poor Phil, Phil's roommate had told him. All those boys—look a-here, Colonel Winter, if ever anybody talks to you about Harvard fellows being indifferent—"

"I shall tell him he can't get under the American surface any more than Henry James can! A Harvard boy will do anything on earth for his friends."

"They were mighty good to me. It was Endy found out about Atkins, just from my description of him. I found out about Keatcham for myself. And you are quite right—for a little while I wanted to kill them both. Looked like I just naturally *had* to kill them! But there was my mother. There was nobody to take care of her but Sis and me, and a trial for murder is terrible expensive. Of course, anybody can get off who has got money and can spend it; but it takes such an awful heap of money. And we were all ruined together, for what little was left was all in the company, and that promptly stopped paying dividends. I couldn't risk it. I had to wait. I had to go to work to support my mother, to pay Sis and her back, don't you see? We came here. I got a job, a well-paid one, too, through Endy's father, reporting on the condition of the mills—a kind of examiner. And the job was for Keatcham."

"Why did you take it? I know, though. You did it to familiarize him with your appearance, so that he would not be warned when your chance came."

"How did you know that?"

"A man I knew in the Philippines—a Filipino—was wronged by a white man, who took his wife and threw her aside when he tired of her. The girl killed herself. Her husband watched his chance for a year, found it at last—thanks to that very fact that his victim wasn't on guard against him—and sent his knife home. He'd been that fellow's servant.

I picked the dead man up. That Filipino looked as you looked a minute ago."

"What became of the Filipino?"

The colonel had not told the story quite without intention. He argued, subconsciously, that if Mercer were a good sort under all, he would have a movement of sympathy for a more cruelly wronged man than he; if not, he would drive ahead to his purpose, whatever that might be. His keen eyes looked a little more gentle as he answered: "He poisoned himself. The best way out, I reckon. I should hate to have had him shot after I knew the story. But there was really no option. But I'm interrupting you. You did your work well and won Keatcham's confidence?"

"He isn't a very confiding man. I didn't see him often. My dealings were with Atkins. He didn't know that I had found him out; he thought that he had only to explain his two names, and expected gratitude for his warning, as he called it. He is slimy; but I was able to repay a little of my score with him. I was employed by more than Keatcham, and I saw a good many industrial back yards. Just by chance, I came on a clue, and Endy Tracy and I worked it up together. Atkins was selling information to Keatcham's enemies. We did not make out a complete case, but enough of one to make Keatcham suspect him, and at the right time. But that happened later—you see, I don't know how to tell a story even with so much at stake." He pulled out his handkerchief, and Winter caught the gleam of the beads on his sallow forehead. "It was this way," he went on. "At first I was only looking about for a safe chance to kill him, and to kill that snake of an Atkins; but then it grew on me; it was all too easy a punishment—just a quick death, when his victims had years of misery. I wanted him to wade through the hell I had to wade through. I wanted him to know *why* he was condemned. Then it was I began to collect just the cases I knew

about—just one little section of the horrible swath of agony and humiliation and poverty and sin he and his crowd had made—the one I knew every foot of, because I'd gone over it every night I wasn't so dead tired I *had* to sleep. God! do you know what it is to have the people who used to be running out of their houses just to say howdy to you, curse you for a swindler or a fool or turn out of one street and down the other not to pass you? Did *you* ever have a little woman who used to give you frosted cake when you were a boy push her crepe veil off her gray hair and hand you the envelope with her stock, with your handwriting on the envelope, and beg you—trying so hard not to cry 'twas worse than if she had—beg you to lend her just half her interest money—and *you couldn't do it*? Did you—Never mind. I said I waded through hell. I *did*! Not me alone—that was the worst—all the people that had trusted me! And just that some rich men should be richer. Why should *they* have the lion's share? The lion's share belongs to the lion. *They* are nothing but jackals. They're meaner than jackals, for the jackals take what the lion leaves, and these fellows steal the lion's meat away from him. We made honest money; we paid honest wages; folks had more paint on their houses and more meat in their storehouses, and wore better clothes Sunday, and there were more schoolhouses and fewer saloons, and the niggers were learning a trade instead of loafing. The whole county was the better off for our prosperity, and there isn't a mill in the outfit—and I know what I'm talking about—there isn't a shop or a mine that's as well run or makes as big an output now as it did when the old crowd was in. You find it that way everywhere; and that's what is going to break things down. We saw to all the little affairs; they were *our* affairs, don't you know? But Keatcham's new men they draw their salaries and let things slide. Yet Keatcham is a great

manager if he would only take the time; only he's too busy stealing to develop his businesses; there's more money in stealing a railway than in building one up. Oh, he isn't a fool; if I could once get him where he would *have* to listen, I know I could make him understand. He's pretty cold-blooded, and he doesn't realize. He only sees straight ahead, not all round, like all these superhumanly clever thieves; they have mighty stupid streaks. Well, I've got him now, and it is kill or cure for him. He can't make a riddle. I knew I couldn't do anything alone; I had to wait. I had to have stronger men to help than me. By and by they tried their jackal business on a real lion—on Tracy. They wanted to steal *his* road. I got on to them first. I see a heap of people in a heap of different businesses—the little people who talk. They notice all right, but they can see only their own little patch. I was the fellow riding round and seeing the township. I pieced together the plot and I told Endy Tracy. He wouldn't believe me at first, because his father had given Keatcham his first start and done a hundred things for him. To be sure, his father had been obliged as an honest man to oppose Keatcham lately, but Keatcham couldn't mean to burn him out that way. But he soon found that was precisely what Keatcham did mean. Then he was glad enough to help me save his father. The old man doesn't know a thing; we don't mean he ever shall know. We let him put up the best sort of a fight a man can with his hands tied while the other fellow is free. *My* hands are free, too. I don't respect the damned imbecile laws that let me be plundered any more than they do; and since my poor mother died last summer, I am not afraid of anything; they *are*; that's where I have the choice of weapons. I tell you, suh, *nobody* is big enough to oppress a desperate man! Keatcham had one advantage—he had unlimited money. But Aunt Rebecca

helped us out there. Colonel, I want you to know I didn't ask her for more than the bare grub-stake; it was she herself that planned our stock deal."

"She is a dead game sport," the colonel chuckled. "I believe you."

"And I hope you don't allow that I was willing to have her mix herself in our risks. She would come; she said she wanted to see the fun—"

"I believe you again," the colonel assured him, and he remembered the odd sentence which his aunt had used the first night of their journey, when she expressed her hankering to match her wits against those of a first-class criminal.

"We didn't reckon on your turning up, or the complication with Archie. I wish to God we'd taken the boy's own word! But, now you know all about it, will you keep your hands off? That's all we ask."

"Well,"—the colonel examined his finger-nails, rubbing his hands softly, the back of one over the palm of the other—"well, you haven't quite told me all. Don't unless you are prepared to have it used against you, as the policemen say *before* the sweat-box. What did you do to Keatcham to get him to go with you so like Mary's little lamb?"

"I learned of a little device that looks like a tiny currycomb and is so flat and small you can bind it on a man's arm just over an artery. Just press on the spring and give the least scratch, and the man falls down in convulsions. I showed him a rat I had fetched me, and killed like a flash. He had his choice of walking out quietly with me—I had my hand on his arm—or dropping down dead. He went quiet enough."

"That was the meaning of his look at me, was it?" Winter thought. He said only: "Did Endicott Tracy know about that?"

"Of course not," Mercer denied. "Do you reckon I want to mix the boy up in this more than I have? And Arnold only knew I was trying some kind of bluff game."

"I will lay odds, though," the colonel ventured in his gentlest tone, "that Mr. Samurai, as Haley calls him, knew more. But when did you get rid of Atkins?"

"Mr. Keatcham discharged him at Denver. I met Mr. Keatcham here; it was arranged on the train. We had it planned out. If that plan had failed I had another."

"Neat. Very neat. And then you became the secretary?"

Mercer flushed in an unexpected fashion. "Certainly not!" he said with emphasis. "Do you think I would take his wages and not do the work faithfully? No, suh. I assumed to be his secretary in the office; that gave me a chance to arrange everything. But I did it to oblige him. I never touched a cent of his money. I paid, in fact, for our board out of our own money. It would have burned my fingers, suh!"

"And the valet? Was he in your plot? Don't answer if you—"

"He was not, suh. He is a right worthy fellow, and he thought, after he had seen to the tickets—which he did very carefully, and gave them to me—he could go off on the little vacation which was given to him by his master through me."

"That's a little bit evasive. However, I haven't the right to ask you to give away your partners, anyhow." He was peering at Mercer's face behind his glasses, but the pallid, tired features returned him no clue to the thoughts in the head above them. "What have you done with Mr. Keatcham?" he concluded suddenly.

The question brought no change of expression, and Mercer answered readily: "I put him off by himself, where he sees no one and hears nothing. I read a good deal about prisons and the most effectual way of taming men, and solitary confinement is recommended by all the authorities. His meals are handed to him by—by a mechanical device. He has electric light some of the time,

turned on from the outside. He has a comfortable room and his own shower bath. He has comfortable meals. And he is supplied with reading."

"Reading?" repeated the colonel, his surprise in his voice.

For the first time he saw Mercer smile, but it was hardly a pleasant smile. "Yes, suh, reading," he said. "I have had typewritten copies made of all the cases which I discovered in regard to his stealing our company. I reasoned that when he would get absolutely tired of himself and his own thoughts he would just naturally be *obliged* to read, and that would be ready for him. He tore up one copy."

"Hmn—I can't say I wonder. What did you do?"

"I sent him another. I expected he would do that way. After a while he will go back to it, because it will draw him. He'll hate it, but he will want to know them all. I know his nature, you see."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Let him go, after he does what we want and promises never to molest any of us."

"But can you trust him?"

"He never breaks his word," replied Mercer indifferently, "and besides, he knows he will be killed if he should. He isn't given to being scared, but he's scared of me, all right."

"What do you want him to do?"

"Promise to be a decenter man and to let Mr. Tracy alone in future; meanwhile to send a wire in his secret code saying he has changed his mind. It will not surprise his crowd. He never confides in them, and he expects them to obey blindly anything in that code language. I reckon other telegrams are just for show, and they don't notice them much."

The colonel took a turn around the room to pack away this information in an orderly fashion in his mind. Mercer

waited patiently; he had said truly that he was used to waiting. Perhaps he supposed that Winter was trying the case in his own mind; but in reality Rupert was seeking only one clue, as little diverted from his purpose as a bloodhound. He began to understand the man whose fixed purpose had his own quality, only sharpened by wrong and suffering. This man had not harmed Archie; as much as his warped and fevered soul could feel softer emotions, he was kindly intentioned toward the lad. Who had carried him away, then? Or was he off on his own account, really, this time? Or suppose Atkins, the missing secretary discharged at Denver, coming back for another appeal to his employer, finding Keatcham gone, but, let one say, stumbling on some trace of mystery in his departure; suppose him to consider the chance of his having his past condoned and a rosy future given him if his suspicions should prove true and *he* should release the captive—wouldn't such a prospect spur on a man who was as cunning as he was unprincipled? Mightn't he have watched all possible clues, and mightn't he have heard about Archie and plotted to capture the child, thinking he would be easily pumped? That would presuppose that Atkins knew that Archie was at the Arnolds' or—no, he might only have seen the boy on the street; he knew him by sight; the colonel remembered that several times Archie had been with him in Keatcham's car. It was worth considering, anyhow. He spoke out of his thoughts: "Do you think Keatcham could have told the truth, and that code of his be lost or stolen? Why couldn't Atkins have stolen it? He had the chance, and he isn't hampered by principle, you say."

Mercer frowned; it was plain the possibility had its argument for him. "He might," he conceded, "but I doubt it. Why hasn't he done something with it? He hasn't. They wouldn't have post-

poned that meeting if he had wired his proxy and his directions in the code. He'd have voted his employer's stock. He's got too much at stake. I happen to know he thought it a sure tip to sell short, and he has put almost all he has on it. You see, Keatcham was banking on that; he knew it. He thought Atkins wouldn't dare give any of his secrets away or go against him in this deal, because they were in the same boat."

"Still, I reckon I'll have to see Keatcham."

Mercer shook his head, gently but with decision. "I hate to refuse you, Colonel, but unless you promise not to interfere, it is impossible. But I'll gladly go with you to see if we can find any trace of Archie. I'll risk that much. And if you will promise—"

"Such a promise would be impossible to an officer and a gentleman," the colonel urged lightly, smiling. "Besides, don't you see I have all the cards? I have only to call in my men. I'd hate to do it, but if you force me, you would have no chance resisting."

"We shouldn't resist, Colonel, no suh; your force is overwhelming. But it would do no good; you couldn't find him."

"We could try; and we may be better sleuths than you imagine."

"Then it would be the worse for him; for if you find him, you will find him dead."

There was something so chilling in his level tones that Winter broke out sharply: "Are you fooling with me? Have you been such an incredible madman as to kill him already?"

Mercer's faint smile made the colonel feel boyish and impetuous. "Of course not, suh," he answered. "I told you he was alive, myself. I reckoned you knew when a man is lying and when he is telling the solemn truth. You *know* I have told you the truth and treated you on the square. But, just the same, if you try to take that man away, you'll only have his

dead body. He can't do any more harm then, and a dead man can't vote."

The colonel, who had taken out his cigarette case, opened it and meditatively fingered the rubber band. "Do you reckon," he suggested, in his most amiable voice, "do you reckon young Arnold and Endicott Tracy will stand for such frills in warfare as assassination?"

"I do not, suh," replied Mercer gravely, and as he spoke he pushed back the heavy tapestry hiding a window opposite the colonel's head, "but they can both prove an alibi. Mr. Arnold is in Pasadena, and there goes Mr. Tracy now in his machine—to try to find Archie. Do you see?"

The colonel saw. He inclined his head, at the same time proffering his case.

"I rather think; Mr. Mercer, that I was wrong. *You* have the last trump."

CHAPTER XI

THE CHARM OF JADE

It was no false lure to distract pursuit, that hurried sentence of Randall's which had met the colonel's angry appeal for information. The woman was not only repeating Mrs. Winter's message; the message itself described a fact. As she stood at her room telephone, Aunt Rebecca had happened to glance at Randall, supplementing the perfunctory dusting of the hotel maid with her own sanitary, dampened clean cloth; Randall's eyes suddenly glazed and bulged in such startling transformation that, instead of questioning her, Mrs. Winter stepped swiftly to the window where she was at work, to seek the cause of her agitation.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Mrs. Winter!" gasped Randall, "ain't *that* Master Archie?"

Mrs. Winter saw for herself; the face at a cab window, the waving of a slim hand—Archie's face, Archie's hand. Brief as the space of his passing (for

the two horses in the cab were trotting smartly), she was sure of both. "Give me my bonnet," she commanded, "*any* bonnet, *any* gloves! And my bag with some money!"

It was as she flung through the door that she threw her message to the colonel back exactly as Randall had submitted it. Miss Smith was coming along the loggia. "Don't stop me!" said Mrs. Winter sternly. "I've seen Archie; I'm after him."

"Stop!" cried Miss Smith—but it was to the elevator boy who was whizzing below them in his cage, not to her employer; and she boarded the elevator with the older woman. "I'll go with you," she said. There was no vibration in her even tones, although a bright red flickered up in her cheek.

But Rebecca Winter caught savagely at her breath, which was coming fast. "It is not with the running; you needn't think it, Janet," she panted sharply, in a second. "It was the sight of his face—so suddenly; I never expected *any* face would make my heart pump like that again. All of which shows"—she was speaking quite naturally and placidly again—"that women may grow too old for men to make fools of them, but never for children. Come; it was a shabby sort of hack he was in, drawn by two horses with auburn tails. Here's the office floor."

Not a word did Janet Smith say; she was not a woman of words in any case. Moreover, the pace which Mrs. Winter struck was too rapid for comments or questions; it swept them both past the palm-shaded *patio* into the side hall, out on the noisy, dazzling, swaying street. Looking before her, Miss Smith could see the dusty body of a hack, a block away. Mrs. Winter had stepped up to a huge crimson motor car, in the front seat of which lounged the chauffeur, his forehead and eyes hunched under his leather visor. The machine was panting in its leash.

"Twenty dollars an hour if you let me get in now!" said Mrs. Winter, lightly mounting by his side as she spoke.

"Hay, me? what!" gurgled the chauffeur, plucked out of a half doze. "Oh, say, beg your pardon, lady, but this is hired; it belongs—"

"I don't care to whom it belongs, I have to have it," announced Mrs. Winter calmly. "Whoever hired it can get another. I'll make it all right. You start on and catch that hack with the auburn-tailed horses—"

"I'll make it right with your fare!" Miss Smith cut in before the chauffeur could answer. "It's a case of kidnapping. You catch that cab!" She was standing on the curb, and even as she spoke an elderly man and his wife came out of a shop. They stared from her to the automobile, and in their gaze was a proprietary irritation. This was instantly transfused by a more vivid emotion. The woman looked shocked and compassionate. "Oh, pa!" she gasped, "did you hear *that*?"

The man was a country banker from Iowa. He had a very quick, keen eye; it flashed. "Case of kidnapping, hay?" snapped he, instantly grasping the character of the speakers and jumping at the situation. "Take the auto, madam. Get a move on you, Mr. Chauffeur!"

"Oh, I'm moving, all right," called the chauffeur, as he skilfully dived his lower wheels under the projecting load of a great wagon and obliquely bumped over the edge of a street-car fender, pursued by the motorman's curses. "I see 'em, lady; I see the red tails; I'll catch 'em!"

His boast most likely had been made good (since for another block they bore straight on their course) but for an orange wagon which had been overturned. There was a rush of pursuit of the golden balls from the sidewalk; a policeman came to the rescue of traffic and ordered everything to halt until the cart was righted. The boys and girls in

the street chased back to the sidewalk. The episode took barely a couple of minutes, but on the edge of the last minute the cab turned a corner. The motor car turned the same corner, but saw no guiding oriflamme of waving red horse-hair. The cross street next was equally bare. They were obliged to explore two adjacent highways before they came upon the hack again. This time it was in distant perspective, foreshortened to a blur of black and a swish of red. And even as they caught sight of it the horses swung round into profile and turned another corner. In the turn a man wearing a black derby hat stuck his arm and head out of the window in order to give some direction to the driver. Then he turned half around. It was almost as if he looked back at his pursuers; yet this, Mrs. Winter argued, hardly could be, since he had not expected pursuit, and anyhow, the chances were he could not know her by sight.

It was a mean street, narrow and noisome, but full of shipping traffic and barred by tramways—a heartbreaking street for a chase. The chauffeur was a master of his art; he jumped his great craft at every vacant arm's-length; he steered it through incredibly narrow lanes; he progressed sometimes by luffs, like a boat under sail when the forward passage must be reached in such indirect fashion; but the crowd of ungainly vehicles, loaded dizzily above his head, made the superior speed of the motor of no avail. In spite of him they could see the red tails lessening. Again and yet again the hack turned; again, but each time with a loss, the motor struck its trail. By now the street was changed; the dingy two-story buildings lining it were brightened by gold leaf and vermillion; oriental arms and garbs and embroidery spangled the windows and oriental faces looked inscrutably out of doorways. There rose the blended odors of spice, sandalwood and uncleanness that announce the East, reeking up out

of gratings and puffing out of shop-windows."

"Ah," said Mrs. Winter softly to herself, "Chinese quarter is it? Well." Her eyes changed; they softened in a fashion that would have amazed one who only knew the surface of Mrs. Winter, the eccentric society potentate. She looked past the squalid, garish scene, past the shining sandhills and the redwood trees, beyond into a stranger landscape glowing under a blinder glare of sun. Half-mechanically she lifted a tiny gold chain that had slipped down her throat under the gray gown. Raising the yellow thread and the carved jade ornament depending therefrom, she let it lie outside among the white lace and chiffon.

"We're making good now," called the chauffeur. "Will I run alongside and hail 'em, or what?"

She told him quietly to run alongside. But her lips twitched, and when she put up her hand to press them still, she smiled bitterly to discover that the hand was bare. She had forgotten to pull on her glove. She began to pull it on now.

"The road is narrow," said she. "Run ahead of the hack and block his way. You can do it without hitting the horses, can't you?"

"Well, I guess," returned the chauffeur, instantly accomplishing the maneuver in fine style.

But he missed his deserved commendation; indeed, he forgot it himself; because, as he looked back at the horses rearing on the sudden check and tossing their auburn manes, then ran his scrutiny behind them to the hack, he perceived no life in it; and when his own passenger jumped with amazing nimbleness from her seat and flung the crazy door wide open, she recoiled, exclaiming: "Where are they? Where did you leave them?"

"Leave who?" queried the hackman. "Say, what you stoppin' me fur? Runnin' into me with your devil-wagon! Say!"—then his wrath trailed into an

inarticulate mutter as he appreciated better the evident quality of the gentlewoman before him.

"You may be mixed up in a penitentiary offense, my man," said she placidly. "It is a case of kidnapping. Where did you leave that boy who was in the cab? If you give us information that will find him, there's five dollars; if you fool us—well, I have your number. Where did you leave the boy?"

"Why, there was a cop with 'im—a cop and a gentleman. Ain't you got hold of the wrong party, lady?"

"A brown-haired boy in a gray suit with a blue cravat—you know he was in your cab. And how do you know it was a real policeman?"

"Or he wasn't helping on the deviltry if it was?" sneered the chauffeur, who had now become a full-fledged partizan. "Ain't you lived in this burg long enough to find out how to make a little *mazuma* on the side? You're too good for 'Frisco. Heaven is your home, my Christian friend."

"Cut it out!" retorted the man. "I guess I know how to find my way round as well as the next man—"

"Certainly you do," soothed Mrs. Winter, who was fingering a crisp new five-dollar bank note, "and you are no kidnapper, either; you made no bargain with those men—"

"Sure I didn't," agreed the hackman, "nor I ain't standin' for kidnapping, neither. Why, I got kids of my own, and my woman she'd broom me outer the house if I was to do them games. Say, I'll tell you all I knows. They got off, them three, at that there corner, and I was to drive fast 's I could three blocks ahead and then git home any old way. And that's God's truth, I—"

"You didn't see where they went?"

"No, I didn't. I guess I was a dumb fool not ter notice, but they paid me well, and I'd a bad thirst, and I was hiking to a place I know for beer; and that's—"

Drawing by E. M. Ashe

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IT TOOK ONLY A MOMENT TO TRANSFER A PASSENGER FROM THE CAR IN WHICH SAT
THE AMIABLE BANKER FROM IOWA AND HIS WIFE.—Page 419

"Did the boy seem willing?"

"He didn't do no kicking as I seen."

A few more questions revealed that the man had unpacked his full kit of information. He had never seen either of the men before. The gentleman—yes, he was sure he was a gentleman; he wasn't no swell confidence guy; he was the regular thing—gentleman engaged him to take a party to the Chinese quarter; he'd tell where to stop; didn't need a guide; only wanted to make a few purchases, he said, and he knew where the things was; yes, ma'am, that was all; only down there on Market Street, or maybe—why, somewhere near by—he stuck his head out and told him to turn the corner, and then he kept telling him to turn corners, until finally he told him to stop and they got out.

Mrs. Winter gave the man the bank note, counseling him to keep his eyes open for the two men and the boy, and to report to her at the Palace Hotel, giving his number, should he see either man or boy. It would be very well worth his while.

The chauffeur did not interrupt, but he shook his head over the departing hack. "He'd ought to have known it wa'n't on the square, but these hack drivers ain't got good sense even when they're, so to speak, sober, which ain't often," he soliloquized. "Well, lady, if they've took to the Chinese quarter, we'd better be looking up a Chink to help us, I guess. I know a fairly decent one—"

"I think I know a better," interrupted Mrs. Winter, with a faint smile. She had detected a suppressed pity in the man's regard. "Motor slowly along the street. There is a shop, if I can find it, where there ought to be a man—"

"Man you know? Say, lady, I guess I better go in with you, if you don't mind—"

"No; stay in your car. You don't know how safe I am. Not only my gray hair protects me, but I have only to say a few words and any of these men will

fight for me if necessary. But this is in confidence—just between us, you understand. You are not to repeat it, ever."

She looked at him with a frank smile, and involuntarily his hand went up to his cap. "What you say goes, lady. But jest remember I'm right here, spark going all the time, ready to throw her wide open when you step in; and"—his voice sank—"I ain't absolutely unprepared for a scrap, either."

"I understand," said she, looking at him keenly, and she stepped briskly into the shop before which she had halted a few moments later, with a little lightening of the heart because of this uncouth knight of the lever. The shop itself was like any one of a score on the street—crowded with oriental objects, bizarre carvings of ivory and jade, daggers and cash swords, gorgeous embroidered robes of silk and gold in a huddle over a counter or swinging and gleaming in the dusky background, squat little green and brown gods with puffy eyelids, smiling inscrutably amid shoes and fans and Chinese lanterns of glass and bronze, glittering with beads—in all these, like the score about it; yet the clean windows and a certain order within gave it a touch out of the common. A man and a boy served the shop, both in the American dress, with their pigtailed tucked under visorless caps. Both greeted her in the serene oriental fashion, bowing and smiling, their obsequious courtesy showing no smallest sign of the surprise which the sight of an unattended woman must have given them.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Winter was aware that both, under their lowered eyelids, took cognizance of that soft carven disk of jade among the laces on her breast. She asked the man had he seen a lad and an older man, or it might be two older men, one a policeman, come into that or any other neighboring shop. She explained that the lad was her great-nephew and was lost (she eschewed the harsher word, for she had no desire to

set afloat a rumor which might bring the police upon her). She named a sum large enough to kindle a sudden gleam in the boy's eyes as the reward waiting the lucky man who might put her on the right track. But her words struck no responsive spark from the Chinaman's veiled eyes. In perfect English and a very soft voice he avowed ignorance and sympathy with the same breath.

And all the while she could feel his glance slant down at the jade ornament.

"Send the boy to look in the shop next door," said she. As she spoke she raised the charm between her thumb and two first fingers, looking at him directly. Her tone was that of command, not request. He frowned very slightly, making an almost imperceptible gesture, to which she returned a single Chinese phrase, spoken so low that had he not expected the words they had been undistinguishable to his ear. Instantly he addressed the boy rapidly in their own language. The boy went out. The master of the shop returned to Mrs. Winter. His manner had utterly changed; the tradesman's perfunctory deference was displaced by an almost eager humility of bearing. He would have her sit—there were a few cane-seated American armchairs, in grotesque contrast to all their accompaniments; he prostrated himself before her; he put himself at her service; still to her trained eye there was a corner of his mind where incredulity wrestled with a stronger emotion. "Do not fear," she said gently. "It is really my own, and he gave it to me himself, thirty and more years ago. He was hardly thirty years old himself then. You see, my husband had been so fortunate as to do him a kindness. It was he who had it first. When he died it came to me, and now for the second time in my life I am using it. I knew you belonged. I saw the sign. Will you help me find my boy?"

"Did your ladyship know *he* is here, in San Francisco?"

If she had not already dissipated any doubt in his mind, her evident relief blew the last shred away now. "Haven't you such a thing as a telephone somewhere?" cried Rebecca Winter. "Time is precious. Can't you speak to him—have him come here?"

It appeared that there was a telephone, and in a moment she was put into communication by the shopkeeper. He stood in an attitude of deep respect while she talked. He heard with unsmiling attention her first Chinese words; he listened as she returned to English, speaking very quietly, but with a controlled earnestness, explaining that she was Archibald's widow, giving dates and places, in nowise alluding to the service which had won the charm about her neck. Yet as he listened, insensibly the Chinaman grew certain that she had spoken the truth. Presently she turned to him. "He wishes to speak to you," she said, and went back to the shop. She sighed as one sighs from whose heart a great burden rolls. "To find him here, and still grateful!" she was thinking. "What wonderful good fortune!"

She sat down, and her face grew dreamy. She was no longer thinking of Archie. Her vision was on another face, another scene, a time of peril, when almost against her reason her instinctive woman's recoil of pity for a fellow creature in danger of unthinkable torture had been so intense that she had more than acquiesced in her husband's plan of risking both their lives to save him; she had impelled him to it; she had overcome his terror of the risks on her account. "It is only death we have to fear, at worst," she had argued. "We have the means to escape in a second, both of us, from anything else; and if we run away and leave this poor wretch, who hasn't done anything but love his country, just as we love ours, and be too civilized for his trifling, ornery, pusillanimous people to understand, to get slashed to pieces by their horrible ling-

ling—whatever they call it—Archibald Winter, don't you reckon we shall have nightmares as long as we live?"

More than thirty years ago—yet it seemed like yesterday. Distinctly she could hear her husband's voice; it had not come back to her with such reality for years; it was more real than the cries of the street outside; and her heart was beating faster for his words: "Beckie, there never was a woman like you! You could make a dead man hop up and fight, bless you!"

"Your ladyship"—it was the shopkeeper back again; he had lived in England, and he offered the most respectful Western title of his knowledge—"your ladyship may be cheerful. All will be done of the best. The young gentleman will be back for to-night. If your ladyship will now return to the hotel."

Mrs. Winter bowed slightly; she was quite her self-possessed self again. "I will go, certainly," she said, "but I shall hope to see you, also, to-night; and

meanwhile, will you accept, as a token from a friend who trusts you, *this?*" She took a little gem-encrusted watch from her fob and handed it to him. Her manner was that of a queen who rewards her general. And she left him, bowing low. She entered the motor car. It was no longer a lone motor. Another car steamed and snorted near by, in which sat the amiable banker from Iowa, his wife and Janet Smith.

It took only a moment to transfer a passenger, to explain that she hoped to find the boy who had been lost—no, she would not use such a strenuous word as kidnapped—and would they complete their kindness by not mentioning the affair to any one? One hated so to get into the papers. And would they let her see them again to thank them? Then, as she sank back on the cushions, she remarked, as much to the expectant chauffeur as to Janet: "Yes, I think it is all right. I think we shall see Archie to-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE NOON HOUR

By JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING

A thin sweet cry of steam from many a pipe,
 The tremor of a church-bell in the air,
 A cheer!—and up go rough blue sleeves to wipe
 The wet of toil from foreheads brown and square.
 The builders turn away
 From this crude daub of clay,
 The tawny brick, the rafters gleaming bare;
 With green leaves overhead
 And pails' poor bounty spread,
 The drawling tale and throaty laugh go round.
 A lad, the shyest there,
 Taking aside his share,
 Swigs the cool, beaded cup with thirsty sound,
 Then, lounging Arab-wise,
 Blinks at the hot blue skies,
 Dreaming of home and of his sweetheart's eyes.

HER LIPS MOVED MECHANICALLY. "WHAT SHALL I DO?" SHE MOANED

THE OBJECTIVE VIEW

By GELETT BURGESS

Author of "The White Cat," etc.

"YOU are sure that it wouldn't be better for you to prepare her yourself?" the patient asked from the small white bed, his eyes on the portly form of the physician.

Doctor Mackintosh shook his eyeglasses impressively. "My dear fellow," he said, "haven't I told you that we can't possibly know what *is* best? In such cases as yours, nobody knows—physicians hardly more than the laity. Our knowledge of abnormal psychology is as yet only in its infancy. Such disturbances as yours have been recorded, from time to time—they're by no means rare—but the medical profession hasn't as yet discovered their rationale, much less any effective treatment. Of course, if this experiment fails, I shall try hypnotic suggestion."

"I was thinking mainly of her," the patient interrupted, wadding the pillow under his head. "If, as you say, this girl really cares—"

"For that very reason, won't she exert a stronger appeal if she greets you absolutely unconscious of your condition? That is my whole theory. Heaven knows it's a vague enough one, but it seems to me that you'll have the greater shock, so to speak."

"There's no doubt about the shock to *her*, at least—it seems a bit heartless—"

"Oh, she'll forgive that, for the sake of the effect I hope it may produce on you."

"But she will probably have, in the end, to know—"

"Possibly. I leave that to you. You see, it isn't often that, in such cases, the

physician has such an intelligent patient. You know, now, about as much of your mental condition as I do. You have, in a way, to effect your own cure. Queer, isn't it?" He smiled blandly, stroking his brown beard.

His patient returned the smile sardonically. "I'm afraid it doesn't amuse me half as much as it does you, Doctor. I always was a bit afraid of the dark."

"Well, I'll send you a little ray of sunlight."

"What does she look like?"

"You'll see. That's part of the shock."

The doctor indulged in a complacent chuckle that shook the heavy watch-chain depending from his abdomen.

"And you say I'm not to tell Mrs. Stelling?"

"Not unless this experiment succeeds."

"I don't understand why not."

"Of course you don't. If you did, you'd not need me here any longer."

"Well, let's proceed with the comedy."

The young man lay back and composed himself comfortably. His face was that of a poet, intellectual, almost dreamy, though kindled at times into vivid emotion. His lips, under the close-cropped mustache, were fine and sensitive—the upper one straight, almost ascetic, the lower one fuller and more sensuous. The firmness of his jaw was accentuated in his nicked chin. Over his longish black, crisp hair a white bandage gave him a picturesque, rakish guise which his lively eyes, dark twinkling, well abetted.

The doctor drew on his gloves, smiled again, and waved a farewell. The nurse, who had been standing immobile, approached, drew the covers neatly about her patient, smoothed his pillow, and, setting a glass of water covered with a card upon the table, went out, leaving the door ajar.

The young man waited for a few minutes, his eyes upon the door. It slowly opened. At his first glimpse of his vis-

itor his expression changed to one of surprised delight.

She was young, beautiful, high bred, exquisite in taste and manner. She wore a street costume of dark blue with furs; her veil was pushed up, revealing an oval, olive face, and a wave of smoky dark fine hair. Her lucent, frank gray eyes—as clear as lakes—gazed eagerly, and her lips were slightly parted, showing a line of small white teeth. Her profile, broken into charming variations from the classic, promised a rare individuality. Her perfect skin was milk-white over the temples and chin, blush-rose on her cheeks, and there sprayed up from her throat, indicated just enough to make her lovely, a fine network of blue veins.

In an instant she was on her knees beside the bed, her hand in his, her cool, soft lips to his mouth.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried. "I have longed for you so—I couldn't stand it not to come—but I didn't dare, until you sent for me." She hid her head on his breast a moment, then raised it, her eyes dewy with tears, to kiss him again slowly, softly, with infinite tenderness, her hand in his hair. Her voice was full, round, a little deep, connoting depth of passion and height of spiritual emotion.

For a full half-minute he looked deeply into her eyes without speaking. They grew sober, surprised, alarmed. Then he slowly shook his head.

"You are a very pretty woman," he said at last, "and it is delightful to have you with me. But it isn't quite fair, and I don't want to take advantage of you. I'm sorry, but I'll have to confess that I don't know who you are."

She drew back instinctively, as from a blow; then looked wonderingly at him.

"You don't know—who I am? What do you mean?" The tears had come into her eyes again. They filled, and a drop coursed down the petal-like bloom of her cheek.

"I don't remember you," he said.

She sprang up wildly, and looked about as if she thought him delirious and sought to summon assistance.

"Please come back!" he said. "It's very nice to have you so near me. Come, and I'll try to tell you about it. Don't be frightened, I'm quite sane."

"Harry!" she breathed, and she knelt again slowly, took his hand fondly and watched him with fearful eyes. Her breath came deeply through her pallid lips.

"Poor little girl!" he said. He patted her hand softly. He had not once taken his eyes from her, nor she hers from his; but, as he gazed, he shook his head hopelessly.

"Why do you talk like this, Harry? They said you were almost well. Aren't you glad to see me? Didn't you want to see me? Have I done wrong to come?" She held his hand tight in hers, waiting avidly.

He looked away and sighed, but did not release her hand. "You were quite right to come," he said. "I need you very much. But you must have patience with me."

She nestled closer to him and waited, still timid, seemingly afraid of some terrible news, but brave to bear it for him.

"Tell me what is the matter, Harry! I can bear anything—if you love me. You *do* love me, don't you?"

His look returned to her and stayed on her face as he said, slowly, "I don't know."

She buried her face in her hands, and a gust of sobs shook her body. His hand sought hers and carried it to his lips.

"Just wait till I explain," he said gently. "Don't feel so badly. It may come out all right, perhaps. You must listen, first of all."

She dashed away the tears and looked at him steadfastly. "Oh, I can't believe it!" she cried.

"Don't believe it! Try not to, if you can—but I must be honest with you," he said. "It's only—I've lost my memory."

She repeated it: "Lost your memory? But how?"

"I can't remember anything that ever happened to me before I came here, a week ago. And now do you see? You must help me. When I look at you and think how that other 'I' would suffer, or perhaps is suffering, it's dreadful. Everything that happened before my accident is gone. Dr. Mackintosh sent for you in hopes that you might restore my memory to me."

The strain on her face relaxed, and she clasped him in her arms, as a mother might her child. "Oh, Harry! Is that all? Oh, I can do that; I know I can! But you *must* remember what we were to each other—surely you do!"

"It is just as if I saw you now for the first time," he answered. "You are very beautiful and very dear already. Oh, I shall fall in love with you again, anyway, I'm sure. But I don't remember ever having seen you before."

She stared at him as if she could not believe it. "But what else has gone? Surely you are you—or have you changed all over? Is it one of those awful cases of dual identity? I've read of them, but they always seemed like fairy tales. I never could quite believe them."

He smiled at her eagerness, her incredulity. "No, the doctor says I'm the same person, with the same character and the same mental equipment, except for my memory of events. I have possession of all I have ever learned, the results of all my experience, so to speak, with no memory whatever of the processes by which my experience was acquired. Do you understand? I can think logically enough, you see. The line of cleavage in my consciousness is as irregular as the coast line of a map. I'm a full-grown man, with a man's intellect, but with no more past than a baby. I'm in the dark, fighting to get out."

"Oh, it's too horrible!" she exclaimed.

"I can't believe it. You must be delirious."

He shook his head quite calmly. "No, my pulse and temperature are both normal. I'm weak, of course, and I must lie abed for a while; but the fever's gone and I'm practically well."

"But what does he say—when will you recover your memory?"

"He doesn't know. Nobody can know. That's why you're here—to help me find it."

She was aroused again as if by an electric thrill and her face fired with enthusiasm. "Oh, I will! I will! Surely if you could remember anybody it would be me, wouldn't it?"

"Why? You forget that I don't know even yet who you are."

She stared at him now with a new expression, as if, for the first time, she realized his condition. "You don't know—you don't even feel—anything?" she gasped.

"Nothing. It's dreadful to say it, I know; but we are strangers. You're charming, you're exquisite, you're adorable, but I simply do not recognize you. You must try to forgive me."

It was her turn to regard him for a long time without speaking. Then, with a sigh, she dropped down to sit on the floor, abjectly, her eyes fixed straight ahead, without expression, upon the little stand at the head of the bed. Her lips moved mechanically. "What shall I do?" she moaned.

He waited patiently, his eyes set on her, without speaking.

She spoke as if to herself, monotonously. "It seems so impossible. How can I tell you, if you don't understand—anything—when there is so much to tell? But I must. I can't believe it—I won't believe it! I'll pretend that you're merely trying me—that's the only way. I'll pretend that you've made believe you've forgotten, just for the pleasure of hearing it all over again." She looked up at him as if she had succeeded in per-

suading herself, and, holding out her hands to him, she exclaimed: "Oh, I haven't forgotten—not a day, not an hour, not one blessed minute, not a word! You always laughed at me for remembering all the little things, the little darling things—now I'll make you laugh again! But where to begin?"

"Begin at the beginning," he said. "And do you think it would be fair if I asked you to come up here beside me—as you were?"

"Oh, Harry!" she cried. "What do I care whether it's fair or not? You're mine, you're mine!" She drew to him and looked at him with burning eyes. "Don't you know that I'm yours—soul, mind and body—to do what you like with forever?"

He bit his lip savagely. His hand moved nervously upon her arm. "It is wonderful to think that!"

"Don't you even want me?"

"Oh, too much; but it isn't fair. I oughtn't touch you."

"Well, then, I'll touch *you*; I'm not afraid." She kissed him again and again. "Don't you like that?" she said pathetically.

"Too much to resist you any more. Have it your own way. I give up."

She sat herself upon the bed, removed her hat and placed it upon the little stand. Then, taking his hand in both hers, she examined it abstractedly as she spoke.

"The first, then; the very first? Must I tell? It was awfully bold of me, but I've never regretted it. It was bolder of you, but you always were audacious. Well, then—" She stopped, looked at him and blushed. He watched the color mantle her cheek till it had crept to her little ear. She looked away.

"I didn't think I'd ever be embarrassed with you again," she said, "but I know you love it. Well, we'll pretend. It was this way; Hallie Hunt told you about me—what, I never knew; you never would tell me. But you wrote to

me and asked me to come to tea in your rooms. We had never met before—it was an awful thing to do—but I was simply wild to meet you—and I came."

"Good for you!" He smiled and looked at her admiringly, with a flash in his eye. "I didn't know I was such a devil. Where was this?"

"It was in your apartment. You had a big studio room, high-ceilinged, with funny long windows on the street, all shabby genteel, with tall, dingy mirrors and rickety mahogany furniture, and ragged faded tapestry—it looked like 1840—and you toasted muffins on an open fire, stuck on the end of a Japanese sword—and you kissed me. There!"

"What! The very first day?"

"The very first hour. But it seemed to me all right, for it was as if I'd always known you, and always would."

"And then?"

"And then we fell in love. At least *you* did. I had been in love with you a year before I'd ever seen you. And," she brought it out almost with embarrassment, as if it were the greatest, most sacred of secrets, "we had Bar-le-Duc!" Her eyes grew infinitely tender.

He laughed easily. "I ought surely to remember *that*! It's an important point, isn't it?"

She looked steadily at him till her eyes glowed with the fervor of tears restrained. "It *is*—important—to me—"

"That we had Bar-le-Duc?"

"Yes." She cast down her eyes.

"Why?"

She did not answer him, looking off at the walls of the severe little room, her lips set, her bosom heaving. As soon as she could control herself, she said, with a great effort, "I didn't quite believe—you *could* forget that. Now I know that you really have forgotten, and that you're not pretending." She drew a long breath and her fingers worked nervously on the counterpane.

"I'm sorry I've hurt you," he replied, "but you must remember I'm lost, and

you must help me find the way out of the dark. It was romantic, then?"

She took his hand again and clasped it, and rubbed it on her cheek.

"It was splendid. I stayed to dinner with you. You were to have lectured that night. You were going to get a hundred dollars for it, and you refused to go down town; I begged you to go, but you don't know how I admired you for missing that engagement."

"I'm not sorry," he said.

"You took me home at ten—through the fog—it was wonderful—and before you left me—I had told you—indeed you made me! I was afraid, but you made me. I *wanted* you to make me, too. It was beautifully reckless, it was ideal; I felt like the heroine of a story."

"As I feel, now, hearing about it," he said, sadly. "Then we're engaged, are we?"

"Oh, no!" She bit one side of her lip and shook her head. "No, we're not engaged—now—of course."

For a moment he watched the color recede from her temple, cheek and neck, till she was all of ivory. Her eyes roamed about the room; he could not trap them.

"What can I say," he began, desperately, "except that you must hope for me? You must believe in me, even if I don't remember. My mind is a blank, dear girl—you must write on it."

She brought her look back to him with an effort and went on. "Then, after we had known each other only a week or so, your mother found out about me."

"Oh, my mother—Mrs. Stelling, you mean—that tall, dark, severe-looking woman with gray hair?"

"You don't know her, either?"

"Of course not!"

She breathed more freely. "She was unfair, I think; but some time she'll know and understand me."

"You mean that she objected?"

"Oh, so much! She said I wanted to marry you for your money."

"Ah, I know better than that, even now!"

She kissed his hand impulsively.

"Go on," he begged.

"Oh, don't you remember? We were so happy, in spite of your mother; only we had to meet secretly. I oughtn't to have permitted it, I know. I should have shown pride and honor and all that, but I had no more will of my own than a baby. But you couldn't have helped doing it, either."

He put his hand on her arm. "Wait," he said. "Do you mean to say that my mother's objection weighed with me against you?" he demanded.

"You know—you were awfully fond of her, you hated to hurt her—and you had nothing of your own. You said it was best. I didn't care for the money at all. I would have been satisfied with nothing but you."

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "Was I really such a cad as that? Could I have kept a girl like you waiting for a mere matter of money?"

"Don't!" she implored. "It's hard enough now. If you were only all right I wouldn't mind anything."

"Go on," he said, frowning. There was bitterness in his tone.

"I could no more keep away from you than if you were a magnet and I iron. The attraction was almost a physical force. I couldn't be in a room without crossing over to where you were. I was crazy about you. We wrote every day, whether we saw each other or not. The minute you left me I'd sit down and write a letter to you. And we invented so many games—we had ciphers and codes and secret signs and everything—we had such fun making them up together. We had even a language—"

She stopped and looked suddenly up into his face. A rapt expression illuminated hers and transformed it. It was as if she saw visions. Then, leaning to him, she whispered softly in his ear something unspellable—a soft sentence

full of purring consonants with a quaint inflection, fantastic, whimsical, like the cooing of a dove,

"Sh'pm poo'pm pip'm!"

He gripped her hand tightly and stared at her. She watched him anxiously, her soul in her eyes.

"Wait a minute!" he said. Then his lips moved. He spoke aloud, timidly.

"Che kairo boh!"

"Yes, yes, yes!" she cried in delight.

"Then you *do* remember?"

He shook his head. "I'm afraid not. It's merely automatic; somehow I felt I ought to say that. But it's mere nonsense to me. What does it mean?"

"It isn't nonsense to me," she replied, with infinite disappointment.

"What does it mean?" he insisted.

She was silent a moment. Then she said, "Everything!"

"You must try again," he said.

"Please don't give me up. You have no idea how terrible it is to have no past—even with such a delicious present as this. You struck something that time. Next time you may reach a nerve. Oh, probe as deeply as you dare!"

She took it up again with renewed courage. "You don't know how it frightens me. When I look at you, when I hear your voice, I can't believe you are not the same you—and yet you've lost everything that made life worth while to me. You were always so clever and so quick; I had only to say half a sentence and you'd know the rest. If I mentioned anything I had talked about with you the day before, even a week before, you'd get the reference immediately, and take it right up. Oh, we understood each other so well! Now, it's as if you were asleep, or insane."

"Or drunk?" he suggested.

"I never saw you drunk," she said seriously, "but I often have wondered how you'd be. The nearest I ever came to it was that day when we took hasheesh; that was a sort of glorified intoxication, I suppose."

"It sounds interesting; tell me about it."

"It was another of the awful things I did. We were alone in the house all day; my aunt had gone on a visit. You gave me the pellets and wanted me to try it. I would have tried hemlock or strychnine or nitroglycerin if you'd asked me to, I believe. And—"

"What?"

"Oh, I can't tell you the rest. Not yet." She got up, shaking her head emphatically.

At this moment there came a knock on the door. The nurse entered and set a plate upon the little table. Upon it was a lump of sugar, stained dark green with some liquid.

"Doctor Mackintosh says you're to take this, please. He doesn't want you to get too excited. This will quiet your nerves a little."

"What is it?" he asked, carelessly.

"*Cannabis Indica*," said the nurse, and she left the room silently. The two looked at each other with meaning.

"What do you think of that!" he said. Leaning over, he took the lump of sugar into his hand, looked at it, then held it to his nostrils. It gave forth a strange oriental odor, aromatic, pungent as tar, keen as salt, the indefinable aroma of mystery.

As he sniffed at it his face changed, his pupils dilated, his nostrils quivered. He rose to a sitting posture, supporting himself on one arm, and stared at her for a moment, strangely. Then he spoke almost in a whisper, vibrant with intensity, deliberately, slowly.

"It seems to me—a thousand years ago—I knew some one—like you. Her name was—I forget." He sank back on the pillow.

Her arms were about him immediately. "Oh, Harry! Think! Think! You must remember!" Her gaze was as intense as if she were trying to hypnotize him.

"No, I can't," he said helplessly. "But

that smell is queer—it means something or other. And I can almost see a window with diamond panes, the light behind them—and a music-box playing."

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "That's the library where we were that afternoon. How that smell does bring it back!"

His eyes were bright with wonder as he exclaimed suddenly, "Oh, I believe it's coming back."

"Oh, try! Try!" she pleaded. "Try for my name, now! Who am I?"

He looked at her, dumb for fully a minute, conjuring his memory. Then he brought out a name boldly, "Amy!"

She broke down and cried, this time for very joy. His hand was in her hair, comforting her, but his glance was fixed on space as he struggled with intangible things—with flights of inaccessible thoughts—fancies as thin as dream.

"I'm getting it, bit by bit," he said, huskily. "But it comes slowly. Hold me close, dear; you're helping me, Amy!"

"I knew I could do it!" Her voice was broken, almost hysterical. "You're all right, now, I'm sure. Oh, your mother will be so glad!"

"My mother?" He frowned. "What had my mother to do with it all? How could she have come between me and a wonderful creature like you?"

"Oh, it was best—it was necessary, I'm sure. I never blamed you—really I didn't. It was hard, of course, not to have you with me all the time, but I cared only for your happiness. We must wait, even now, for a few months, I suppose."

"Wait? I guess not! God, how I loathe that man you knew!"

"Don't say that, Harry; you *are* he, aren't you? Don't you know me yet, dear?"

He took her face in his hands and regarded her deliberately. "It is only five hundred years ago, now, I think. You seem like my sister."

"Perhaps I am that, too," she said thoughtfully. "I think I'm everything

— sister, mother, daughter, sweet-heart—”

She broke off suddenly.

He was still puzzling with his problem and did not notice her. “There was a masquerade ball—Harlequin danced with Columbine, a perfect sprite of a Columbine who pirouetted so gracefully—they left before the unmasking—they went in a cab, through a frightful snow-storm, and she was cold.”

“Yes, yes,” she answered happily. “No one knew who we were; it was one of the few times we dared to show ourselves together. Oh, it was such fun!”

His voice went on dreamily: “She lost her slipper. He warmed her foot in his hands.”

“I lost it on purpose; I kicked it over a snowdrift as I got into the cab. You dared me!”

“There was something about a cigarette—you burned yourself on your arm. It hurts me when I think of it.”

Rising, she removed her jacket and rolled up her short sleeve deliberately. Half-way between her elbow and shoulder there was a small round white scar. He seized her hand, drew her over and kissed the place.

“I know—almost, but not quite. It was not an accident?”

She smiled and slowly drew down the little lacy sleeve.

“It was bravado, I suppose. You told me how a Samoan chief once had branded himself with a red-hot stick so that he should never forget the girl he loved. I took your cigarette and burned myself there. It hurt, but I loved it! You were awfully frightened, but it excited me so that I gloried in it. It seemed just as if I were bearing a pain for you. Let me do it again!—I’ll show you—oh, that ought to make you remember, if anything will!”

As she bent over him, her cheek near his, he suddenly put his arm about her and brought his lips to her ear.

“*Sh’pm poo’pm pip’m!*” he whispered.

“Yes?” she answered ecstatically. “*Chu’pm kai!*—now the other ear!”

He turned her eager, flushed face in his hands and whispered on the other side among the curls.

“Oh,” she breathed, “so you know?”

“I know,” he answered.

At that her strength went from her; she almost fell upon him, but his arms were about her and he held her firmly. She lay limp, inert, for a moment.

“Now I know I love you,” he said, “but it seems as if I had lost you for a hundred years. What has happened?”

She hesitated, her eyes averted, as if she could not quite make up her mind to speak. She got up and went to the window, looked out, seeing nothing, rearranged her hair mechanically, and returned.

“What is it?” he implored. “Don’t leave me—it’s coming fast now, it’s all hazy yet—I see only little details, brilliant spots, like the illuminated places a search-light discovers. I remember driving my motor through the park and kissing you beside me—we nearly ran into a policeman—then—going up in an elevator—you were running it yourself—how was that?—we ran away with it up to the thirteenth floor.”

She was beside him again, now, listening excitedly. “Yes, it was just so that we could be alone—the janitor wanted to have you arrested. Go on, it’s your turn now.”

“I remember your handwriting—I can see it on so many blue envelopes—a little chubby fist, with the stamp never on straight. You have a black hat with a drooping plume, haven’t you?”

“Yes, yes!” She followed his words, all but applauding him, as if she were at a play.

“You bought me a tie—you made me change it in the cab—oh, it’s all coming together now, like one of those dissected-map puzzles. It’s wonderful! And I was afraid of my mother—I let it go on—while you were eating your heart out.”

"Is that all?" She was almost calm, standing erect before him with her hands behind her.

"No—there's something else—what is it? Tell me—I can't get it—it troubles me, it eludes me like a lame, frightened bird—it's something important."

She still stood quiescent before him, drawn up proudly, with a new reserve that was almost cold.

He looked at her from under tensely drawn brows. "Why do you look so?" he asked. "Why don't you help me?"

"I can't help you any more," she said faintly. "You'll have to get it yourself, now."

"Oh, Amy; remember I'm not responsible for this. I'm doing my best. Please help me!"

Her head drooped and she turned a little away from him. "New Year's Eve," she said. "Think of the horns and the rattles and the crowd." Slowly her sad eyes turned to his, beseechingly.

He stared at her, fascinated, his face working with emotion. Then, with a curious gesture he sat up and held out his hand.

"Oh, Amy! I know, now—*everything!*"

She crept into his embrace and laid her head upon his shoulder with infinite peace, closing her eyes.

"Think of it!" he said softly. "And all this time you've never told, even after my accident! And you've stayed away all this time on my account?"

"You asked me to," she said.

"I can't understand such selfishness! I'm seeing myself now, for the first time—objectively. I know how you must have suffered, poor girl. Forgive me, dear."

She held her lips up to his, without speaking. He answered her appeal, and then, with a new energy, lifted her from him, sitting up himself, with determination in his face.

"Call the nurse! Send for Doctor Mackintosh, please."

"What is it, dear?" She was fluttering with anxiety.

"There's the bell at the head of the bed," he said.

She pressed it, still looking at him with alarm. "Oh, I'm afraid you'll overexert yourself, Harry; it will be bad for you. Do lie down quietly."

"Lie down!" he exclaimed. "Why, I'm well! It's all over! My head's clear—for the first time in six months."

There were already footsteps in the hall, and the nurse entered the next moment, followed by the doctor. The old man's brows went up, and he took a step toward the bed.

His patient made a sweeping gesture. "Doctor, I want to present you to my wife, Mrs. Stelling."

The physician looked at the young man incredulously.

"Oh, I'm not out of my head, Doctor. Ask her."

The girl held out her hand, frankly. "We were married on New Year's Eve," she said, smiling at last. A tiny soft shadow in her chin became a dimple. It was well worth waiting for.

The doctor smiled with satisfaction, took her hand in both his and nodded to his patient. "I thought she could do it; but this is news, indeed. Oh—how about your mother, Mr. Stelling?"

"I wish you'd telephone for her to come immediately," was the answer. "Tell her I've just come to my senses."



HIS PATRON SAINT

By ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

Author of "The Ancient Grudge," "The Young in Heart," etc.

LIVING in the next house but one to Isabel, Hugo felt debarred from serious consideration as a suitor. For a neighbor of such propinquity to invade her home with a proposal of marriage would seem to Isabel ridiculous. She had two theories which, by way of warning, no doubt, she often expounded to Hugo—that romance must precede love, and that romance must have for existence stimulating conditions of novelty.

When she went to Europe with her father and mother Hugo recognized an opportunity. After waiting a month he followed her. To appear unexpectedly and—if his heart should so dictate, for really he was not quite sure of it himself—cry impetuously, "Isabel, I have journeyed four thousand miles to ask you for your hand!" must appeal to a romantic nature.

On a Friday evening in August Hugo beheld the lights of Venice rising from the sea. While his gondolier conducted him along dark canals to his hotel he imbibed serene confidence. In this city of glamour and romance, who could not—nay, who would not—woo and win?

Isabel was to arrive on Sunday.

On Saturday Hugo arose early to make some explorations. He was the first of visitors to enter the Accademia that morning. When he came to the room in which hangs the great Titian, he had it to himself. The beautiful, dark-eyed Mary, ascending into heaven with uplifted face and outstretched arms, enchanted him; for some time he was unaware of any other presence. A sudden clatter caused him to look round with annoyance. The young girl who was arranging her painting equipment before Bellini's *Madonna Enthroned*, and who had so noisily set down her

stool, blushed and murmured, "*Pardon, Monsieur.*"

She was of an arch and piquant Latin prettiness, with curving brows and large dark eyes, which she instantly lowered. Even after the blush had faded there remained a warmth of color in her cheeks. Hugo sent two or three glances at her, and then resumed his contemplation of the *Assumption*. Some moments later he turned suddenly; the charming young painter, instead of being attentive to her work, was gazing at him with what, although he was a reasonably modest man, he could only interpret as particular approval. On being discovered she again blushed and made a hasty dab at her canvas.

"No," cried a shrill voice, and Hugo turned to see in the doorway, consulting a Baedeker, a gaunt woman wearing a magenta shirt-waist and a brown linen cap with a visor, "no, William, this must be room three, and there's nothing starred; we needn't stop."

She advanced rapidly, flinging quick, unintelligent glances right and left, and, with an unceremonious stare at the *Assumption*, passed into the room beyond. A fat old man in a black alpaca coat followed her.

The girl was laughing softly. Hugo determined to show her that some Americans had intelligence.

"*Parfaits fous!*" he exclaimed, as if to himself. "*Parfaits fous!*"

It seemed not to be a very lucky shot; he suspected that it lacked idiomatic quality. Certainly it caused a fresh accession to the young woman's mirth. Hugo resorted to a dignified study of the *Assumption* and soon made a dignified departure. By as much as it had unwarrantably pleased him to surprise a

favoring regard upon the young woman's face, by so much did it pique him to have this prepossession superseded by derision.

To San Giorgio Maggiore, then to Santi Giovanni e Paolo, then to the Frari—and by the time he had completed his inspection of these edifices it was noon. So he told his gondolier to take him home by the most devious and interesting canals. It was the hour for the children's swimming lessons. Little boys in tights and little girls in flannel dresses ran along the walls, crying, "*Centesimi, M'sieu, centesimi!*" and then would plop feet first into the water and paddle close to the gondola, smiling and holding up agitated small palms. And other half-naked urchins, finding that their natorial exploits commanded no reward, ran along the bank shrilling, "*M'sieu! M'sieu!*" and turning handsprings.

At the top of a flight of steps Hugo saw the girl of the Accademia. She held in one hand two bits of clothes-line which supported on the water two sprawling, splashing little bodies; she was laughing and crying out encouragement. At sight of Hugo she forgot her charges; one of them swallowed water and began to choke. "*Ah, le petit!*" she cried remorsefully, and drew the child up on the steps and comforted it. Meanwhile the other was paddling excitedly and bawling, "*Centesimi, M'sieu, centesimi!*"

Hugo felt in his pocket for a coin. The girl called to him: "*Mais non—non, Monsieur!*"

"*Très bien, Mademoiselle; pardon,*" said Hugo, saluting her.

He glanced at the girl with curiosity. Her clothes did not indicate poverty, yet the neighborhood was a poor one. Hugo reflected on her attainments—a Venetian evidently, who spoke French, understood English, painted with skill, and was a cheerful tender of children. Probably she was a philanthropist from some palazzo, who had imbibed an American enthusiasm for settlement work.

"A nice person certainly," Hugo concluded.

While his pleased eyes accepted gratefully the unfamiliar sights—quaint bridges, picturesque balconies and cornices, handsome gondoliers rocking at the oar—his thoughts drifted back to Isabel. The girl playing with children had recalled her to his mind. Isabel taught a Sunday-school class and entertained the members of it every week. Hugo knew what a trial it was to her. She was so fastidious that noisy and untidy children fretted her; and such children as she considered it her duty to improve were, of course, noisy and untidy. Hugo frowned, endeavoring to visualize Isabel as preceptress to a couple of Italian water babies.

Hugo, emerging on the Lido clad in half a bathing suit, felt abashed. Even the sight of others as unclothed promenading on the beach with perfect self-possession and accompanying barefooted ladies in striped pajamas failed to relieve his apprehension that he was committing a solecism—if not an impropriety. Leaving behind the chattering, unintelligible crowd that played close in to shore, he pursued the most distant swimmer, whose steeple-crowned straw hat bobbed far away like a buoy. When he came near he ascertained that this adventurous person was a woman. He looked back; they were a long distance from shore; the harlequin figures on the beach were quite indistinct. And the woman was indefatigably pressing out to sea.

"I think I ought to do something about this," Hugo muttered. "*Signorina! Mademoiselle!*"

The big yellow extinguisher turned slowly—and under it appeared the face of the girl of the Accademia.

Hugo became again painfully aware of the deficiencies of his costume.

"Mademoiselle"—he worked himself a little farther away—"you have come so far; would it not be wise to turn?"

Laughter sparkled on her face.

"Have no alarm, Monsieur." Her tone was reassuring. "If exhaustion overpowers Monsieur, he can walk back. Try it, Monsieur."

"*Walk back!*" exclaimed Hugo, and in astonishment he let his feet drop. They touched bottom; he stood with his shoulders out of water. The girl flung him a laugh; then she turned her head away, and he saw only the yellow extinguisher.

"What a ridiculous ocean!" Hugo muttered, as he faced about and made for shore. "And what an idiot I was not to wear a bathing suit!"

Twenty minutes later, fully clothed, he sat at a table by the pavilion rail, sipping a harmless raspberry drink and studying the drama of the beach. From the bath-house near by emerged a fat lady in pajamas, shrieking with delight at her preposterous, her unexpected figure, and, for the further delight of her two companions, manipulating her loose garments in a manner to exaggerate the extravagances of nature. There passed, smoking a cigarette and strolling serenely, her hands clasped behind her back, a stout, elderly lady, who had, for greater freedom, rolled her trousers—if so they may be designated—up above her knees. Her face was one of Teutonic benevolence and respectability. A young woman accompanied by two small children in red came out of the bath-house and waited by the rope in front of the pavilion. Presently a gentleman, attired as Hugo had been a short time before, approached her, and at his coming she and the children ducked under the rope and began pelting him with handfuls of sand. Then they all settled down together for an amicable family sun-bath.

A gaunt woman on whom striped awning cloth hung in lank lines came out of the water, and, clinging to the rope as if not yet daring to let it go, made her way up the beach. Hugo rec-

ognized in her the seeker of starred sights, and in the unbeautiful figure in blue and white circular stripes who diverged from her across the sand he recognized her husband. When she beheld the happy family party almost in her path she halted, open-mouthed, scandalized. At that moment up came the girl in the steeple-crowned hat, the tireless swimmer; she also wore a bathing suit of striped awning cloth, but it did not—as Hugo observed—hang in lank lines. With lips primmed, chin thrust out, eyes fixed in indignation, the gaunt woman made a wide, a significant detour around the unconscious family, and the girl minced close behind her in mimicry, primming *her* lips, thrusting out *her* chin, and at the last executing a derisive, disrespectful prance. Then the girl saw Hugo leaning over the rail. She dropped her eyes as if abashed, and trotted with a quick, gentle patter into the bath-house.

"A kiddish performance," thought Hugo, not unkindly. She had twice that day turned upon him what was apparently a talent for ridicule, and it had somewhat deranged his poise. Now he derived mild gratification from her meek flight.

As he sat smoking and surveying the beach, one thought troubled his placidity. It was that Isabel would regard all this as vulgar. The figures that appealed to him as humorous she would pronounce disgusting, the manners of the place she would designate as indecent, the survey of the scene would appear to her unworthy, and participation in it not to be thought of. Isabel in a Venetian bathing suit—ah, no, there are some personal dignities that must permit no compromises. And the Lido, Hugo decided somewhat reluctantly, was for the kiddish.

Sunday was for Hugo a day of short and hasty excursions from the hotel. He wished to be on hand to welcome Isabel when she arrived. But toward evening he changed his mind about this; he

thought perhaps it would be wise at that juncture not to appear. Hot and tired, she might be in no mood for a pleasantry—which would probably be her first conception of his pursuit from America.

For a lira Hugo had bought a ticket for the lottery to be drawn in the Piazza of St. Mark that evening. So, after dinner, as Isabel had not yet arrived, he betook himself to the Piazza.

The full moon, rising above the Palace of the Doges, shone upon the marble-paved square. From the three lofty flagstuffs in front of St. Mark's the warm south wind fluttered the Venetian banners. The old gray palaces enclosing the Piazza were brightly lighted; spectators sat in the upper windows. The seats at the café tables in the arcade and out in the open square were all occupied; here and there speculators were planting and guarding camp-stools and shouting "*Sédie! Sédie!*" In the center of the Piazza had been built a pavilion where the drawings were to be made; at intervals were small platforms from which the results were to be announced.

Soldiers and sailors in white duck, handsome dark ladies in muslin dresses, eager-eyed, pleased tourists, prosperous Italian gentlemen with curled black mustaches—and also the poor, the shabby, shawl-clutching, hungry-looking women, the vague, vagabondish old men—all eddied back and forth, sweeping slowly about those who were established in chairs. The front of St. Mark's shone with tawny splendor, the gilded horses over the portal reflected a soft brilliancy, the slate-colored domes were now silvered and beautiful.

In a corner of the Piazza, under an illumination of torches, the band began to play. The crowd thickened. Fewer and farther had grown the cries, "*Sédie! Sédie!*" but midway between the central pavilion and the band Hugo spied and hired a vacant chair. The music ceased; the announcers, old men in red caps,

mounted their platforms and lighted their torches; on the clock-tower at the corner of the Piazza the bronze giants struck nine blows with their hammers upon the bell.

There ensued a hush of expectancy. Then Hugo saw exhibited from the pavilion the number 31. "*Trentuno!*" cried the old man whose torch flared a few feet from where Hugo sat.

Hugo examined his ticket. The numbers on it were as follows:

37	18	26	43	84
7	13	29	74	68

The second number exhibited was 23. Hugo, abandoning hope, dropped his ticket.

"Monsieur, do not throw it away." Turning, he beheld the ubiquitous young Venetian lady. She had recovered his ticket and was holding it out to him. "This is but the first drawing—for a little prize. Perhaps you will win the great one."

"If there's still any merit in it, please keep it," said Hugo.

"Oh, that would be bad luck. I have my little ticket; I will win something."

There was a cheer from the vicinity of the pavilion; the old man in the red cap shouted "*Ventotto!*" and burned red fire in a tin pan. Wherever the announcers stood there flared up red fire. The girl who had given Hugo back his ticket stood on tiptoe; Hugo did likewise, and had a glimpse of a lady in a white dress and a large black hat and of a little bareheaded girl with a red ribbon on her braid ascending the steps of the pavilion. People cheered and clapped and whistled, and when, after a moment's seclusion within the pavilion, the winners reappeared, people cheered and clapped and whistled again. The girl sat down; Hugo moved his chair round beside her. She seemed quite alone.

"I don't understand the method," said Hugo.

So while the band played she explained it to him. There were prizes

THE YOUNG GIRL, WHO HAD SO NOISILY SET DOWN HER STOOL,
BLUSHED AND MURMURED, "PARDON, MONSIEUR"

ranging from three hundred lire to five hundred, and finally there was one grand prize of two thousand lire. The drawing that had just been made was for the first three numbers on the ticket; the next would be for the next three; the third would be for the last four. Then there would be a drawing for the first five numbers, and another for the second five. And finally there would be a drawing of ten numbers, and whoever possessed the ticket on which there was that sequence would win the grand prize.

"Two thousand lire—four hundred dollars," Hugo remarked.

"Dollars! You are American?"

"Yes. All strangers here are Americans, aren't they?"

"Not all. I am French."

"You are not a Venetian?"

"For two months only. I do not know how much longer." She spoke with some sadness.

"I admired the work you were doing yesterday morning," said Hugo.

"In the Accademia—or by the canal, Monsieur?"

"Both. But I was thinking of the picture."

"Ah, you should not have admired that. In that room, Monsieur! You should not even have seen it."

"You must remember—you called my attention to it."

"Ah, yes—so clumsy as I was. And I was sorry, too. For you were so entranced! Your face was quite right—quite right, Monsieur. Truly, now—it was as the face of St. Mark in the *Assumption*. You looked—as one should, when looking at that picture."

The music ceased; the murmur of awakening excitement rose.

"This, perhaps, will come to one of us," said the girl.

But fortune smiled on neither of them.

"Well," said Hugo, after the award had been made, "the winners that time looked as if they needed the money."

"Perhaps it is bad that the poor

should ever win. It makes the other poor so discontented. I am discontented already. No, but I am serious—" for Hugo had begun to laugh. "Was I unkind to you in the water, Monsieur? I did appreciate your anxiousness—believe me. But I wished to be alone. I had some troubles, and it seemed to me when I swam out and out I left them behind. You forgive me, then, Monsieur?"

"I forgave you when you mocked my countrywoman," said Hugo.

"Silly as I was! I felt much shame, very much, when I saw you looking at me, Monsieur."

Hugo looked at her again, suspiciously. Perhaps the young person was not so transparently ingenuous after all. When she had compared him to St. Mark, it had made him stiffen up a bit; that was going it rather strong, he thought. And now to be told baldly that he had caused her such agitation! But the look into her face dispelled all doubt. Innocence and inexperience dwelt in her large eyes and on her gentle lips. And suddenly it struck Hugo as appalling that she should be so confiding and so unattached.

"What are you doing here all alone?" he demanded.

"Does Monsieur reproach one who is alone?" she asked wistfully. "May there be no amusement for a woman as well as for a man?"

"A man may take more chances."

"Monsieur, I do not take what you call chances."

"Well—" Hugo began, but she interrupted him by starting to her feet and crying:

"Monsieur! It is my number! See, Monsieur!"

The number 75 was hung out on the pavilion, and the girl held up her ticket, with brilliant, excited eyes.

"Oh, Monsieur!" she murmured. "If I should win!"

Hugo wondered at such intensity of hope. She waited with eyes fixed on the

pavilion, rigid with eagerness. The number 43 was displayed.

"It is not mine, Monsieur."

There was the deadness of despair in her voice. Her depression seemed to Hugo unworthy. The rose-trimmed hat, round which was drawn a white veil, the white muslin dress, the white embroidered jacket, and the white shoes—these indicated a command of some resources. He wondered if she could be avaricious.

"And shall you really be disappointed if you don't win?" he asked.

"Ah, Monsieur, I care nothing about the grand prize. But if only I might have a little one! I will tell you; then you will not think ill of me. I come from Paris. I had only my father. He was a journalist; he taught me—English, Italian; he thought I would be a painter. But he was poor, he had bad fortune, he died—three years ago. Five hundreds francs a year he left me. Two years I won a scholarship in a school of art. Then I designed advertisements, then pictures for post-cards; and they told me to go to Venice and make more pictures for post-cards. It was long since I had had so much money; and there seemed much more coming in. I bought clothes—I am very fond of clothes. In Venice I live in a cheap little *pension*, with very kind, very poor people. But soon my work is not longer desired. It is something else the people want. I try to sell some sketches in the shops—but I have no success. The people I live with are very kind; I explain to them, and they do not press me for money. I help them as I can; I take some care of the little ones, and in other ways. And I copy for the mother the Bellini; she desires a holy picture; she would count it as some payment. But my money is all gone—the last to buy this little ticket; for if I might win, then I would have paid every one and returned to Paris, where perhaps my cousin—whom I do not like—would take me in until I could again find some work for my support."

"But surely that can be arranged," Hugo exclaimed. "Surely some one would be glad to lend you—"

"No," she interrupted vehemently, though in a low voice, "I will not borrow, I will not beg, Monsieur. I will not. I do not allow the little ones to accept money; I do not accept it myself."

"You need not confuse a loan with a gift," said Hugo. "I think, really, a loan could be arranged."

"Monsieur, do not speak of it. It was a weakness for me to confide all this. I regret it. I will ask you to forget, Monsieur."

The music ended; the announcing of the numbers for the five hundred lire drawing began. But the numbers were not such as to awaken any interest in either Hugo or the girl. The red fire burned for the winners, the band played, the numbers were proclaimed again, and again the red fire burned.

Then every one in the Piazza stood up.

The first number in the drawing for the grand prize was displayed at such an angle that Hugo could not see it. Then the announcer declaimed "*Trentasette!*" and Hugo looked inquiringly at the girl. "Thirty-seven," she said.

He glanced at his ticket. "Why," he exclaimed, "that's my first number!"

She peered at it. "Yes." Again her voice took on excitement. "Perhaps you will win."

When the second number exhibited was turned squarely toward him and he read 18, he said, "How absurd!" And when the next three numbers in succession were 26, 43, 84, he said nothing—though each time the girl, peering at his ticket, excitedly clapped her hands.

"There are probably a lot of others just like mine," Hugo said, after the sixth number, which was 7. "In that way they keep many people stirred up until the last."

"No, Monsieur; I believe that you will win."

"If I do," said Hugo—and just then 13 was displayed—"if I do, remember that you own half the share in this ticket. I threw it away, you recovered it—and yours is a half interest."

"We shall quarrel if you speak so, Monsieur."

"There goes 29," Hugo remarked. "Only two more to come. If I should win—what's the word for thank you?"

"Grazie tante. Mille grazie."

"Seventy-four; I begin to believe in this. If they put up 68 next, will you wait here for me? We shall have to celebrate my good fortune."

"I will congratulate you upon it, Monsieur. See, there it is!"

"I can't see it!" Hugo exclaimed. And then the announcer shouted "*Sessantotto!*" twice and lighted his red fire.

"Sixty-eight! Sixty-eight!" cried the girl. "It's yours, Monsieur—yours!"

"You will wait here—please!" Hugo entreated.

She hesitated.

"You can not trust me—even though I look like St. Mark?"

"Ah, when you look so!" She smiled. "Yes, I will wait."

As he moved toward the pavilion the crowd recognized him as the winner and began to make way for him, to clap and to applaud. Then he took off his hat, laughing, and waved it right and left, and that delighted every one. They were burning more red fire for him than for his predecessors; the whole front of St. Mark's glowed smokily with the red flame—touched off on both sides of the portico and above on the gallery behind the four horses. From the roof of the clock-tower rose an answering flare.

A short distance from the pavilion Hugo heard the cry, "Well, upon my word! Hugo!"

There at his right, behind a row of smiling Venetians, he beheld Isabel, tall, beautiful and shocked. Beside her stood her mother and her father, shocked. All three stared at him with astonishment—

and displeasure. He remembered that on no two topics did this austere family hold such firm convictions as on the preservation of the Sabbath and on gambling. Nevertheless he waved his hat and cried, "Hello, Isabel! Be with you in a moment." Then he passed up the steps.

When he emerged there was a still wilder demonstration. Men waved their hats, women their hands, their handkerchiefs; all were crying out something; it was very bewildering. Hugo stopped and looked down; he understood that they were shouting congratulations. So he shouted, "*Grazie tante! Mille grazie!*" and when it seemed as if their satisfaction over that utterance was inextinguishable, he cried, "*Bella Venezia! Pro bono publico! Bella Venezia!*" Out of the hilarious response evoked by this sentiment there floated up from some unknown source the friendly, intelligible cry, "You're all right, old man!"

He came down, and while men clapped him on the back and ladies squeezed his arm, he struggled through to Isabel. She gave him an indifferent hand.

"Well," she said, "you are the most unexpected person! Why didn't you tell me you were coming over? I'm glad to see you—though I must say I can't congratulate you."

"No; not upon winning a lottery on the Sabbath," said Isabel's father.

"I've all the congratulations I can take care of," Hugo replied, with reckless impudence. "You've just arrived?"

"Yes; this evening. How did you happen to come over, Hugo?"

"I'll tell you that to-morrow; it's quite a story; I must rush to an appointment now; very sorry."

"An appointment! You can break that surely, now that you have found us!"

"I'm sorry; it's important. But to-morrow— Good night."

He pressed through the dispersing throng to the place where the French

ISABEL PASSED CALM, DELIBERATE EYES OVER HUGO AND THE GIRL

girl was waiting. She offered him her hand.

"Now I congratulate you, Monsieur," she said, "and now I will go home."

"But first supper at the Quadri. No? Then at least a row on the canal. I have something which it concerns you to hear—something important, truly."

"For half an hour, if you wish, Monsieur."

Out in the middle of the wide-spreading canal, midway between the Molo and San Giorgio Maggiore, floated an illuminated barque, festooned with lanterns. Around it was grouped a little listening fleet; the strains of the violins, the voices of the singers sounded gay across the water. Gently the gondolier slid his craft alongside the outermost one of the fleet. The chorus was from *Cavalleria Rusticana*; the two violinists, the girl at the small piano, and the girl with the tambourine were all playing with great exhilaration; the singing, led by a tall man in a black slouch hat, was fiery and exhilarated. The fleet of gondolas nodded placidly over the mild waves and purred against one another's sides.

Hugo lay back and meditated. He must overpower the girl's needlessly ascetic scruples and prevail on her to accept a division of the prize money.

He offered her a cigarette; that she accepted. As they reclined side by side, smoking in silence, Hugo looked across at the Palace of the Doges—with its façade on which there was now a tint of pale gold, with its double tier of columns that glistened like ivory. Then his view was interrupted; a gondola came bumping gently alongside.

"Isabel!" he exclaimed. He raised himself to speak.

Isabel passed calm, deliberate eyes over Hugo and the girl.

"Not here," said Isabel to the gondolier. "Go on, please." As the gondola moved by she looked away; her parents, however, looked at Hugo with outraged eyes.

The French girl had noticed nothing; she had been gazing dreamily at the illuminated barge. Now she tossed away her cigarette and began to hum gently the air from *Don Giovanni* for which the pianist had struck the opening chords.

It was the duet—Zerlina's voice was swelling from shy confession of love to joyous, triumphant declaration. The girl hummed the air; and it was that low undertone rather than the melodious voices of the singers that charmed the irony from Hugo's eyes. He turned his head and looked at her, while she was unconscious of his glance. Under the wide-brimmed, white-veiled hat her face was sweet with the emotion of the song. A soft, responsive, human little creature, whose hard struggle for life had not robbed her of youthful freshness and gaiety or weakened her devotion to her ideals or flattened all her buoyancy; a pliable, gentle little girl, who had a conscience, too—though not a Calvinistic one—and steered her humble course by it—by it and by her instincts, which were true. Hugo looked at her with a tender compassion and respect.

The song was ended; the tall man in the black slouch hat clambered from gondola to gondola, making his collection.

"And now," said the girl, "I think I must go home, Monsieur, if you please."

"Then if you will be good enough to direct the gondolier—" said Hugo. "But ask him to go slowly."

In front of the palace that tradition assigns to Desdemona Hugo spoke.

"What a place for a honeymoon! Do you understand that English word—honeymoon?"

"Oh, yes. It is how most young men and young ladies come to Venice."

"It is on a honeymoon that I should like to stay in Venice. If you would agree, it might begin to-night—to-morrow—"

Silence fell between them.

"Monsieur—Monsieur!" First her voice quivered, and then her lips. "Ah, I did not think *you*, Monsieur—I trusted you—" She stopped, choking back a sob.

"But I mean it, my dear," Hugo said, in a low voice. "I love you; I ask you to marry me—to-night, to-morrow, a year from now, whenever you are convinced. What if I have known you but a day! I have seen you at work and at play; I know you as you are in adversity and in gaiety; I know you as you are in your kindness to little children and to helpless strangers. I know what your ideals are, what your tastes are, what your spirits are. I look at you and I know what *you* are—I know all that I need to know. As for me—you know nothing whatever. But you have done me the honor to comment on my resemblance to St. Mark—and your noticing that resemblance, which was never pointed out to me before, makes me hope that the keenness of your insight more than compensates for the insufficiency of my personal revelation, and has disclosed to you a nature as spiritual as the face it wears."

He paused for breath, and heard a pathetic, frightened, sobbing little laugh.

"I am a lawyer with a fair practice, some money, and three married sisters, who have long been urging me to marry. They would be delighted; do not disappoint them. You would not, I am sure, if you knew how very nice, how very charming and deserving they are. And I will let you paint just as much as you please. I will put every picture you paint into a gold frame and hang it in the drawing-room. The house shall be yours to decorate like the Sistine Chapel. I will pose for you as St. Mark at any time. I will study Ruskin and become a helpful critic of your work. I will furnish appreciation and inspiration. I will make any promise you ask—and keep it, too. For to-night I know that you are worth everything else in the world to me—so don't make everything else in the

world worthless to me. Don't I convince you? Can't you believe me? Surely you can't resist all this. Or if you do—at least you can't resist that beautiful, persuasive moon. Look, dear, look at it—the beautiful, beguiling moon, looking right down at you, speaking to you—look at that moon and then—look at me."

He was sitting up, pointing at the moon, pouring his eloquence down upon her as she lay, pale, trembling, with her lips quivering. She followed the direction of his finger; she gazed over her shoulder at the full moon, and then lingeringly at the campanile of San Giorgio Maggiore and at the Salute, white among the palaces. And then slowly she brought her eyes round to his.

"But, Monsieur, Monsieur," she said, in a voice that trembled, hesitated, and was very sweet, "I do not even know your name."

The next day Isabel was coming down the corridor of the hotel when Hugo, accompanied by a young woman, entered.

"Isabel," said Hugo. He was obliged to repeat: "Isabel! We're announcing our engagement. Won't you let me present the lady who is to be my wife?"

Isabel stopped, gave him a hard, unbelieving look; then a slow flush came over her face. But she never failed in composure. She greeted the girl with dignity. She said to Hugo: "You are certainly the most unexpected person."

"Yes," said the girl shyly. And she added, with a ripple of laughter for Hugo: "It made me very fond of him—when he was most unexpected. He will surprise me always, no doubt. But I feel it will always be a pleasant surprise."

"Oh, always," said Isabel. "And in America perhaps we shall learn to know each other, you and I. I am leaving Venice to-day."

She walked forward, and, standing on the balcony, looked across the canal at Santa Maria della Salute, through an unhappy mist of tears.

OUR OWN TIMES

JUSTICE BREWER ON EXTRA-JUDICIAL QUESTIONS—THE BIGGEST FINE IN HISTORY—THE DES MOINES CITY CHARTER—THE VANISHING FORESTS—THE DISTASTE FOR ARMY SERVICE—THE PITTSBURG CORONER'S LOG—OUR PROGRESSIVE DEGRADATION—PITY THE POOR JUROR—THE PUBLIC LAND THIEVES—THE INEVITABLE JAPANESE

JUSTICE Brewer lifts up his voice for the right of the United States courts to suspend state statutes—embalm them, Attorney-General Hadley, of Missouri, calls it—while the matter of their effect on property rights is being determined through the circumlocution office of chancery proceedings. It is a legal matter, in which the eminent justice is quite likely to be correct. If so, the remedy against railway abuses—conceding they exist—is likely to tax the patience of the people to find. The eminent justice, however, passed on from legal matters into a field where ordinary minds may follow him—the field of investment. "Taking the earnings, and the money invested in railroads as a whole," said he, "and there is not a fair return on the money invested." How does Justice Brewer know this? Is not this the very point at issue in the whole subject of rate regulation? Would it not be in better taste for justices of the supreme court to hold their tongues on matters so very likely to come before them in their judicial capacity? The claim will be made before the courts that much of the so-called investment in railway securities is not investment in railways at all, but purchases of Wall Street blue sky, flotation fallacy, financial foam, monetary moonshine. We may now take it for granted that, in Justice Brewer's opinion, the people must be held in perpetuity to pay dividends on their stuff. We should have felt better about it if we could have had the opinion at the end of the litigation, instead of at its beginning.

TO our magnificent national collection of the "biggest things on earth" we can now add the great Twenty-Nine-Million-Dollar Fine. In all the history of jurisprudence, or imprudence, from the court of Solomon down to the court of last resort, there is no fine like this. It breaks all court records and sets a new mark—a new dollar mark—that is likely to stand for a long time.

Judge Landis, by the imposition of this

fine, gave, all unconsciously, a fresh expression of the American spirit—vast, unkempt and unafraid. There is nothing small about us. In our varicose veins flows the blood of all the Barnums. And so we rejoice in this latest addition to our stupendous aggregation of things gigantic.

To the average man who is in the habit of getting his "eleven dollars and costs" on a Monday morning there is something humorous in being "soaked" for twenty-nine millions. He realizes if Mr. Rockefeller can neither "stay" nor "pay" his fine that it will take him seven thousand years to "lay" it out. And that's a long time on the stone pile.

Mr. Rockefeller himself proves his real Americanism by seeing the humor of the situation and by being able to get from it a lesson with a general application. On next Sunday morning, it is said, he will talk to his Bible class—the biggest, we believe, in the United States—on The Moral Value of Little Things, using for his text the old adage, "Large fines from little rebates grow."

Judge Landis, on the other hand, believes that oil men were created evil, and that to the maximum trust belongs the maximum fine. He has certainly done his work well, for, no matter what the Supreme Court may one day declare, rebating is hardly likely to be displayed among the popular fall styles.

IOWA has been called the "New England of the West," and Des Moines is its political and intellectual capital. It is noteworthy, therefore, that Des Moines has adopted a city charter of that advanced, progressive, radical sort which we associate with Swiss or Australasian politics, and that an Iowa legislature has passed the act allowing Des Moines and other Iowa cities to do so. The Des Moines plan will go into effect next spring, and is perhaps the most important political topic of the time. Reform of city charters goes to the bottom of things in America; and the Des Moines plan leads the

procession of charter reform. It grows out of the celebrated Galveston scheme of government by commission; but it grafts on that bureaucratic plan the fundamental democracy of the full initiative and referendum. It carries direct legislation to its logical end, too, in permitting the turning out of office of public servants by vote of the people—"the recall." In that city of eighty thousand people only five public officers will be voted for at city elections. These are four councilmen and a mayor—who is little else but a councilman. These five will appoint all administrative and executive officers, down to street sweepers. All employes will be under civil service rules, except heads of departments. The five councilmen will get good salaries and will devote their time to the city's service. The city may acquire any or all of its public utilities. Elections may be called at any time on proper petition to adopt or defeat legislation passed by the council or to initiate measures which the council refuses to pass. The plan is the most advanced yet adopted in America in its concentration of power and responsibility in few hands, and its accompanying trust in the people at large. It is the old town meeting applied to a rather large city—perhaps that is why it was acceptable to the "New England of the West." The working of the plan will be watched with interest by the entire country.

THE way we are slaughtering our trees and bankrupting our forests is shocking to contemplate. The trees we cut average one hundred and fifty years of age. We are sawing four hundred board feet per capita annually, and the cut is increasing faster than is population. We are destroying trees from three to four times as fast as they are growing. There are no great bodies of the staple woods to which we can turn when ours are gone—except in Canada, where the home demand is growing tremendously. The outlook is gloomy and depressing. Nevertheless, it is not hopeless. One hundred and fifty years ago Germany was in just such woeful case as we are now. She went on cutting and sawing until the lack of wood became acute. Then came an era of vigorous forest policy, the underlying principle of which was the cutting of no more than the annual growth. In seventy years this policy resulted in an increase of the annual cut of Saxony of fifty per cent., which is still increasing by about one-third of one per cent. annually. Following centuries of decreasing yield, this is a great achievement. In Prussia the forest management has increased the production per acre threefold since 1830. This is a triumph. The forests of Germany cover fifteen million acres, which bring in an annual net revenue of two dollars and forty cents an acre, or five per cent. interest on

KENESAW M. LANDIS AT BURT LAKE
Judge of the Circuit Court of the United States, Seventh District

Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

This photograph of the richest man in the world was made during his visit to Chicago to face inquiry into Standard Oil secrets. Rockefeller is reported as saying merrily that "Judge Landis will be a long time dead before that fine is collected." The case goes to the United States Court of Appeals in October and will probably go to the Supreme Court in January, 1906.

fifty dollars. As most of the land is not fit for agriculture, these figures seem to show pretty plainly that forestry pays. One reason why more men do not go into the business is that few feel like waiting a hundred and fifty years for their first crop. The deduction obviously is that the states and the federal government, having allowed the great woods to be devastated, must now see to their restoration.

SECRETARY Taft has decided that the trouble with our army is that there is not enough of it. On the other hand, the military officers hold that low wages, too many forced marches and ordinary food make the service unattractive to the very class of men they would like to see enlisted. General Funston asserts that a first-class plumber or plasterer in California makes as much money as an army captain, and it is a well-known

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS, LITT. D. (Oxon. 1907)

Since his reception of the degree of Doctor of Letters, conferred by Oxford University, England, the above is the "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" title of the great humorist whom all the English-speaking race knows and loves as "Mark Twain"

fact that artillerists and signal service men seldom re-enlist, as their grade of intelligence and skill command much better pay than they can get in the service.

Wages are so high in private life, even in some unskilled forms of labor, that thirteen dollars per month has few attractions for a man looking for work, especially when it is accompanied by the most ordinary food,

strict discipline, long and exhausting summer maneuvers, and practically no chance of advancement. It means, among other things, that if the enlisted man has a family, he must live in squalid poverty; the wife working in her way, and often beyond her strength, and the hutch-like house, known as the "married men's quarters," being but a shameful apology for a home.

NEW YORK CITY'S NEW POSTMASTER

Mr. E. M. Morgan, who has been in every department of the postal service of New York, beginning as letter carrier

United to all this there may be—and it is to be hoped that there is—an increasing distaste for the military profession as such. Men are finding, in these highly developed times, better exercise for their powers than killing. The French regiment from the Midi refused, not long since, to fire upon their brothers of the same section, those armed men of the vineyard, whose pathetic protest was construed into rebellion. As the sense of brotherhood spreads in the world, as it inevitably will, the spirit of the disgraced yet still honorable Seventeenth Regiment of Infantry will, it is to be hoped, grow like a happy contagion.

THERE are a good many phases to Pittsburgh's gathering riches—her brilliant industrial supremacy—and one of these is the coroner's log book, in which is recorded the list of violent deaths. When this book was closed for 1906 there were noted in it two thousand six hundred and sixty deaths. Of these nine hundred and nineteen were the result of accident in mill, mine or on railroad. Each marked the grim relentlessness of these iron industries. When to this

number was added the deaths occurring indirectly from the same causes, the total was sufficient to make more than fifty per cent. of all violent deaths the cost in human life of the steel made in Pittsburg for 1906.

The record for the present year promises to be even more appalling. One thousand and ninety-five deaths have, in five months, been recorded in the coroner's log, and of these three hundred and forty-four came violently in mills, mines and on railroads. Thus the average number of deaths reported to the coroner each month is about two hundred and fifty, fifty per cent. of which are directly or indirectly traceable to the industries by which Pittsburg makes the millions that it spends, now with magnificent disinterestedness and imagination, now with colossal selfishness and vulgarity. No other city in the world, it is said, approaches this ghastly record. The smoke columns that make mysterious the Pittsburg sky, with every imaginable shade of gray, copper, violet and rose, arise, it would seem, from funeral pyres, forever blazing with their victims, and it is not to be denied that there lies something in the instinct of man that cries out that these slaughtered workers should be avenged—not by human law, perhaps, but by the inexorable workings of destiny.

PROFESSOR John R. Commons, in his new book "Races and Immigrants in America," gives the thought of one who studies sociology through observation. His suggestions of reasons why immigrants come to us compel thought on the question of America's "welcome to all the world" and the "great magnet of democracy." "The desire to get cheap labor," says he, "to take in passenger fares and to sell land have probably brought more immigrants than the hard conditions of Europe, Asia and Africa have sent." Not the immigrants' thirst for freedom, but the struggle of the labor unions and greed of our employing classes are the chief factors. The backward races would scarcely have commenced their invasion of America unless stimulated to their migration by the American itch for dollars. As our laboring classes present a stronger and stronger front for higher wages, or better conditions, or shorter hours, organized capital substitutes for each nationality that is

merged with union labor, or Americanized to higher demands, a lower and more backward type of laborer. This means a progressive degradation of our people, unless the newcomers are educated and developed up to the high standard of those whose places they come to take, or unless we fix a standard of admission which will cut off the stream from Central Europe, Asia, and world-slums generally. We have the right to close our doors on the undesirable. To say this is only to assert the right of national self-preservation. This nation can not maintain itself as America with millions of ryots and coolies adding their multiplying numbers to our millions of negroes.

THE proposal of Judge Kavanagh, of Chicago, that jurors be well cared for, appears to be meeting with favor. The Chicago jurist does not believe in the rules of the old English law, which permitted the jury neither meat, drink nor candle from the time they passed from the judge's instructions till they reached a decision. While such austerity has long been mitigated, still, up to the present time, it has been usual for juries to sleep in their chairs during the hours of the long night watches, and to eat poorly prepared and often cold food, handed to them through the locked doors, and eaten amid the most unappetizing surroundings. An irascible man or an obstinate one has his objectionable qualities accentuated by such treatment. A calm, reasonable and fair decision is almost impossible to a very hungry man, or an ill-fed or sleepy one. The long-married woman is scrupulous to see that her husband is well fed before she confesses to the disappointments of the day, or asks a favor; and the offender against those laws which the common man considers the bulwark of his own independence need hope for little mercy from a fagged, irritable, sleep-tormented and hunger-beset jury.

Quite aside from this phase of the question, however, it is to be remembered that a juror—though often he does not look it—is performing the highest function which falls to the lot of the private citizen. His responsibility is great, and much is expected of him. The dignity of his service demands, therefore, that he be treated with respect and consideration. He should have a proper amount of sleep in a good bed in a well-

ventilated room, be given his bath and his food, and then, refreshed and unconscious of self, he can devote his full and undivided attention to the question upon which he has been asked to sit.

SINCE the Whisky Ring, in the disgraceful days of Grant's administration, there has never been so bold and so shameless a gang of plunderers as the public land thieves of to-day. Though there have been many exposures of wrong-doing on the part of this able company of conspirators, and though the revelations have implicated some public men, yet the proportion of convictions, in spite of incriminating and almost indubitable evidence, has been disgracefully small.

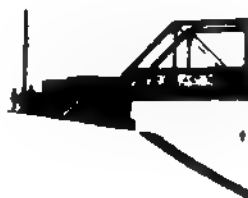
There is a growing feeling that the coöperation between the interior department and the office of the attorney general is not what it might be, and that the latter has for some of his assistants incompetent prosecuting officers. What is needed by the attorney general is a few more men like Heney, of San Francisco, and Hooley, of Missouri.

It was prophesied that Mr. Garfield would not prove so active and implacable a public officer as his predecessor, but this may have been a misjudgment. The new secretary has before him a task calling for astuteness as well as political courage. Some of the most influential senators and representatives from the western states are champions of those

who are trying to overturn the laws passed to protect the common people and who are throwing every possible obstacle in the way of those laws' enforcement. With the connivance of powerful influences in the house and the senate these men are undermining the land and forestry laws in such a manner as to pave the way for iron-bound trusts to monopolize the public domain and to destroy wantonly the people's heritage of timber.

THOSE who fail to thrill when some ancient member of the army or navy retired list utters a cracked and quavering war-cry and rallies us to the colors to repel the oncoming army and navy of Japan may well consider the sort of foe Japan really is. The fate of the great and unique marble pagoda of Seoul throws a flood of light on this. This beautiful shrine was originally thirteen

stories high. This fact, taken in connection with its having in large measure been built on Friday, may be significant, but we pass to the main point. Three hundred years ago the Japanese under Hideyoshi invaded Korea and began to steal the pagoda. Something interrupted them when they had removed three or four stories, and the job was suspended until since the war with Russia. It is ominously suggestive of the natural Yankeeism of the Nipponese that, in absolute violation of Mongolian methods, they stole the upper stories first. Chinese despoilers would have removed the foundation and left the roof suspended in air. This, however, is immaterial. Viscount Tanaka, of the present imperial household, is said to have mentioned the incompleteness of the transfer to the king of Korea, and been snubbed by the king's failure to see the



Photograph by "Topical London"

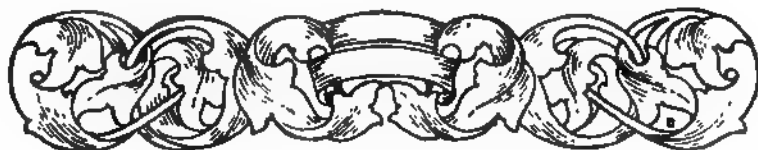
THE FIRST RACE TRACK ESPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR AUTOMOBILE RACING

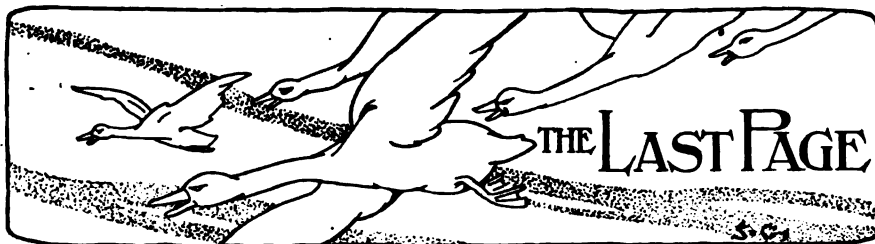
Built at Weybridge, England, at a cost of a half-million dollars. The track is an oval, three and one-quarter miles long, built of concrete, ninety feet in width, and so banked at the turns as to be perfectly safe for a car traveling at a speed of ninety miles an hour. The car shown in the above photograph, driven by S. F. Edge, opened the track with a record of ten miles in six minutes, fourteen seconds.

ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO, THE BEARER OF THE OLIVE BRANCH FROM JAPAN

point. Standing squarely upon the sacredness of vested rights, and with all the unselfishness of the white man, who takes up his justly celebrated burden, the viscount sent a gang of men, who took the pagoda apart and removed it to Japan. Thus a great work of Indo-Chinese art will go where it belongs: to him that hath. We may well study the incident. It shows that when the Nipponese go after you, a few hundred years, more or less, are of no consequence; sooner or later they will get you. It proves that the promise to respect the territorial integrity of Korea is to be redeemed—to a reasonable degree, you understand, and subject to the principle that right is made by might. It illustrates the love for art, and all the gentle and kindly things of the spirit that art connotes, in the Japanese. It gives Viscount Tanaka a place beside our

American millionaires, who break the laws of Italy in their thirst for the sweetness and light derived from the possession of bits of Italian art. It shows the thoroughness of Japan; for there is not much doubt that before this reaches its readers we shall be informed that all the pieces of the temple abstracted by Hideyoshi three centuries ago have been filed away and numbered for the occasion, and that all Tanaka has had to do is merely to pull out the dusty blue-prints of the old thirteen-story pagoda and tell the foreman to put it up, and lose no time about it, considering the delay. Mr. Dooley has said that the Japanese are little, and therefore we must be careful what we say to them. This is most true; for, as the pagoda incident shows, they are a terrible people—they are so much like us, and stick to it so much harder.





SONNET—AFTER WORDSWORTH

By WINIFRED ARNOLD

Our friends are too much with us ; late and soon
Chatting and gabbling, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in daylight that is ours ;
We have given our time away, a priceless boon !
Our mornings on committees up till noon ;
Our friends that will be coming at all hours,
Then luncheons, paying visits, teas and "showers,"
And dinners, far from "glimpses of the moon" ;
And still we talk—My faith, I'd rather be
A baby with a tongue as yet unworn ;
Or dumb as any fish that swims the sea ;
So might I *live*, not babble, night and morn ;
Might read my books, and think my thoughts, and see
The good around us, waiting to be born.

TO A PEN

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

Never write that way again,
Naughty Pen !
Terribly you shocked her then,
Naughty Pen,
When you wrote, in language clear,
"You're a darling, you're a dear ;
Honey, how I want you here."—
Naughty Pen !
You are old enough, I know,
Naughty Pen,
Not to cut up capers so,
Naughty Pen.
After this whenever you write,
Start your letters, "Friend Miss Knight,"
Leave the "Darlings" out of sight.
Naughty Pen.
What? You still persist,
Naughty Pen?
Though I hold you in my fist,
Naughty Pen?
Still, I s'pose 'twill have to go
If you really love her so—
I do, too, I guess you know,
Dear old Pen !

INCONVENIENT

Physician—You will be glad to know,
madam, that your husband will almost cer-
tainly recover.

Wife—Oh, dear me, doctor, what shall
I do?

Physician—Why, madam, what do you
mean? Aren't you anxious that your husband
should get well?

Wife (sobbing)—Yes—only, when you
said last week you didn't think he would
live a fortnight, I went and sold all his
clothes.

FRESH

Employer—"See here! I didn't go into
business yesterday."

New Clerk—"Was it this morning, sir?"

FRESHER

Mrs. Fahnstock—"I'm going to discharge
my cook. She is so impertinent."

Mrs. Randall—"Swedes are always impu-
dent."

Mrs. Fahnstock—"Well, she has exceeded
the Swede limit."

THE OCTOBER
READER
TWENTY FIVE CENTS

THE Top-coat is to be popular this fall. When you see
how we make it, you'll understand why.

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good clothes, find our name for what it means to you.

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THE HIRED MAN'S FAITH IN CHILDREN

By James Whitcomb Riley

I believe *all* chhldern's good
Ef they're only *understood*,—
Even *bad* ones, 'pears to me,
'S jes as good as they kin be!

THE READER

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

VOLUME X

OCTOBER, 1907

NUMBER 5

BOTH SIDES OF WALL STREET

THE SOLID FOUNDATIONS OF THE NATION'S FINANCIAL CENTER AND THEIR ABUSE

By A PROMINENT FINANCIER

PART I. A THOROUGHFARE FOR TRADE

"YES, he had a nice business and was making a good living until he got to dabbling in stocks, and now he hasn't a cent in the world. It is the old story: the table takes the money. It is a hard game to beat. Take my advice and keep out of the Street."

Poor old Wall Street, your shoulders need to be broad indeed to stand the adverse criticism which is heaped upon

you. And yet you are no more to blame for the wrecks that line your shores than the broad ocean, upon whose bosom many a man meets disaster simply because he tries to sail without a chart, or, having a chart, sails on unmindful of its warnings.

"The Street" is a generic term applied to a specific location in which is transacted the business of buying and sell-

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ing stocks and bonds. It is not long ago that some one facetiously described Wall Street as a crooked street with a graveyard at one end and a river at the other. Geographically true, and those of us who have survived, not through being the fittest, but through the mere chance of existence, have seen exits made at both doors.

In view of perhaps mistaken impressions which hold in the minds of some people as to the origin, the past history and the present history-making business conducted in this center of activity, it may not be out of place to go back to the latter part of the seventeenth century, when, in a location now approximately that of Wall Street at Pearl, people used to congregate under the trees and deal in an open market, in whatever commodities were offered. A few years later, the business having grown to respectable proportions, there was organized what is now known as the New York Stock Exchange, while others, not affiliated with that established body, continued to deal as before. At about the time of the civil war separate dealings in government securities assumed such important proportions that the dealers therein, together with those who were as yet apart from the New York Stock Exchange organization, were absorbed by the latter; and the business is now executed upon the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, located in the block bounded by Wall, Broad, New Streets and Exchange Place. The original price of membership in this organization was, if memory serves me right, two hundred and fifty dollars, and upon acquiring its first permanent quarters in Williams Street the securities were dealt in "on call"; that is, at certain stated advertised hours of each business day members of the organization who wished to deal met in the room set apart for the purpose, seated themselves in chairs arranged in a semicircle in front of a rostrum, and the securities were "called" alphabetically,

and dealings continued therein until completed. From the fact that the members were seated about the rostrum the term "a seat in the Exchange" has its origin. Spanning the interval of time and bringing the matter up to the present day, these memberships have, during recent months, reached a price of ninety-five thousand dollars. The initiation fee is in addition two thousand dollars, the annual dues one hundred dollars, and upon signing the constitution each member agrees, in event of the death of a fellow member, to contribute the sum of ten dollars to a fund known as the Gratuity Fund, from which his estate is paid a round sum of ten thousand dollars.

The business of purchasing and selling stocks and bonds is conducted in one of three markets: upon the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, upon the floor of the so-called Consolidated Exchange, or in an open market known as "The Curb."

Reversing the order of reference, the "Curb" market consists of an aggregation of men who gather at the curb on Broad Street near Exchange Place, and who deal in securities of any and every nature not usually dealt in upon either of the exchanges.

The Consolidated Exchange, the official name of which is the Consolidated Mining Stock and Petroleum Exchange, takes its name from a consolidation of two bodies formerly dealing separately in the securities above referred to, but is known in the "Street," in contradistinction to the New York Stock Exchange, as the "Little Board." The word "New York" does not precede its official title, but, being located in New York, some members of the "Consolidated" or "Little Board" sometimes use the prefix "N. Y." on their stationery or in their advertisements, for reasons best known to themselves.

As it is more particularly of the New York Stock Exchange and the dealings therein of which I write, let us presume

The New York Stock Exchange building on Broad Street, just south of Wall Street. The statue of Washington in front of the U.S. Sub-Treasury on Wall Street looks toward the Stock Exchange. The office of J. P. Morgan & Company is at the statue's left, just across Wall Street



that a man has a certain amount of money to invest, for which, on deposit in a savings bank, he can obtain at best say three per cent., or from investment in government bonds even less; he can, of course, go to the office of a broker, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, and invest that money in the outright purchase of stocks or bonds of any of the many companies whose securities are listed for dealings on the New York Stock Exchange. Naturally, he buys as largely of the securities as he has money to pay for, and no more. As a return on his investment he relies upon the interest-earning capacity of the bond or on the dividend-earning capacity of the stock, having figured out that the return will be larger than he can obtain from any other source, safety considered. Yet there is an element of speculation which enters into even this transaction, for though he be a statistician and base his opinion upon what he thinks he knows regarding the securities which he has

purchased, his investment is, after all, based upon past history; but his hope is based upon the future, that the securities will either continue to earn what they have in the past, or better, and in event of doing better that they will appreciate rather than depreciate in value. He, therefore, without question, speculates upon the value of the property and upon the ultimate outcome of his investment; but from the fact that he pays dollar for dollar for what he buys, the transaction is known as an "investment" rather than a "speculation."

Assuming that he has a thousand dollars to "invest," but is willing to take a further chance, he may, if he wishes, instead of "paying outright," buy ten times the quantity on a margin of ten points. This, of course, places him in a position where, should the securities decline ten points and he not be in a position to put up more "margin," what he had put up would be wiped out, and the securities would be sold without his or-

SENATOR WILLIAM A. CLARK

Owner of millions made in Montana copper mines, now a resident of New York and a heavy investor in stocks and mining securities handled in that city

WILLIAM CORNELL GREENE

A veteran operator in copper mining securities. He controls the Greene Consolidated Copper Company, said to have the largest copper-smelting plant in the world

der, but for his account; and any difference against him would be collectible from him. This latter transaction is known as "dealing on a margin," and is, of course, much more attractive to the average person who wishes to do business in Wall Street, from the standpoint that while the risk is greater only in event of his not being able to protect it by further margin or to pay the entire cost price for it, there is at the same time an attractive side to it, in that if the market does go his way he makes ten times as much as he would otherwise. This is the rock upon which are wrecked most of the frail craft that sail the waters of Wall Street. While it is

entirely legitimate to purchase securities on margin, it is a habit in which none should indulge if unprepared to take care of himself in event of accident or necessity, by the outright purchase of the securities in question.

A baker using a thousand barrels of flour a week, having scanned the wheat market and arrived at the determination that wheat is going higher, is perfectly justified in contracting with the mill for a supply to cover a period of six months, to be paid for, or on whatever terms may be mutually acceptable. Here is a man in a legitimate business really "buying on a margin." His purchase is purely speculative because based on his personal belief that he can buy a supply of flour to cover his requirements for six months at a lower figure to-day than he can this

day week. Therefore, speculation in Wall Street along similar lines, based on one's belief in the ultimate value of a property, is a perfectly legitimate proposition. The only thing to be avoided

is the biting off of more than one can chew, so to speak; and it is in the hands of the public whether it will conduct its speculative business on safe or unsafe lines. While stocks may be bought outright and paid for wholly or carried on margin, with the idea in mind that the time will come when they may be sold for more than has been paid for them, and which transaction is known as "going long" of the market, so there is another side to specu-

lation known as "going short" of the market. It is simply based on the reverse opinion that a stock will sell at a lower price before it goes higher. If stock is bought outright, the certificate of stock is usually transferred to the purchaser's name, and, upon delivery, he exchanges his money for a piece of paper known as a certificate of stock, which he puts away in his safe deposit box. If, however, he buys on a margin he naturally can not obtain possession of the certificate of stock, because he has only put up, we will say, a ten-point margin, or one thousand dollars per hundred shares, that being the usual margin required by reputable brokerage houses on all transactions executed on margin; that is, ten per cent. of the par value, not of the selling price.

"FRITZ" AUGUSTUS HEINZE

The "Young Napoleon of Finance," who defeated H. H. Rogers, W. G. Rockefeller and James Stillman in a bitter fight for Montana copper mining properties

ELIAS CORNELIUS BENEDICT

Banker and stock broker, making a specialty of gas stocks. A close friend of Cleveland during his presidency

In other words, this is a margin of safety, protecting the broker against a possible ten-point decline in the stock, with the understanding that should it decline to a point which nearly exhausts the margin the customer has the right to protect himself by adding to his margin. Or when the margin is exhausted and the customer can not add to it, the broker has the right under the law to protect himself by selling the stock for the account of the customer. All stock transactions made to-day, we will say, and on the usual terms, are consummated to-morrow; that is, the day following, unless a Sunday or holiday intervenes, and the actual certificates of stock are delivered by the seller to the buyer, both members, of course, of the New York Stock Exchange, the buyer paying the full purchase price therefor. For instance, if a stock be bought at eighty and three-eighths, the buyer, the broker for the customer, must pay to the seller, the broker for some other customer, \$8,037.50 upon the tender of such

certificate of stock prior to 2:15 P. M. on the next business day following the date of the transaction. The broker who has executed the order for the customer to buy this hundred shares of stock at eighty and three-eighths, charges the customer's account with it and in addition, with a commission of one-eighth of one per cent. of the par value, \$12.50, making the debit \$8,050. Presuming that the customer has "put up" a margin of ten per cent., or a thousand dollars, the net debit to his account stands at \$7,050, upon which the broker charges his customer six per cent. interest, borrowing the money represented by the difference between what the customer puts up and the price which he has to pay for the stock, at a rate usually below six per cent., and on which transaction he makes a profit of interest as well as his commission for the execution of the work. It is agreed between the customer and the broker that the certificate of stock shall remain in the possession of the broker, and that he is privileged to borrow money thereon for account of his customer. On the floor of the New York Stock Exchange is a point known as "the loan crowd," where money is offered to be loaned, and where brokers go and borrow it of individuals, firms, banks, trust companies and kindred institutions. All this has reference to the long side of the market, or the buying of stocks; but where a customer feels that a stock is selling at a price higher than is warranted by its intrinsic value, and that for reasons best known to himself or based upon ideas which he has, or possibly from so-called "inside information," the stock will sell lower to-morrow than it is selling to-day, he is equally privileged to "go short" of the market; that is, to sell in hopes of buying back cheaper. He therefore goes to his broker and tells him that he wants to sell so many shares of a certain stock and the broker sells it, either endeavoring to obtain a given figure set by the customer,

or, if the latter tells him to "sell at the market," disposing of it at the best available price. The customer is then "short"; that is, he has sold something which he does not possess, but as the broker can borrow money on certificates of stock, so can he also borrow certificates of stock for money. He goes into the "Stock Loan department" and expresses a desire to borrow so many shares of such and such a stock, and it is loaned to him very readily and legitimately by some broker who has the stock in his office as the result of purchase by a customer who is "long," that is, one who believes it is going up before it goes down.

There is much to be said about the "long" and the "short" sides of the market. If a man *buys* stocks, of this much he is sure: the property can not be "wiped out"; to protect himself against positive loss all he has to do is to buy it in its entirety, have the certificate transferred into his name, and lock it up in his box. No one can then legitimately get it away from him. Whereas, if a man goes short of the market there is, of course, no limit to which the stock may not be "bolstered" in price, as evidenced by "corners" so called, which have occurred from time to time in certain stocks. One of the most celebrated of these corners was in Northern Pacific Preferred a few years ago, when the stock rose from about one hundred dollars to one thousand dollars per share in a very few minutes. So, while the long side of the market is the safer, the short side is frequently the most attractive, because bad news travels quickly, and no one can tell what may happen overnight, detrimental to stock interests in general if to no one stock in particular. It is for this reason that the short side of the market appeals very strongly to the purely speculative fraternity. These are strenuous times and we are most of us seeking the same goal, worshipping the same god, Riches. And it seems so easy to the outsider to

CHARLES RANLETT FLINT

Merchant and banker. Has assisted the government in negotiating for war vessels

become a millionaire, as others are known to have become through speculation in Wall Street, that it is very difficult to resist the temptation to buy stocks on a margin. Therefore "the public" as a class is usually on the "long" or buying side of the market.

Of course, were every transaction, as evidenced by official quotations on the tape, an absolutely legitimate transaction based upon the legitimate outcome of the law of supply and demand, were "manipulation" absolutely absent and were everybody absolutely straightforward, the proposition would be a very different one. Unfortunately insurance circles can not claim a monopoly of peculiar transactions. All securities dealt in upon the floor of the New York Stock Exchange known as "listed securities" are so called as a result of the following methods of procedure: A corporation issues certain bonds and stock and, desiring to establish a market for them, applies to the New York Stock Exchange to have them "listed"; or, in other words, of-

ferred there for purchase or sale by those who care to deal in them. A subcommittee of the governing committee of the New York Stock Exchange receives the report of the company making the application, investigates the proposition from start to finish, and determines whether or not the securities are worthy. It is presumed that a majority of the securities of the company making the application are held by "insiders"; that is, those who are connected with the company and have financed it, and for whose financial backing or "underwriting" certain bonds and stocks have been issued to them dollar for dollar, and, in addition, certain other shares of stock as a bonus for their services. Naturally, these insiders want to turn into money the stock received as a bonus, and, if possible, also that for which they have paid dollar for dollar, provided they can get more out of the sale than they put into the purchase. If everything appears to be perfectly straight and legitimate the securities are admitted to dealings on the exchange, and an "opening price" is established, based on the financial statement of the company. It very frequently happens that a false market is at once established because no real demand is evidenced, and thus the innocent public is loaded up at rising prices. This is accomplished in the following manner: A reputable broker is given an order by the pool to buy a certain number of shares of the stock at say fifty, that being the established price for the initial dealing. He goes to that portion of the floor of the exchange in which dealings in this security are to be conducted, and expresses his willingness to buy, at fifty, say five hundred shares. He perhaps does not succeed in buying them, because there is no stock for sale. Another broker, equally reputable, is given an order by the same manipulators of the stock to sell five hundred shares at fifty and one-half. This is a "try on" to see if any legitimate stock will come into the

market at fifty. Now, mind you, the bid of fifty and the offer to sell at fifty and one-half both come from the same source, headquarters, although, of course, through different brokers. After a while, no stock appearing, the manipulators tell the bidder to bid fifty and one-eighth for five hundred shares, and if he does not get them to bid fifty and one-quarter; if that fails to bring the stock, to bid three-eighths; if that in turn fails to bring it, to take the stock that is offered at fifty and one-half. This he proceeds to do, the rule of the exchange being that he must bid up an eighth at a time, not by greater jumps. As a result, five hundred shares of stock apparently change hands at fifty and one-half, although actually *no* stock changes hands. Thus is a fictitious quotation made. This manipulation is technically known as "washing," and familiarly referred to as "laundry work." Of course, there are times when the manipulators get caught, thinking there is no stock in sight except their own at fifty and one-half, when some one slips in, probably one of their own number, but represented by still another broker, and lets the manipulators have five hundred shares at fifty and three-eighths, which is quite unexpected. A quiet investigation is started among them to see which of their number has "leaked"; or, in other words, sold out his stock to the pool. In a word, it is diamond cut diamond, and naturally under such conditions the unsuspecting public is likely to be caught between two millstones.

If this manipulation, these false transactions, this laundry work, could be eliminated from the market, the buying and selling of stocks on Wall Street would be as safe a proposition as walking through a deserted city at high noon, but so long as human nature remains unchanged it is highly probable that present conditions will continue. To the credit of the Stock Exchange be it said that such transactions, if they are found out and

Looking up Broad Street to the Sub-Treasury on Wall Street. The group in the street constitutes "the curb market," dealing in securities not listed by the Stock Exchange



can be traced to their source, are punished by the heaviest sort of penalty. The "public," with really little or no money to lose, is often "caught and punished" through the fact that, having seen others attain riches quickly, it seems "a shame *not* to take the money." No greater misfortune could occur to a man in legitimate business than to have his first transaction in Wall Street result in a profit. The bigger the profit the more unfortunate, because he is bound to lose his money in the end, not on account of any crookedness on the part of the broker or of "the Street," but on account of the crookedness of the manipulators, who have gotten to a point where they consider it perfectly legitimate to "wash" their securities and unload upon "the public," whom they have grown to look upon as their natural prey and whom they refer to, facetiously, as "lambs" that, for their own good, should be regularly shorn.

Upon the floor of the Exchange, at regular intervals, are pedestals upon which are installed ordinary telegraph instruments. From these, reports are sent to a chief operator, who, at one touch of the key, records each transaction upon a tape playing out from a thousand instruments known

as "tickers," one or more of which will be found installed in every broker's office, and in many cafés, clubs, restaurants and kindred places. Emanating as they do from the floor of the Exchange,

these quotations are known as "official," and in my article next month the value of this term "official" will be more clearly defined and more specifically referred to.

The offices where the brokers do their business are many of them luxurious; large, light, airy, well-ventilated, attractive rooms, furnished with comfortable lounging chairs and all the impedimenta of business. At one side of the room is a board so arranged as to hold under their proper headings bits of cardboard bearing figures and fractions, which are slipped into their respective places by a boy walking ceaselessly to and fro, as another boy at the ticker calls aloud every quotation as it is recorded on the tape. As a result, every one in the office

may "see the market" for the whole day; see at a glance the various fluctuations of the various stocks, whether they are dull or active, and just what is going on, as evidenced by the change in figures.

The clientèle of such an office is made up of three classes of men, and in some offices of women as well. These classes consist, first, of the man who has money to invest or to speculate with, and who can afford to lose. Such a man spends little time in the office and

rarely does lose, because if he buys on margin, and the purchase goes against him, he has money enough to take care of the deal. Rather than be "scared out," he simply puts up a check for the entire

HENRY CLEWS

For thirty years the head of a Wall Street banking firm, pledged on its organization never to invest in speculative stocks

cost of the proposition, locks the securities up in his safe, confident that some day they will get back to the price he paid for them, and ultimately go higher; all he needs is patience and the financial ability to hold on. A

second class is represented by the man, probably engaged in some legitimate business, who has a little money and a little time on his hands, and, being speculatively inclined, takes now and then what is familiarly known as a "flyer." He usually buys on a margin and has money enough to add to the margin from time to time if necessary; but his position is a dangerous one, because, having a little extra money to spare, he is apt to follow a course familiarly known as "stopping his profits and letting his losses run." In other words, if his transaction shows a profit of a couple of hundred dollars, he is apt to be elated at his success and believe that, being so far right, he had better hold for still higher prices. Then if prices decline to where he bought and further, or even if they show a loss of a couple of hundred dollars, he gets mulish and "stays with it" until before he knows it he is so involved that he

may have to "sell his business to save his bacon." The third class is the man who arrives at a quarter before ten in the morning full of rumors and "points" on how to "get rich quick" and stays until

a few minutes after three. He is the inveterate gambler who tosses a coin in order to determine what he shall do; he will act on a "point" which is supposed to be inside information, but which really comes to him in a round-about way from anybody and everybody. The gossip of Wall Street is all he knows, all he talks about. But as a rule he does not last very long, for, while he may occasionally make money, this only emphasizes in his mind the belief that

he has a "great head for Wall Street," and hastens the final ruin. Sooner or later "the table takes the money"; at least, it vanishes, but it must not be supposed that the broker gets it. The legitimate broker gets nothing but his commission, because he is simply acting as an agent.

But, masquerading under an assumed name, more dangerous than the most fatal plague, is another sort of "business," which Part II of this paper will handle, under the sub-title of "The Quicksand Road."

AUGUST BELMONT

Officer and director in many large railways, street-car systems, banks and corporations. His own bank is the American branch of the Rothschilds of Europe

GEORGE JAY GOULD

Railroad magnate and capitalist

HYACINTHS FOR HIS SOUL

By DELLA THOMPSON LUTES

"Had I but two loaves of bread
I would sell one to buy hyacinths for my soul."

OLD Man Williams lingered time unprecedented at the breakfast table. His daughter Ellen, widow of John Whalen, truck driver, lingered with him. Also, his grandchildren, John Whalen, junior, and Marguerite Eulalia (named by her mother in lieu of better gift), bided unusual moments at the family board.

A neighbor, also a resident in this Tenth Street tenement, with her market basket still on her arm, joined the consulting party.

"Gran'pa's found a dime," Margaret Eulalia told her.

"Found it out on the avenoo," added John Whalen, junior, quickly, fearful lest she should lay personal claim, or know of a possible loser. "He ain't made up 'is mind what to do with it."

"Bedad, thin, p'r'aps me advice 'd be of help to yez." At this point Mrs. O'Flynn drew up a friendly chair. "If yez ar'n't thinkin' of buyin' a nutty-mobile or a shteam la-anch wid it, I'd sidyist that yez moight git yer da'ter a new parlor set o' furnichoor."

"This ain't no jokin' matter to me, Mrs. O'Flynn." One glanced up in quick surprise at the sound of Old Man Williams' voice. It wasn't the sort of voice one was in the habit of hearing in the back room of a Tenth Street tenement. There were hints of wide fields and sleeping meadows in the flat, slow tones. One almost thought of the sound of wood-birds' notes, of the low, mooing of cows on the evening air and the rustle of corn leaves at dawn.

His face did not belie the voice. There was a benignancy of expression born of contact with nature; a strength

and calmness that could only come with long patience over growing things, and there was something else—a homesick yearning for the fields.

It was one thing to have a 'dime given you for an extra chore or two, and another to find it staring up at you from the pavement—pertinent and piquant, in all its environment of mud and slush, as if to say, "Pick me up now. Go on—dare you. Pick me up and spend me. Don't buy bread nor soap nor sausages. Go on a lark with me. Have a time now, for once. Go ahead—dare you."

And Old Man Williams had picked it up—awed by the magnitude and mercy of a dispenseful Providence. And he had brought it home to consult with his family as to the largest benefits to be derived from the financial venture.

"I'll tell you what you do, Pa"—there was just a hint of a suspicion of the same free note in Mrs. Whalen's voice that permeated her father's—"you go'n buy you a vest. It's comin' on cold weather now, an'—"

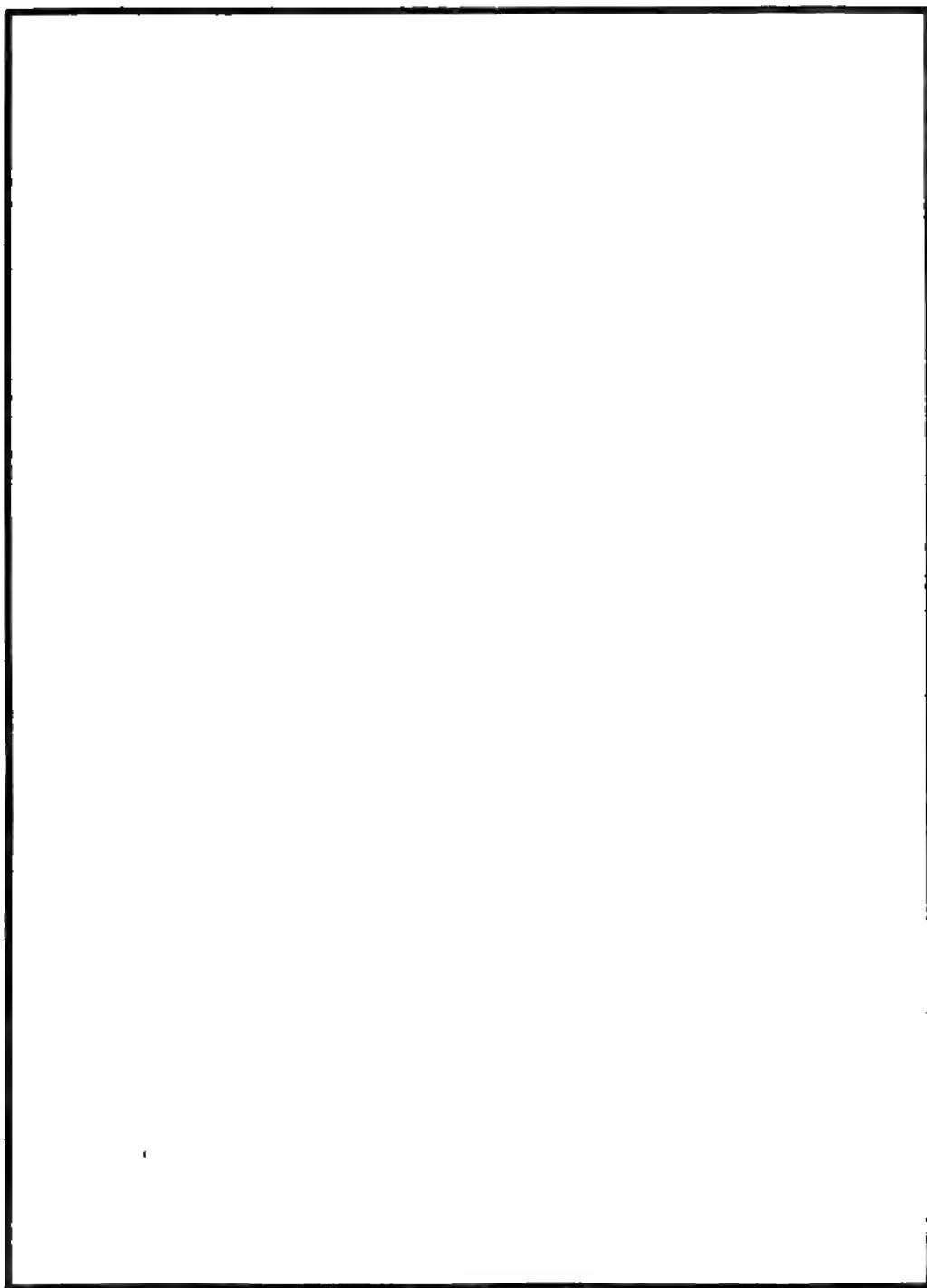
"I can't buy a vest for ten cents, Nelly." The old man looked at her in mild amazement.

"I tould yez Mrs. Whalen 'd be afther invhestin' in a nuttymobile wid it." Mrs. O'Flynn nodded her head shrewdly at the old man and winked broadly at John, junior.

"Yes, you can, too, Pa. There's a Rummage Sale on the corner this mornin', and if you can't get a vest there for ten cents I'll eat it."

"What? The vist? Bedad, thin," quoth Mrs. O'Flynn, "an' I wouldn't be eatin' any vist I'd foind there."

"Aw, Ma, that's mean," pouted Mar-



Drawing by A. Matzke

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THUS ASSURED, OLD MAN WILLIAMS SET FORTH IN QUEST OF THE
RUMMAGE SALE—AND A VEST

guerite Eulalia; "Gran'pa said mebbe he'd buy me a Teddy Bear like w'at Marie Eggle's got, over on the avenoo."

"Gran'pa said it *would* take us both down the 'Chute the Chutes,'" John Whalen, junior, reminded his grandsire reproachfully.

"G'wan, now, the both of yez," chided Mrs. O'Flynn censoriously. "Wad yez have yer poor ould gran'dad goin' about wid the could wintry winds a whistlin' intil the pit o' his stomach fer want of a vist, while yez rode down 'Chute the Chutes' or sphorted yer Teddy Bears? Shame on yez, ye little divils." She poked them individually in the ribs in a perfectly felicitous manner, and they, their hopes of a share in the disbursement of their grandfather's fortunes shattered, retired from the consultation to pin their faith upon more assured pleasures in the street below.

"You go on over, Pa," urged Mrs. Whalen; "I'd go along if I hadn't to go out, though I haven't three cents to spend. Maybe Mrs. O'Flynn 'll go with you."

"'Deed an' it 'd be the pleasure o' me life," Mrs. O'Flynn assured her, "xcept that I've a day's work on inside. Do you go along, Misther Williams, an' if they put a bad bargain on yez, jist you let Polly O'Flynn hear of it. I'll go back wid yez an' do 'em out of a suit entoire in exchange."

Thus assured, Old Man Williams set forth in quest of the Rummage Sale—and a vest.

He had not far to go. Turning the corner of the street he came suddenly upon a motley crowd waiting at the door of an unused store where Rummage Sales were often held. The hour was half after seven, and, even as he came upon them, the doors were opened and the crowd poured in.

Jostled on the left by a Jew, on the right by a burly negress, pushed from behind by an ill-smelling Russian woman and stumbling over a Belgian in

front of him, Old Man Williams was ushered into the sale. He elbowed his way gingerly through the throng of half-washed, half-clad humanity, who giggled, bartered, and quarreled at the tables containing the cast-off clothing of other human beings.

Old Man Williams was buffeted about here and there. He found himself wedged in between two women who quarreled over the possession of an ugly old Delft vase, both standard and lip of which were gone. He backed out from here and found himself in a little group of men—the bartender of the nearest saloon, the blacksmith from the forge across the block, the cobbler from over the way and the butcher's boy—all in pursuit of bargains.

From here he was pushed to the table on which were the miscellany, and there amongst pot covers and broken ostrich feathers, amongst collarless coats and coatless collars he came upon a vest. It was the only one there.

He picked it up between his thumb and forefinger and held it out for inspection. It was ragged, pocketless, dribbled with food, and greasy—a disgrace to the sender.

"How much you want for this?" asked Old Man Williams.

"You may have that for ten cents," the woman granted him graciously.

Old Man Williams looked at it again. It was whole in front, the spot where the wind took him keenest, and it was his price.

He laid it down and put his hand in his pocket. His gaze wandered over against the wall where were a few broken knick-knacks, some books and so on. A picture caught his eye. He stood perfectly still and stared. It was only a cheap thing and torn at the corner, but it was the picture of a country road. The road wound uphill, and at its base, in the foreground, was a bridge, and on the bridge a boy.

The boy was barefooted, straw-hat-

Drawing by
A. Matzke

MRS. O'FLYNN

ted and fishing. A willow tree swept over his head and dabbled in the little river. Along the sides of the road grew shrubs—sumach, likely, and alder and hazel. And in the distance were fields—fields of grain, and birds flying over.

Old Man Williams stood and stared. The crowd elbowed and jostled, but he was not there. He was fishing in that river yonder and the willow rustled over his head.

The woman in charge touched his arm and asked if he would like the vest. He glanced at it, and his fingers tightened on the dime in his pocket.

"How much for that?" He indicated the picture with a nod.

The woman turned to it with an indulgent smile. They were odd creatures one met at these rummage sales; one could never account for their whims.

"Ten cents," she said.

Old Man Williams pulled his thin coat across his chest and buttoned it. Then he brought forth the dime.

"I'll take it," he said. And as he picked his jostled way amongst this driftwood and scum of the nations, his heart was warm within him, for his soul was feeding upon its hyacinths.

Drawing by W. E. Cobb

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WITH INFINITE GENTLENESS SIDONIE RAISED HIS ARM THAT HE MIGHT ACKNOWLEDGE
THAT WHICH WAS OFFERED HIM.—Page 477

THE COUNTESS SCHMETTERLING

By GEORGE WOODRUFF JOHNSTON

I

"MOTHER; look! There she is!" cried Herbert, Lord Carfax, rapturously.

"Yes; that is your overdressed blonde," blandly observed the dowager, staring, lorgnette at eye, in the direction indicated.

This remark was drowned in the roll of drums and clash of cymbals. But Herbert was not listening. He was in another world, deaf to everything in this, blind to all the people crowding the Kursaal Gardens to chatter and laugh, and eat and drink, while the band of the cuirassiers garrisoned at Schwanbach played for their entertainment—blind to all save one—a girl, moving across the close-cropped grass against the rich, dark background of the trees. He gazed helplessly at her slender, graceful figure; at her easy, swaying walk; at her dainty, frivolous draperies, each fold and ripple instinct with a subtle fascination; at her abundant hair of the color of ripe corn, and the impossible little hat, the foolish little hat that crowned it so prettily. His inexperience took note of few details. What attracted him, what held him, was the novelty and charm of the whole picture. Once more he felt the spell under which he had fallen at his first sight of her, the spell of a woman, deliciously feminine and persuasively fascinating.

Lady Carfax scrutinized the girl as closely as did Herbert; then dropped her lorgnette and turned two sharp, little red-rimmed eyes on her son, whom the revolving years had spun out into a long-legged, sad-eyed, anemic lad of twenty-three.

"Ah! that frilled petticoat; those high-heeled boots; that exquisite gown!" said she, teasingly. "Look at

them! How clever they are! Never fear; they already know your title and your income. Why, every little bow and ruffle prinks itself and tries to look its prettiest when you are by. A blind man could have seen that when you pulled her woolly poodle out of the Schwanbach."

"Do you know who she is?"

"Hardy tells me she is the Countess Schmetterling; some sort of a foreigner, I suppose. Hardy is an ideal maid, and always knows the gossip, but that is all I could find out."

"Mother, I love her; I confess I do. But not as you think. It is her eyes—those great, violet eyes—"

"But this is all nonsense," interrupted Lady Carfax, petulantly. "There are plenty of nice girls in England—girls whom one knows all about—if you must fall in love with somebody. Look!" cried the grim old woman. "Look at your countess now!"

Herbert's heart stopped. The old graybeard who had entered the gardens with her had disappeared, and by her side was an officer in cuirassier uniform, pure white and silver, his great sword trailing on the ground—a tall young fellow, handsome in spite of a fearful scar across his face.

"Humph! Your countess is choice in her company," said Lady Carfax. "Do you know who that young man is? None other, if you please, than His Serene Highness, Prince Albrecht, the commander of the garrison."

The dowager had hardly finished speaking when the countess, taking leave of her companion, came walking slowly in their direction. Soon she saw Herbert and smilingly held out her hand.

"I am glad to see you again," she

said, pleasantly, in almost perfect English; "this time dry, and I hope safe and sound. Now, you have no excuse for not shaking hands with me. Really, 'Pierrot' is too ridiculous; but I thank you for saving him. One becomes attached even to a little wisp of a dog like that. And this is your mother, perhaps," she continued. "I think I saw her at the time of 'Pierrot's' calamity. Come!" she added, turning toward Lady Carfax; "let us all sit down and be very comfortable. I presume you are strangers here drinking the waters. If so, I can amuse you, for I am perfectly at home in Schwanbach—I know everybody. Oh, yes! I am a great gossip, I fear."

"You are extremely good to an old woman, my dear countess," declared Lady Carfax, in a very stately manner.

"What! you know my title, already?" laughed the countess.

Lady Carfax scanned the face before her for a moment. "Yes; but I fancy we should introduce ourselves formally. This, I believe, is the Countess Schmetterling, and I am Lady Carfax, and this is my son, Lord Carfax." And the old lady, bowing, sank back in her seat with a sigh.

Herbert was in raptures. The poor dreamer was awake at last. In the tender violet eyes, into which he gazed so ardently that long summer afternoon, he read his fate; and his empty heart was filled with the image of this one woman, so new, so strange, so dearly loved, so eagerly desired. When the countess begged that they would drive home with her, and proposed that Herbert should fetch his violin, his cup of joy was filled to overflowing.

Herbert never forgot that night. They crossed the fields and came to an old, vine-covered house beside the Schwanbach, where, spreading out into a shallow stream, it ran lazily between green meadows. An old woman in peasant dress met them at the gate, and they followed her across a garden, and through

a tall French window, into a great room, empty save for a piano and some ancient carved furniture, and dimly lit by old wrought-iron lamps of curious workmanship that hung by chains from the lofty ceiling. After an interval, the countess, in a long, trailing gown of white, rejoined them, her whole manner and expression changed completely. Now her eyes were full of a troubled melancholy, her face pale, her voice low and shaken.

As the three sat in the shaded lamp-light, they could hear the trees sighing in the vagrant air of the summer night, and, farther off, the ceaseless rippling of the stream. The countess spoke languidly, her voice one of the whispers of the enchanted hour; while through the open windows came the warm breath of the dreaming world, and from the garden arose the perfumes of the sleeping flowers. She told them stories of the brook and of the nixies who lived in the long grasses of its banks or dwelt beneath its waters. And, in low, musical tones, she related all the legends of the stream, while Herbert sat silent, and Lady Carfax, sunk in a great chair, was scarcely distinguishable in the gloom.

And then she rose, and, seating herself at the piano, sang to them. It was a simple folk-song, telling of a girl who had loved, and suffered, and loved on even beyond the grave. But there was no escape from the appeal of her deep contralto voice, rich, melting, that thrilled the heart, even the heart of the weary old woman huddled in the chair—the cold, unfeeling heart that had never known the love of which the singer sang—the love that gives all and asks nothing; that suffers and is glad; the love that survives absence, neglect, betrayal; that is born in an instant of time, but outlasts life and conquers death. And when the song was done, when the last cry had echoed through the room, there were tears in Herbert's eyes and the old woman was sobbing.

"I can not believe it," said Lady Carfax, after a long silence. "Nowhere in this world is there any such love as that—love that conquers death. Is there, I ask you?" And she turned toward the countess. But there was no answer; nothing but the whispering of the trees, and the rippling of the stream as it flowed over its graveled bed.

"I feel as if I had been to church," said Lady Carfax, as she and her son drove homeward over the hard *chaussée* that crossed the fields in a line as straight as an arrow. Now, the moon was shining; and close to the warm earth and along the course of the winding stream there hung a mist like a delicate web of silver. "If you really are in love, my son," the dowager continued, "we should be making inquiries of our ambassador at Hauptstadt; though her friendship with his Royal Highness of the scarred face is almost enough. She was very affable to-night, surely. And did you ever hear such a song? I fear I shall have to revise my first estimate. Sometimes, it is true, as in the gardens this afternoon, her manners appear as—well, as breezy as her clothes, and she seems all of a piece down to the toes of her embroidered stockings. But there is sincerity in her voice; there is character in her face; there is a charm about the girl, something gentle, something sad, too, as if she had already borne a part of the pack that sooner or later galls every woman's shoulders. Did you not see, Herbert," and Lady Carfax turned her wrinkled old face toward her son's, "did you not see that she knows that even the aged, though deaf and blind, nevertheless have hearts—poor, shriveled old hearts, worn out and full of scars; poor, foolish old hearts that in spite of all their sorrows and disappointments, are yet warmed and comforted by one kind word or gentle look? She knows something of the solitude, the loneliness of old age—old age that weeps in corners, but sets its cap straight

and puts on a brave face before curious neighbors. How sensitive we old women are in spite of all our disillusionments! how sensitive and how trustful! What trifles it takes to please us! what trifles to wound us!"

"Ah! how I love her!" Herbert breathed, "and how I wish that I felt sure I might win her! Mother, do you know she did not ask me to play?"

"My son, there could be nothing more after that song."

"I know it, and I have come to the end of my poor scrapings."

And, when they reached a bridge that spanned the Schwanbach, Herbert stopped the carriage, and, breaking his violin upon the rail, tossed the fragments into the water. He leaned over the side of the bridge watching them float away, trembling with fear lest his own hopes might vanish as quickly and surely as those wretched chips of wood.

The night was very still; but presently, far off, he could hear some faint, indistinguishable sound like the rolling of a distant drum. Soon it came nearer and grew into a heavy rumble, a dull, continuous roar, broken by something sharp, metallic, intermittent. And then a great cloud sprang out of the mist, dark, impenetrable, in which there flashed an infinitude of stars, dazzling points of light, seen for an instant and then gone again, to blaze out elsewhere and again be quenched. A moment later a horse neighed shrilly, and then a trumpet blared, and then another, and then another farther off—sounding like echoes of the first—the last barely audible above the rolling thunder that shook the earth, and the harsh rattling and clash of steel.

Herbert looked up and saw that his mother's carriage had left the road and was standing in the fields. He sprang across the bridge and took refuge in a ditch; and in an instant the cuirassiers swept by at a swinging trot, enveloped in a whirl of dust, the iron hoofs of their

huge horses resounding with a deafening roar on the hollow planks—a thousand great troopers clad all in white, monstrous, ghost-like in the night, a myriad confusing lights flashing from their corselets of silvered steel and from their gleaming helmets topped by eagles with outstretched wings; and at their head, clear and sharp in the moonlight, rode the young prince, the fearful scar on his handsome face looking like a ghastly, fresh-cloven wound.

The trumpets rang out again, echoing and re-echoing across the tranquil fields, as the armed host swept on. But soon the rumble of the trampling hoofs grew faint and fainter still, the last gleam of the winged eagles disappeared, and the cuirassiers were swallowed up in the silent night.

II

"What shall I do now!" cried Herbert, as he sank on a bench in the Kur-saal Gardens and buried his face in his hands.

"Do now!" echoed Lady Carfax. "What a fool I am! what a silly, unutterable fool! To think that I should have lived all these years to be taken in at last by such a minx!"

"She did not try to deceive you," said Herbert, weakly.

"Did not try to deceive me?" ejaculated his mother. "You mean that she deceived me without trying? You flatter your mother, Herbert. But keep on; you couldn't make me feel any worse. Come, Herbert! let us go back to Woolcombe, where we can at least hide our diminished heads."

"I can't, I can't!" he moaned, rocking to and fro.

"Can't! after looking at *that*!" And the old woman pointed a tragic finger at a huge advertisement, printed in German, French and English, that covered a hoarding in front of the Kur-saal:

FOURTH ANNUAL PERFORMANCE

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ORPHANS OF
GERMAN SOLDIERS WHO DIED IN
THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

STADT THEATER, SCHWANBACH,
SEPTEMBER 2, 1874.

THE
COUNTESS SCHMETTERLING
(COUNTESS BUTTERFLY)

*A Comic Opera in Five Acts and Two
Ballets, with*

Fräulein SIDONIE FRIEDEL

Of the Residenz Theater, Hauptstadt
(as guest), in the title rôle,

AS SUNG BY HER
MORE THAN ONE THOUSAND TIMES

IMPORTANT

In the third act Fräulein Friedel will dance
the world-famed

BUTTERFLY DANCE!

Lady Carfax put up her parasol to shut out the horrid spectacle, and, with her son steadying her steps, fled from the scene. But the terrible posters sprang up everywhere like avenging ghosts, and beside each one of them was a gorgeous lithograph, life-size, designed in the airy manner of M. Cheret, of Paris, of the erstwhile countess, representing that lady costumed as a butterfly.

"And to think," shuddered Lady Carfax, "that I found fault with her ruffled petticoat!"

"But, mother, I can not give her up!" cried Herbert, striding the floor of his mother's bedroom, where she had taken refuge behind closed curtains.

"Oh, the vixen!" wailed she, paying not the least attention to her son. "How she took us in! And I sat there and cried while she drew long faces, and rolled those big eyes of hers, and sang about love—love that conquers death! How she must have laughed at the precious pair of babies listening to her fairy stories in the dark, with their eyes popping out of their heads! I believed her

—upon my soul I did. I believed her, and all the time she was acting, *acting*, spreading a net to catch Woolcombe in, and I never saw it. And the letter I was about to write to our ambassador at Hauptstadt, making discreet inquiries as to Countess Schmetterling! If you ever again see me puffed up with pride, Herbert, just remind me of that letter, will you, my son? The truth is, we should never have left Woolcombe at all: it is unsafe for two such guileless children to be away from home. But, after all, Providence was kind. Fancy, just fancy! Herbert, you ought to get down on your knees and thank heaven that you did not go any farther. Suppose you had committed yourself—had asked this pasteboard countess to be your wife!"

"But I did," whispered Herbert, guiltily.

"Did!" shrieked Lady Carfax. "Did. *what?*"

"I wrote her last night."

"And asked her to marry you?"

"Yes," breathed Herbert, with white face and trembling lips.

"And do you mean to say that you would marry her *now?*" demanded his mother, starting up in her chair and glaring at him fiercely.

"Oh, mother; why not? why not?" said Herbert in a low, shaking voice. "Would you have me withdraw my offer when all the time it is the same woman I love? Would that be honorable? would that be right? I know what you would have me believe; but I can't believe it; I won't believe it. I have begged her to marry me—"

"Are you so blind," Lady Carfax broke in, "that you can't even yet see through the antics and tricks of this creature? Poor, silly gull, standing there blustering about honor while your precious countess laughs at you in her sleeve and makes love to his nobility of the scarred face, meantime packing her boxes for Woolcombe!"

"Don't, mother! Please don't talk like

that. I don't wish to cross you; but I can not give her up."

Lady Carfax sank back in her chair, despairingly, and turned her face to the wall, as if now ready to leave this world of trouble. But presently she roused herself. Her busy brain was spinning webs. Then there was a confidential talk with Hardy, and soon that excellent woman was speeding in a carriage across the fields with a polite note, in which Lady Carfax begged to present her best compliments to Fräulein Sidonie Friedel, and expressed the hope that she might be accorded a brief interview prior to her departure from Schwanbach on the morrow, at any hour and place that would best suit that lady's convenience; and she trusted that she might ever remain hers most sincerely. Hardy, in due time, returned with a brief communication to the effect that Fräulein Friedel could be seen that night, at about twelve o'clock, if the matter was urgent; otherwise at any time the next day after two, when she would have finished a rehearsal at the theater.

By two o'clock on the morrow Lady Carfax hoped to be well away from Schwanbach, so that the night visit, however inconvenient, became imperative; and, Herbert having been deftly deluded into the belief that his mother had gone to bed at her usual time, Lady Carfax, accompanied by the faithful Hardy, escaped from the hotel and arrived at Fräulein Sidonie's house promptly on the stroke of midnight.

It appeared, however, for some unexplained reason, that Fräulein Sidonie was not yet visible, and Lady Carfax was requested to make herself as comfortable as possible in a small room quite far removed from that in which she and her son had been previously entertained. She had laid a wily plan for gaining possession of her son's letter, and had devised a still more artful scheme for getting him away quietly from Schwanbach. But this delay annoyed her. When

a half-hour passed and still no Sidonie, she was in a rage. As her temper rose all her carefully constructed plans went up in smoke. She would show this woman, just—and while she was making up her mind what she would show her, a rear door opened and, with a rattle of wooden shoes, a girl came swiftly into the room.

"Tell your mistress," began Lady Carfax, in a terrible voice, and then she stopped. Before her, smiling pleasantly, stood the one-time countess herself, not the stunning creature of the Kursaal Gardens, but a slim young girl in the peasant dress of the province—a loose white waist open at the neck, a short black skirt, black stockings and wooden shoes; and her yellow hair, hanging in two long braids down her back, crowned by a big black bow. Lady Carfax stared at the girl helplessly.

"I think I know why you came to see me," said Fräulein Sidonie, still smiling and taking a chair at the older woman's side; "but really, you should not have given yourself the trouble. It was wholly unnecessary; though, of course, you are always welcome."

"My son, you know," stammered Lady Carfax, wetting her dry lips with the tip of her tongue, "my son has, I am afraid, written you an—indiscreet letter."

"Oh, yes!" and Fräulein Sidonie laughed heartily. "And yet I should hardly call it indiscreet. But, you know, boys are always falling in love with people like me. Isn't it silly?" She laughed again, good humoredly, and fell to smoothing her skirt with her hands.

Lady Carfax started, and her face hardened.

"Oh, yes, of course; it is silly for boys to fall in love with people like you, just as you say," she remarked, ironically. "But in this particular instance it so happens that the boy is a man, and a British nobleman at that, and the woman he fell in love with, or thought he did,

was a countess, or pretended to be one. Perhaps this aspect of the question did not appeal to you."

"Oh, I get so many letters, but as for your son's—I wonder if I can find his. I think Hänschen had it."

"You think Hänschen—is that the name?—had it? Might I inquire how Hänschen came to have it, and what you think Hänschen proposes to do with it?"

"Some letters I receive," replied Fräulein Sidonie, with an odd expression about the lips, "some letters I receive are not very pretty letters, and I burn them. But sweet little notes from foolish little boys I give to Hänschen. He likes to read them; they make him laugh. You have no idea how funny they are."

So far as Herbert's letter being taken seriously was concerned, Lady Carfax now felt like one who, having vigorously stormed a fortress, finds, on entering it, nothing but dummy guns and soldiers' caps on sticks. But to have a written offer of marriage from Lord Carfax included indiscriminately among pretty little letters from foolish little boys, to be given to Hänschen, whoever he might be, in order to make him laugh, did not add materially to her self-complacency.

"Perhaps," she said, satirically, "proposals of marriage from noblemen are quite common in your experience."

"They are not uncommon," declared Fräulein Sidonie, frankly. "But, you see, most of them have never done anything in the world except, maybe, things they are sorry for. They have simply fallen into their titles and money as one falls into the Schwanbach. Now, I have earned my title, and am earning money; so why should I marry them?"

"It is getting late—or early," observed Lady Carfax, "and if you think the person of whom you speak has extracted all the amusement possible out of my son's letter, I wonder if you would mind giving it to me. I should be grateful, also, if you would tell me who this

Hänschen is, and where he may be found."

"Why, Hänschen is my lover."

"Your lover!"

"Yes, of course," observed Fräulein Sidonie, in the most matter-of-fact manner possible.

"Thank you," said Lady Carfax, amiably. "And may I ask where he lives."

"Certainly; with me."

At this Lady Carfax said good-by to her temper.

"My dear miss, or madam, or whatever you call yourself, for a young woman you have not much left to learn."

"You know better than I—but I am sorry it has come to this. Please remember, Lady Carfax, that I did not seek your son out. I gave him no encouragement whatever. I was polite to you, who are an old woman and a stranger here. Your son was simply one of many. That he was lord this or that meant nothing to me."

"You are ambitious, perhaps," remarked Lady Carfax. "This lover of yours has wings on his helmet, one may fancy, and a scar on his face."

Fräulein Sidonie flushed angrily as she rose. "I see now what you mean," she exclaimed. "Come, let me show you the lover I prefer to your son and to all others, and then judge for yourself."

She thereupon led the way into the great bare room where Herbert and his mother had listened to her singing. Now there stood a table in the center with many candles on it, and the disordered remnants of a supper. The chair at the foot was empty and pushed back from the table as Sidonie had left it. At the right sat the young officer in cuirassier uniform, and at the left the old gray-beard. Not until Sidonie had placed her in her own chair did Lady Carfax observe that the seat at the head of the table was occupied. She looked once, and gasped. She looked again, and the color left her face. Strapped in a high-

back chair was a shapeless bundle of frightful scars, the tattered remnants of what might once have been a man—a specter so weird, so grotesque, that Lady Carfax could have shrieked with horror. And, as if to make out of this piteous spectacle the cruellest of jests, the thing was swathed about somehow with the uniform of a cuirassier—pure white and silver—and where its neck should have been hung the Iron Cross. Lady Carfax did not need to be told who it was. She hid her eyes when Sidonie, standing beside him, placed her arm about him and laid his poor riven head on her young bosom.

Presently there was movement in the face, and sounds issued from it. They were not the sounds of a human voice; they were eerie, ghostly. Sidonie bent down to listen.

"My Hänschen wishes me to make you welcome in this house," said she to Lady Carfax. "Upon this night, of all others, he is glad to see about him whosoever is a friend of his or of mine. It is the day and hour when, each year, he holds a little festival in honor of that which hangs about his neck. It was given him five years ago to-night, and he is very proud of it, but not half so proud as we are of him. Hänschen would gladly tell you how it all came about, if you cared to listen, but his voice is not very strong, though we who are his friends rejoice to know that it grows stronger and sweeter day by day. We have hope that the time is fast approaching when he will be quite himself again, and that his voice will wholly return to him."

Sidonie, with love and compassion in her fair young face, stood beside him, his head leaning on her breast, her arm close about him.

"Even when he was a child," Sidonie continued, "people used to talk of his singing, and many a time, when we were scarce more than children, we have sat together on the bank of the stream, yon-

der, dreaming wonderful dreams of the future. We waited impatiently for the day to come when we should go forth into the world and conquer it—it seemed so easy then—but the road was long, for we were peasants, poor, and without any one who could help us. Always, on this night, I wear the dress I have on. In such as this Hänschen first saw me and first”—her voice grew low—“loved me.

“After a while we went away to Hauptstadt, and studied hard and suffered much. Hänschen had a finer voice than I, and great things were promised for him; but the war came, and he must ride away with the cuirassiers. Our parting was not easy. We were to have been married soon, because we believed that two persons even as poor as we could live together as well as apart, and we loved each other dearly. But it was not to be; and from my window I watched the cuirassiers as they clattered down the long stone-paved street, his Highness, here, leading them, and my boy in the ranks—watched them until the last winged eagle had disappeared. In that hour of trial friends sprang up where there were none before. Here is one who took me into his house and made me as one of his own children.” She went to the old man who sat on the left of the table and kissed him on the brow, and then resumed her place. “To the other, who sits here,” and she laid her hand gently on the prince’s shoulder, “I owe much, as you shall see. It is from his lips that I have heard so often of that which befell my boy.”

And then she spoke in low, even tones, without a gesture, with scarcely a change in her expression, using the simplest words. But every word was a living thing, and they followed one another until the quiet room was filled and could contain no more, and its walls were rent asunder, and there were the open fields, and, crossing them swiftly, regiment on regiment of infantry, brigade on brigade in long, dense columns, while on every

staring road countless batteries of artillery rushed by with deafening roar, the horses straining at their collars and covered with sweat and dust, the cruel whips singing in the air—all in a mad race to close up the single gap in the ring of steel which gripped the doomed city lying in the bottom of a cup.

As she talked the eyes of the poor wretch in the chair never left her. They glowed like burning coals. His whole life was centered in them. They almost spoke; and it seemed as if the fiery passions that blazed in their depths must, through some fearful transformation, wrench his maimed body loose from its prison house, that, when the bugles called, it might again swing into the saddle and ride with the cuirassiers to the hilltop where stood the old man in a long gray cloak. He could see him now, holding up his hand—yes, just as Sidonie was saying; yes, just in that way—and the column halts! And then the old man speaks—just as Sidonie is speaking now—the very words, the same calm voice, as he bids his children bring back to him a flag which their colonel will show them flying yonder beside a windmill.

Though bound to his chair, Hänschen is on his horse again. Listening with desperate eagerness to the girl’s quiet voice, he hears once more the piercing cries of the bugles, and feels the earth rock beneath that fearful avalanche of mail-clad men, himself stifled with heat, suffocated with the dust of their wild ride. He does not lose a word. His burning gaze never leaves her: it beats upon her like a flame.

Sidonie hesitated, stopped, and covered her face with her hands. “I can not go on,” she cried. “I can not yet bear to think of it—it was a battery that must be taken at any cost—the cuirassiers had been chosen for the sacrifice! Oh! it was pitiful!”

But presently she began again, her voice still trembling.

"Five years ago to-night, almost at this hour, his Highness here, Prince Albrecht, who, though himself grievously wounded, would not give up the search, found one of his troopers lying near to death in an abandoned rifle-pit. It was Hänschen, and about his waist was knotted the remnant of a flag. He had lain there among piles of the dead for two long days. They bore him away, and after a while he opened his eyes; the world spun round, but he saw that it was night. Lanterns twinkled here and there, and the old king in his long gray cloak was standing over him, and by his side his colonel, the prince, as pale as death, his head bound in a bloody cloth. The old king held in his hands the flag that one of his children had brought back to him as he had asked. He tore off a piece of it and laid it, with the Iron Cross, on Hänschen's breast, and put his hands before his eyes, and sighed, and turned away. Hänschen tried to speak, but could not. The old king faded from his sight, and there, before my boy, as he told me when I saw him first, and as he tells me now, was the face of the girl whose greatest joy it is to love him and look up to him and reverence him."

Sidonie ceased speaking and sank into a chair that had been brought her. She shook violently, and her eyes were full of tears. The horror of the scene was fresh upon her—it would always be. A thousand times she had lived over the agonies of the boy lying in the abandoned ditch awaiting death—lying there forgotten, barely alive, surrounded by dead men, through daylight and darkness, for two whole days—praying for death that came and passed him by and left him to his sufferings.

The prince and the older man were silent, their eyes fixed on her, while Lady Carfax, snatched up from the world she knew and transported to one she knew not of, sat turned to stone. It seemed to her that the air about was rent by screaming bugles, while thousands on

thousands of monstrous horsemen rushed by with a great roar to precipitate themselves upon each other, piling up mountains high, and burying beneath their whole colossal weight the one unfortunate strapped to the chair. His blasted form had at first frozen her with horror; now it attracted her, fascinated her; she could see nothing else, and his awful voice rang ceaselessly in her ears. She could hear in it the piteous groans that must have issued from that pit of death. It drowned the piercing notes of the trumpets, the thundering tramp of the maddened horses—it filled the air to bursting.

In the midst of this hideous uproar, these horrid visions, the old world, with all its shams and cheats, seemed to her to crumble and disappear, leaving only that which was real behind. And what was there left worth the accounting if from the sum total of human virtues were to be taken the triumphant courage of the poor creature in the chair and the triumphant love of the woman beside him?

Presently Sidonie again spoke: "All that I have told you, Lady Carfax, came to me long afterward. At the time I knew only that Hänschen lay wounded in a hospital in France. I wrote often, but there came no answer; and when I had gathered enough money to go to him, letters reached me, not from France, but from South Germany, whither, he said, he had been carried with other wounded. He told me that his hand had been injured, and that, therefore, I should forgive his almost indistinguishable writing, but that otherwise he was well. He wrote also that he was thriving and prosperous; as to his voice, it was better than it ever was. And he said that perhaps he might come to Hauptstadt, but that it would be a long time off, for he was busy, and his life was filled with a hundred new interests, activities and enjoyments. Letters such as these, growing colder and

colder, came to me at longer and longer intervals. He had been to a ball, he wrote; he was courted by the great; the old kaiser had written him a letter with his own hand, calling him his beloved son; the world was bright and life was sweet, and there was nothing left to be desired. And then, at last, he ceased writing altogether.

"At first I could not understand what had happened. Then I knew—he had turned his back on me. For a time I wept and suffered. But my pride was wounded, and I cried, 'Good-by, Hänschen, I have forgotten you!' and I flung away the half of that coin which as children we had divided with infinite pains and secrecy, and which I had always worn about my neck.

"One day the prince, at last returned from France, found me. I was then singing in Vienna. He told me how Hänschen had ridden into that fiery pit, and had come out!—come out!—I could not listen. I begged him to stop. What were Hänschen's wounds to mine—those that in my pride I had inflicted on myself? Crazed with love, stricken with remorse, I sought and discovered my boy. He had deceived me. He had lied to me over and over again. He had lost all for duty, sacrificed everything for love, that I might be spared. And there he lay in poverty, lonely, speechless, suffering, and I—I had bidden him good-by, had tried to purge my heart of him, had cried out that I had forgotten him, and had flung away the piece of broken coin! I could not ask him to forgive me then. I could only take his poor wounded head and lay it on my breast, and tell him that, as for me, the dreams that I had dreamt as we sat together by the water's edge had all come true, but that they were all as nothing, nothing, nothing, without him, and that I would hold him forever in my arms, and cherish him, and love him everlastingly. But he would not listen. He will not listen now. He will have no marriage. He

says that when his strength comes back, and his voice returns, and he can come to me with hands as full as my own, he will marry me if I so will. Till then he refuses. He does not wish to bind me in any way, to be a burden that I can't shake off. He desires that I shall be wholly free to do as it pleases me to do. And I say to him now, as I have said a myriad times before: Let it for the present be as you wish; but, sleeping or waking, I shall be always ready, always at your side, always yours to do with as you will!

"This is my lover, Lady Carfax, and this is his love for me and mine for him. In his heart and in mine there is no room for anything else."

The short summer night was over. The pallid light of dawn crept into the room like death wrapped in a winding-sheet. The candles on the littered table guttered in their sockets. The prince was gone; the others sat voiceless. On the trees the leaves rustled in the morning air; the brook ran singing over its graveled bed; and far, far away, so faint, so soft that it could be scarcely heard, a bugle blew.

"Come!" said Sidonie, "and let us see how others honor my brave boy."

She loosed him from his chair, and, raising his battered and wasted form in her strong young arms, bore him tenderly to the gate, and with the old man's help held him upright. Thus she stood, waiting, her eyes uplifted, her face radiant with happiness. And afar off they could hear the bugles calling—calling faintly, calling sweetly—and presently the muffled tramp of the giant horses. Then through the morning mists rode the cuirassiers—great, spectral shapes, dim and ghostly in the fog, clad all in white, harnessed about with steel, and, towering above, a thousand eagles with wings outstretched protectingly over the Fatherland.

No sooner had he come opposite the gate than the prince turned in his saddle

and shouted a command. A trumpet blared, and then another, and then another still, and the columns swung about into two long lines stretching away to right and left, the troopers motionless, the huge horses champing at their bits. Again the call of trumpets, and swords flashed out in salute of the comrade who had heard the old king's calm voice saying, "Bring me that flag, my children!" and had obeyed, and had been lifted out of the pit of death with the flag wrapped about his shattered body.

With infinite patience and gentleness Sidonie raised her poor boy's arm and hand, that he might acknowledge and return that which was offered him; and when this was done the trumpets sounded, and the columns formed and rode away into the morning's fog.

And so they passed, a phantom legion, and were swallowed up in mist, and disappeared, while the music of the bugles, calling sweetly, calling faintly, rose and fell, and rose again, and fell, and died away.

THE WIFE

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

Let me be steadfast, Lord, nor pray you make
This heart of mine a weakling thing to break;
Still let its strength endure unto that day
He pleads its sheltering for old love's sake
When all the hounds of Hate are on his way.

I pray you, Lord, let not my laughter fail;
Set still the curve of it on lips grown pale,
Seeing that one day he may crave their mirth
As men forespent, may yearn through snow and gale
The dear, accustomed warmth of home and hearth.

Give me all faith, dear Lord, that trusting so
I may not guess how futile is the glow
Of this poor lamp—how vain the wide-flung door.
Feed me with patience, Lord, nor let me know
How many starved on this brave hope before.

THE RELATION OF THE STATE TO LABOR

THE EIGHTH IN THE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON

THE PROBLEMS OF THE PEOPLE

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

In this number Mr. Bryan answers Senator Beveridge on "Mutual Confidence and Consideration," and the Senator replies to Mr. Bryan's "The Spirit of Brotherhood"

MR. BRYAN'S REPLY

IT is a little disappointing to find so well informed a man as Senator Beveridge attributing all the good things of life to the Republican party. "Take the period of the Roosevelt administration," he says, and then he proceeds to assume that increased employment and increased wages are in some way due to the fact that Mr. Roosevelt became president. Strange that he should overlook the two prime causes of improved industrial conditions and attribute the improvement to causes that had nothing whatever to do with better times. Prior to 1896 we had an era of bad crops. For several years the crop failure was so complete that the farmers were selling off their live stock, mortgaging their farms and reducing their expenditures to a minimum. This necessarily decreased the consumption of manufactured products and lessened the demand for labor. Since 1896 we have had an extraordinary era of good crops. The earth has brought forth abundantly, and the farmers, having something to buy with, have become purchasers of all sorts of merchandise. The Republican speakers and writers, however, studiously ignore this cause of prosperity and boastfully claim that the Republican party has done it all. Some have been impudent enough to suggest that the Re-

publican party was in partnership with the Almighty and that the Lord smiled upon the earth and made it fruitful in order to reward the people for putting their confidence in Republican leaders.

But there is another cause to which Senator Beveridge seems entirely blind, namely—the increased quantity of money. For twenty-five years prior to 1896 the world had suffered from falling prices, and billions of dollars had been drained into the pockets of the money-changers and holders of fixed investments. In 1896 the Democrats insisted that an increase in the volume of money was the paramount question and pointed to bimetallism as the only relief in sight. The Republican leaders denied the need for more money, although the Republican platform held out the promise of international bimetallism and the Republican campaign committee circulated literature which extolled the blessings of a rising dollar and falling prices. After 1896 new gold mines were discovered, and the increase in the production of gold has surpassed all previous records. In 1896 the Republican speakers were talking about the possibilities of a flood of silver, and yet, to-day, the annual production of gold is greater than the annual production of both gold and silver in 1896. This increase in the world's

supply of money has been felt the world over and "the period of the Roosevelt administration" has been marked by improved conditions in Europe as well as in America. Did the Republican party improve the conditions in Europe also? Is its influence so benign that the prosperity of the world can be measured by the salaries paid to Republican officials?

We have in circulation in this country more than fifty per cent. per capita in excess of the amount that we had in 1896, and the natural result of this increase is a rise in prices. The purchasing power of the dollar has fallen thirty per cent., and the price of property has correspondingly increased, and yet Senator Beveridge gives the credit to a Republican administration that came into power on the theory that it did not matter whether we had much money or little, provided that it was all good.

Of course, the laboring man has shared in the general prosperity brought by better crops, a larger volume of money and higher prices, but he has not shared as fully as he ought to have shared, and for that reason he is not singing praises to the Republican party. He knows that the trusts are extorting from him more than he ought to pay for that which he has to buy and that these same trusts are bent upon the destruction of the labor organizations which have benefited the laboring man infinitely more than the Republican party has ever tried to benefit him. The laboring men know also that they toiled in vain to secure remedial legislation at the hands of the last Republican congress, and these labor leaders were so incensed at their failure that they went into politics more actively than ever before in the hope of defeating the Republican leaders who prevented legislation favorable to the laboring men.

The Republican party has been in power continuously since 1896. It has controlled the presidency, the senate, the house and the United States court.

It has had power to do all that it wanted to do; if it has failed to do that which should have been done, it must be because the party leaders lacked knowledge as to what should have been done or lacked the desire to do what should have been done. The testimony of the labor leaders is unanimous that the Republican party has not met the expectations of the wage-earners.

The president has done more than his Republican associates, but he has found his inspiration in the Democratic platform rather than in the Republican platform. He settled the coal strike by arbitration, but it was the Democratic platform that demanded arbitration in 1896, in 1900 and in 1904, when the Republican platform was silent on the subject. The president, in his last message to congress, urged the establishment of an arbitration board, but a Republican congress refused to follow his suggestions.

The president also intimated in his last message—and it was the first time he had spoken officially on the subject—that it might be necessary to do something to limit the use of the injunction in labor matters. The Democratic platforms of 1896, 1900 and 1904 all demanded the abolition of what is known as government by injunction, but the president's suggestion on this subject did not lead to any important results. Senator Beveridge takes hold of the subject, but he does so in a very gingerly way. He enlarges upon the use of the writ of injunction in other cases, but ignores the real question, namely: Should the accused be given the right of trial by jury when the contempt charged is committed outside of the presence of the court? The writ of injunction has been employed a few times against the trusts, but it has been employed out of consideration for the trusts. The trusts themselves have preferred the injunction to the criminal process. The injunction, however, has been employed against the laboring men, not out of consideration

for them, but in order to deny to them the right of trial by jury. No one defends the commission of crime by laboring men, but it is not defending a crime to say that one charged with a crime should be entitled to trial by jury. It is not necessary that one should indorse the use of the injunction in labor troubles in order to say that he is a friend of law and order. Law can be preserved and order enforced without surrendering the protection afforded by jury trial, and the claim of the laboring men to this protection is a just claim and one that should have been recognized long ago.

Senator Beveridge uses italics to emphasize his statement — "President Roosevelt, in five years, has caused more injunctions to be issued against lawless trusts and directed more criminal prosecutions against mighty law violators than was done during the four preceding administrations combined." As President McKinley presided over one of these administrations and President Harrison over another, the senator's comparison reflects upon conspicuous members of his own party. I have no objection to his eulogy of the present president at the expense of the former Republican presidents, and he should remember that the influence of President Cleveland's administration was thrown against the Democratic ticket in 1896, and he ought not to charge up any of the delinquencies of that administration to the Democratic party, and especially not to me. But while President Roosevelt has commenced more prosecutions than his predecessors, he has not sent "the mighty law violators" to the penitentiary yet. How many trusts have been exterminated? And at the rate the president has gone, when will the present crop of trusts be rooted out, provided, of course, that new ones are not formed?

The senator's commendation of the labor organization is gratifying, but why link the organizations with the

trusts? They are not the same in principle; they are not the same in method, and the putting of them in the same class is not in the interest of the laboring man, but in the interest of the monopolist.

A labor organization is an association of human beings, each one with a conscience to restrain him. When the labor organization acts, it must consult this conscience. The trust is a combination of dollars, and these dollars have no moral sense. The labor organization acts for persons who need food and clothing and shelter, and these needs compel the laboring men to accept reasonable terms; the dollars which form the basis of a trust do not eat, and they are easily housed. If a laborer is out of work for a year, his capital is exhausted; if a dollar lies idle a year, its owner is simply out the interest and has his capital remaining.

But there is another difference between the labor organization and the trusts. The trust magnates have built up fabulous fortunes in a short time; the members of the labor organizations have not yet secured more than a fair share of the proceeds of their own toil, and the president can find no "swollen fortunes" among either the officials or the members of a labor organization.

Another merit of the labor organization is that the laborers outside of the organization get the benefit of the increased wages and the better conditions secured by the labor organizations, but the trust bankrupts its competitors, while it tyrannizes over its employes and extorts from those to whom it sells. And, lastly, the labor organization improves the quality, the character and the citizenship of the laboring man, while the natural tendency of the trust is to introduce deterioration in the quality of the product while it enhances the price.

The laboring man is fortunate in having so able and influential a Republican as Senator Beveridge championing the

eight-hour day, and yet the laboring man is not unmindful of the fact that the opposition to the eight-hour day, as well as the opposition to the other things desired by the laboring man, comes from the very men who have been conspicuous in their support of the Republican party during the campaigns and conspicuous in their control of the government after election, while even in Republican congresses labor reforms have been more heartily supported by Democrats than by Republicans.

Senator Beveridge says much that I am glad to commend; he shows more

appreciation of the laborer's position than many of his party leaders, and I trust that in time he may be able to draw the line more accurately than he now does between the blessings of Providence and the policies of his party, and recognize that his party's performances must be tested by the opinions of the laboring men themselves and not by the claims of the party's apologists. At present he magnifies what his party has done, minimizes the part that the laborer has had in his own elevation, and ignores the improvement that has come from natural causes.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S REPLY

"**E** DUCATION," says Mr. Bryan, "that is the thing for the laboring man." Certainly! and for everybody else, too. But how is the increase of education a matter of national legislation—what we are debating about is how to improve good conditions and end bad conditions by national legislation, are we not? To be sure, Senator Whyte, of Maryland, a Democrat, offered in the senate, and had the senate pass a resolution appropriating one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars of the nation's money to print and distribute among the farmers of the country a book upon the horse for the purpose of educating the American farmer about this useful animal; and every Democrat in congress voted for it. Nobody said a word about its "unconstitutionality," although it was, in *principle*, an extreme "extension of federal power"—far more "extreme" than the rate bill and away yonder more "extreme" than the pure food bill, or the child labor bill.

If congress can buy books to instruct the American farmer in the care and treatment of the horse, upon the same *principle* congress can also spend the nation's money to buy books instructing

the nation's children in physiology and hygiene, in history and mathematics. But nobody is proposing such a law, unless Mr. Bryan contemplates it—if he does, he will surely be supported by Senator Whyte, who secured the horse-book appropriation; by Senators Rayner, Daniels, Culbertson and every Democrat in senate or house, every one of whom voted the nation's money to publish and circulate a book for the equine education of the American farmer.

I cite the appropriation advocated and secured by Democratic Senator Whyte, of Maryland, and supported by every Democratic senator or congressman, to show how perfectly absurd is the resistance by the Opposition to certain great national reforms advocated by President Roosevelt when the Opposition place their resistance upon the ground of "principle." It shows that when they do *not* wish to defeat a measure they vote for it, although it violates the same "principle" on which they place their resistance to a measure they *do* wish to defeat.

For example, nobody resisted the law prohibiting gold and silver articles of

a certain kind from interstate commerce; nobody resisted the prohibition of insects from interstate commerce; nobody resisted the prohibition of *healthy* cattle in quarantine from interstate commerce, and many other similar laws; yet the very men who get these laws passed now resist on "*principle*" the law prohibiting interstate commerce in child-made goods, although the "*principle*" is *exactly the same*.

"Labor-saving machinery is a force for civilization and the betterment of man," says Mr. Bryan. It is, indeed. All parties could insert such a plank in their platforms without fear of attack from other parties. Nobody is asking that the labor-saving machinery shall be destroyed; nobody is asking that the progress of invention shall cease; nobody is asking that our patent laws be repealed, although there can be a very good argument made why they should at least be modified. But did I say that nobody is at war with modern machinery? I am wrong, then, for the steam engine, the telegraph and telephone and other mechanical methods by which a nation of ninety millions of people is made one industrial family, on the one hand, and the marvelous inventions in labor-saving machinery in manufacturing, on the other hand, are what have caused, compelled; made *necessary* the great modern organization of industry with which Mr. Bryan is at war.

For example, the Standard Oil Company has grown up by the use of many bad methods and has pocketed unrighteous gains; but the Standard Oil Company or some other similar aggregation of capital engaged in the oil business would have developed naturally anyhow out of the forces that have created all great twentieth-century industrial organizations. Without the pipe line, the railroad, the machinery and invented processes for the refining of oil and the hundred other labor-saving and product-improving mechanical

devices employed by that great organization, it never could have existed and would not now exist. Destroy the machinery used in transportation, which Mr. Bryan so applauds, and the Standard Oil Company will go out of existence in a year—no, not in a year, but in a minute.

The same is true of the United States Steel Company. Its existence would be impossible without any one of scores and even hundreds of labor-saving and process-improving machines and processes; impossible without railroads, telegraphs, steamships. When Mr. Bryan brilliantly sets forth the benefit to mankind of the labor-saving machine and of all the fruits of human invention he has described and proved the resistless economic causes which produce the modern industrial organization of which he complains.

The labor-saving machine and all of the marvelous mechanical creations of the human mind have changed the face of the commercial and financial world no less than that of the industrial and labor world. When a machine is invented that enables one man to do what twenty men were required to do before it would seem that those men should have shorter hours; and, as a matter of fact, they do have shorter hours. But that does not mean that each one of these men should work twenty times less than he worked before the invention. That would mean that, after all, production has not increased; it would mean, too, that the workmen themselves or any other kind of men would be injured. A man with too much idle time is in worse case than a man who is overworked—see how rapidly the idle heirs of great fortunes deteriorate. There is nothing so good for a man as healthful work for a reasonable time. But he ought to have enough leisure for rest, recreation and mental improvement.

Indeed, with all of my sympathies

hotly enlisted in favor of giving the people who work with their hands as much time as possible for their happiness and improvement, I have decided in favor of the eight-hour law for government employes with much hesitation, because I feared that if we are distanced in our foreign trade by nations whose workingmen are willing to work a longer period we may find ourselves in another period of commercial and industrial stagnation when men can not get work for one hour, to say nothing of eight. The Japanese are rapidly increasing the use of every labor-saving machine invented in the whole world; their workingmen are willing to toil any number of hours; and while they are not yet as skilled, as intelligent or as physically capable as American workingmen, they are making swift progress in that direction, and some time in the not far distant future will be as productive as any laborers in the world. When they are, we will find it difficult to compete with them.

The same thing is true of China, the awakening of whose four hundred millions is the great human phenomenon of the twentieth century. These Orientals are nervously the strongest people on earth. The reason of this is that the unhygienic conditions prevailing hitherto in the Orient for hundreds of years have killed off all the children except those of the very strongest possible constitutions. It is literally true in China and similar countries that only the fittest survive. When this process has gone on for scores of generations we can understand why the Chinaman is capable of enormous labor.

Very well! Already labor-saving machinery is being introduced into China, and the Chinese have many mills and factories already in successful operation. They will not be able to compete with us in manufactured goods for a score of years—perhaps not for a whole generation. But we have to look to the future,

do we not? The laborer is concerned not only with his own welfare, but with the welfare of his children, just as all of us are. What will be our condition when we have too greatly reduced the hours of labor and made it a fixed industrial fact, on the one hand, and too highly raised the general standard of living and made that a fixed sociological fact, on the other hand?

Of course, neither of these alternatives is true of labor at the present time, although the high standard of living is true of nearly all the rest of us. People can live so richly, physically, that it results in their living poorly mentally, morally and spiritually. There is some little truth in the famous phrase about "plain living and high thinking," after all. Certain classes in this country live too generously for their own good. Other classes live too meanly for their own good; and what is needed is the striking of that balance which means the largest human welfare in body, mind and soul. We must never adopt as our national gospel of life the fool's motto of Holy Writ: "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

But all this is a matter of social and industrial evolution, which laws can very little help. It seems that it is the increase of morality, intelligence, information, and, above all, improvement of character and growth of self-restraint and moderation in the individual man and woman which makes them *use* life instead of abusing life.

Return for only a moment to the question of limiting hours of labor. I ask workingmen to consider actual conditions and the possible future. I pointed out in my first paper how Germany is successfully competing with us, even in our neighboring country of Mexico, which is right at our doors; although, as I pointed out, this is explained by the superior commercial methods of the Germans, such as their banking system and long credits, their resident agents,

living with their families in Mexico, their making articles that the people want and in the form the people want them, etc. So I think we might compete with Germany even on an eight-hour basis, if we would make our commercial methods modern.

And yet laboring men must remember that this is not absolutely certain. The artisan in Germany is not quite as capable a man as his brother in America, but he is getting to be as capable. This is due to the German polytechnic schools, which are far and away the best in the world; to the training schools and scientific corps attached to every German factory, and to a number of other common-sense methods that Germany has adopted for increasing the efficiency of her laboring men. So these German laboring men are making rapid strides in overtaking the American laboring man; and the serious additional factor is that they seem to be willing to work ten hours a day.

Still some country must take the lead in this mighty human reform of bringing the world to an eight-hour basis; let that country be America. What I would like to see is for *the whole world to agree on an eight-hour day*. That would be progress sure enough, a world reform worth fighting for. Workingmen of every nation would then be on an equality with workingmen of every other nation so far as hours of work are concerned, and that is all that American workingmen ask for. Also, manufacturers of every nation would then be on an equality with those of every other nation, so far as labor is concerned, and that is all American manufacturers ask for. But the simplest mind can see that there is a grave question whether we can hold our place as producers and sellers of a surplus if we load ourselves down with too many handicaps. The truth is, the labor question is not only above party, even above nation—it is a world question.

This is a fact which very earnest reformers, some of them among laboring people themselves, do not consider. There are some ignorant demagogues, of course, who not only do not consider such monumental facts, but who do not inform themselves about them—and worse, do not *care* one way or the other. These demagogues are in both parties, and some of them in both parties are *demagogues of conservatism* as well as of radicalism. I am very glad to say that there are few of these among labor leaders, who are coming to be men of keen and careful thought, of courage and *real* conservatism, of careful study and broad information; while among employers and business men real statesmen of affairs are coming to the front. Also, the new order of public men now appearing are tolerant, considerate, studious and want to do the right thing; the stump-speech statesman of former years, who was as ignorant of facts as he was reckless of speech, has less and less hold upon the people because the people are becoming better and better informed.

There is only one phase of Mr. Bryan's debate upon this subject of labor which, it seems to me, has not received at his hands the careful study and mature thought it deserves, and which he is so admirably fitted to give—I refer to what he has to say upon injunctions. He will pardon me if I point out that he is not very definite. But he seems to think that the jury should be made a part of equity jurisprudence. But how? since equity jurisprudence grew up because of the very inadequacy of the common law to secure justice and prevent injustice. Remember Blackstone's definition, which has never yet been improved upon: "Equity is that wherein law, by reason of its universality, is *deficient*." In all its branches equity jurisprudence is preserved by the constitution *as it existed at the time the constitution was adopted*. Therefore no

power but amendment or revolution can destroy the jurisdiction of courts of equity or any powers of the chancellor *which existed when our present government was founded*. We can by statute *extend* those powers—we can not by statute destroy them.

Among these powers the most important was that of injunction. It could be issued only when property rights were involved where the danger was imminent and the threatened damage irreparable. It was a writ issued by the chancellor and its violation punishable as a contempt of court by fine or imprisonment—the jury, from the nature of the power of injunction and from the nature of equity jurisprudence, was not an instrument of an equity court except where the chancellor referred a question of fact to a jury for its advice. Now remember that just precisely this was the state of equity jurisprudence and of its most important branch (the writ of injunction) when the constitution was adopted and when the constitution preserved the whole system intact. An amendment to the constitution can overthrow it; revolution can overthrow it; but a statute can not overthrow it. I repeat this because I want workingmen to know the *fact*—for this is not opinion, but a *fact*.

As I said before, a statute can *extend* it. And we have extended it by statute—but *never against labor and always against capital*. But what Mr. Bryan is proposing is to make the jury a part of the system of equity jurisprudence, and, of course, on second thought, he will know that that is impossible. He is too good a lawyer *not* to know that. In fact, every law *student* knows that.

The whole American bar is against the destruction or impairment of equity

jurisprudence as a part of our system of justice, and this irrespective of whether the lawyers are employed by corporations or simply general practitioners. And do not forget, employers and employes, both of you, that all through history the most earnest and effective advocates of liberty have been the lawyers. Everywhere and always they have insisted that the government should be a government of laws and not of men. Generally speaking, the lawyer is the sincerest friend the laboring man has, except, of course, certain lawyers who are perpetually employed against labor on the one hand, and, on the other hand, certain other uninformed, ignorant men, who, posing as lawyers, counsel wrath instead of righteousness, and grotesque, unworkable laws at war with the whole system of human justice. But the American people pay little attention to either of these classes of lawyers—and do not you pay any attention to them either, workingman. But, ordinarily, the consensus of opinion of the great body of American lawyers is a fairly safe guide for capital, for labor and for the conduct of the nation.

As to the court of arbitration advocated by Mr. Bryan, if he will read chapter 1063, volume 1, of the supplement to the Revised Statutes of the United States, he will find that a Republican congress long ago provided for much that Mr. Bryan advocates. If Mr. Bryan or anybody else can suggest an improvement on the present law or show where we can go further than we have already gone, I think he will find that congress will adopt the suggestions. President Roosevelt has already done this, and nothing is surer than that we will follow him.

MARY MARTHA AND THE MEASLES

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Author of "An Incomplete Experiment"

"Teeter-totter, milk and water,
Chrissen the Cath-o-lics one by one—"

IT was impossible to mistake the terrible words. Even if one were not painfully familiar with the tune, the boy's voice, high pitched and clear, was near enough to add all proper emphasis and feeling. Mary Martha, drawing figures in the dust of the backyard with the toe of her boot, clenched her little hands tightly under her pinafore. Her round cheeks grew pink.

"If that won't do, we'll cut 'em in two
And bury 'em under the orange and
blue!"

Mary Martha closed her lips with inflexible determination. Not a sound would she permit to escape them; not a movement came from her stiff little body, although, from the manner of the singing, it was apparent that the next-door boy must be near the fence.

"Ma-ry Mar-tha!" called the boy in his shrill sing-song. There was no answer. One must preserve one's dignity. Besides, it is stimulating to know that one's high attitude is being observed through a knot-hole in the fence. Better a satisfied pride than a morning's fishing!

But a severer test was coming. The singing voice began again.

"I'm a Meth-o-dist, I'm a Meth-o-dist,
I'm a Meth-o-dist till I die.
I'm goin' to join the Meth'dist Church
And feed on the Meth-o-dist pie!"

The song was a slogan! Mary Martha sprang to her feet. She forgot the knot-hole in the fence. She forgot every-

thing! There was something in this song which never failed to call forth its response. Why it was so, Mary Martha could not have told you, for, to an unprejudiced mind, the teeter-totter song seemed the more insulting. The fact remained that it was the Methodist-pie song that always made Mary Martha mad. Her eyes blazed, her mouth opened—yes, opened in spite of that inflexible determination to keep it shut—and at the top of her childish piping voice she flung back the challenge.

"I'm a Cath-o-lic—I'm a Cath-o-lic,
I'm a Cath'lic till I die.
I'm goin' to join the Cath'lic Church
And feed on the Cath-o-lic pie!"

The boy burst into a great shout of laughter. His face, freshly smiling, appeared over the top of the fence.

"Go fishin'?" he asked amiably.

"No, I won't!" Mary Martha's voice was hoarse with emotion.

"Oh, well, I wasn't goin' fishin' anyway."

The boy climbed upon the fence and balanced himself upon the top. Mary Martha did not look up. He flapped his arms and crowed like a rooster. Mary Martha drew figures in the dust with the toe of her boot. This was annoying, but not hopeless. The next-door boy was wise in the ways of women. He slid off the fence, and, coming over to the wood-pile, helped himself to a seat.

"When I was singin' those songs," he remarked with a detached air, "I was meaning Cath'lics in general."

"Was you?" There may be more sarcasm in the world than Mary Martha put into these two words, but, if so, she was not aware of it. The boy straight-

IT IS STIMULATING TO KNOW THAT ONE'S HIGH ATTITUDE IS BEING
OBSERVED THROUGH A KNOT-HOLE IN THE FENCE

way lost all taste for detached conversation.

"Say, you're mad, aren't you?" he said slyly.

"No, I'm not," promptly.

"I know when you're mad—the sides of your nose go in."

Mary Martha's small hands went instantly to her nose.

"You lie," she remarked briefly.

There are limits. The next-door boy arose from the wood-pile. Mary Martha still appeared uninterested.

"If your nose doesn't go in at the sides when you're mad may I be eternally—"

"Oh—don't!" Mary Martha was fairly startled from her vantage-ground.

The boy grinned.

"It's not wicked when you say 'flumbusticated' instead of 'damned,'" he explained. Then, seeing signs of returning frost, "But if you hadn't given in I was going to say 'damned.'" He sat down again upon the wood-pile.

"I didn't give in," said Mary Martha, "and Father O'Neill says that you Protestants don't seem to know the meaning of—of 'damned'; but what you don't know now you shall know hereafter."

The boy shook in a convulsion of mirth. "Gee, that's funny!" he giggled.

"And ma says if you swear I am not to play with you, and I say if you ever sing those horrid songs again I *won't* play with you, and I mean it."

The boy became promptly serious.

"You don't like being a Catholic, do you?" he asked shrewdly.

Mary Martha turned a brick red.

"I do."

"Of course, it's not your fault—"

"It is."

"Wouldn't you be something else if you could?"

"No, I wouldn't. You're a horrid boy. I wouldn't be anything else—not if I wanted to ever so!"

This statement seemed to impress the next-door boy.

"You're spunky, aren't you?" he remarked admiringly. Then, after a thoughtful pause, "Say, do you ever tell a lie?"

Mary Martha looked frightened. How painfully she had questioned her own heart to know if she ever told a lie. How came the next-door boy to guess that the dread of her life had lately been that she might tell a lie—without knowing it perhaps?

"Because," went on the boy, "that's what my father says. He says Catholics are all right as long as you don't trust 'em."

Mary Martha rallied.

"My father says your father is a good-for-nothing windbag," she retorted calmly.

The boy flushed. "He hadn't better say it when I'm around."

"He ain't afraid of you."

"Oh, ain't he! He'd better be!"

"Who's mad now?" triumphantly.

"I'm not mad, I've got a secret. I was just wondering if you'd say you wouldn't tell and then go and do it."

Mary Martha turned her face away. She was genuinely hurt. Her little red lips began to quiver.

"Oh, I say, stop it!" disgustedly. "I was only coddling. I guess you won't

tell any more than most girls. Dry up now. I'll tell you. I've got the measles."

Mary Martha turned around with a jump.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed feelingly.

"Yes, I have. Do you see anything queer about my face?"

"It's red."

"They're not quite out yet. But I'm awful sick."

Mary Martha looked her admiration.

"I know I ought to be in bed and have the doctor, but I'm not goin' to. If ma knew she'd say I've got to stay home from the picnic to-morrow."

Mary Martha drew a long breath. She knew heroism when she saw it.

"That's why I'm not goin' fishin'. I feel awful dizzy. It's a wonder I didn't fall off that fence when I was crowing like a rooster." He paused a moment. It would not be a bad idea to let this sink in. It might do Mary Martha good to think what a catastrophe might have been brought about by her unsympathetic attitude.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mary Martha anxiously.

"I'm going into Hobson's barn to lie down on the hay. My head feels funny. And mind, you're not to tell—promise—cross your heart."

"Wish-I-may-die," promised Mary Martha unhesitatingly. As yet she had no idea of possible danger in connection with this glorious exploit of the boy's. He was certainly brave to go into Hobson's barn and lie on the hay when most boys would go complaining to their mothers and be sent to bed. Mary Martha admitted, with a sigh, that it was unlikely that she herself would have been able to rise to such heights.

She examined the boy critically. He did look funny. He was very red in the face, and his eyes were red too. When she touched his hand it startled her.

"You're awful hot!" she said.

"Yes, just boiling. My head feels

like I can hardly hold it up. I guess I'll go now—mind, you don't tell!"

Left alone, Mary Martha forsook the wood-pile and sauntered into the kitchen, where her mother was baking.

"Well," said her mother, looking up, "was that that Simpson boy singing 'teeter-totter'?"

"He was only foolin'," said Mary Martha hastily.

"I don't care if he was. He's a young scalawag, that's what he is. I don't see why you want to play with him."

Mary Martha said nothing.

"Why do you want to play with him?" repeated Mrs. O'Hara, with rising inflection.

"I don't know, Ma." Mary Martha felt that it would be quite useless to deny the fact of wanting to play with the next-door boy. Besides, there was that ever-present danger of telling a lie.

"Well, I wouldn't if I were you. Ain't you got any pride?"

"If you were me," began Mary Martha argumentatively. Then she paused. "Ma," she said presently, in a thoughtful voice, "do you remember when I had the measles?"

"I ain't likely to forget," said Mrs. O'Hara grimly, punching the bread.

"I don't remember what it felt like. Why don't I?"

"I guess you couldn't remember. Out of your head most of the time!"

"Where was I when I was out of my head?"

"Land sakes—don't be silly."

"I must have been somewhere," went on the child serenely. "Perhaps I was back where I came from in the first place. I don't remember anything about that either, you know. Why don't I remember? Do you suppose I remembered when I was a teenty-weenty baby?"

"No, I don't," Mrs. O'Hara slammed a loaf into the oven with unnecessary violence.

"When we wake up from being dead do you suppose we will forget all about everything and not know where we were before we were dead?"

Mrs. O'Hara put an extra stick in the fire and went into the pantry for more bread-pans.

"You can have a cookie if you want one," she said, emerging.

Mary Martha cheerfully accepted the cookie and her mind returned from seeking the solution of the problems of exist-

ence. She proceeded to other matters.

"If when I had the measles I hadn't gone to bed and hadn't had the doctor and had gone to lie down on the hay in Hobson's barn, what would you have said?" She was still trying to imagine herself the heroine of this remarkable adventure.

Mrs. O'Hara was used to Mary Martha's questions. She believed it to be her duty to try to answer her as long as the question was not "too silly." She did her best, and it was owing to this

- - - - - *— You're Not to Tell—Promise —* - - - - -
 "YOU'RE NOT TO TELL—PROMISE." "WISH-I-MAY-DIE."
 PROMISED MARY MARTHA UNHESITATINGLY

conscientiousness that the many tangles of Mary Martha's thought-world were very largely owing. The measles question puzzled her, but she said with patience:

"I guess I wouldn't have said anything. You wouldn't have been here to hear it."

"Where would I have been?"

Mrs. O'Hara looked at the clock. It was too near dinner-time to explain at length what Mary Martha's probable whereabouts would have been.

"You'd better run away and play, Mary Martha—go along now."

"Yes, ma—but if I had—"

"If you had done any fool thing like that you'd be dead—that's where you'd be—and serve you right."

"Dead!"

Mary Martha gave a start which jerked her half-eaten cookie out of her hand.

"It was only just working over you night and day that saved you," went on Mrs. O'Hara with asperity, "and the doctor said if we'd let it run on like some careless folks he couldn't have pulled you through—not that he did pull you through—it was me that did that or I'm mistaken! Don't you want your cookie?"

Mary Martha picked up the cookie and placed it on the table. Dead! A person who had the measles and didn't have the doctor and went to lie on the hay in Hobson's barn and whose mother didn't work day and night to pull them through—

"Pull me through what?" asked Mary Martha.

"The measles," said Mrs. O'Hara.

Mary Martha would have liked to understand how a person can be pulled through a measles, but she was too miserable to ask. The fact remained that if a person was not pulled through a person would die. And she had promised not to tell!

"Whatever is the matter?" asked Mrs.

O'Hara irritably. It frightened her to see Mary Martha's pink cheeks so white, and she was always cross when she was frightened.

"I guess I'll go and play," said Mary Martha. She left the cookie on the table. One is apt to forget cookies when one stumbles upon a tragedy. Mary Martha felt that she was always stumbling upon tragedies. It didn't seem fair that one little girl should have so very many unhappy things in her life. As if it wasn't enough never to be sure that you hadn't told a lie, to have always a haunting fear that you might tell one, perhaps without knowing it!

It was such a lovely day—a day that a little girl without tragedies might have been so happy in! Mary Martha's heart grew hot and angry with impotent rebellion against this sorry scheme of things, yet, though her eyes were full of tears, there was a certain courage of desperation in the way she hid herself behind the wood-pile and proceeded to face the problem.

It appeared something like this. The next-door boy had the measles—he was in Hobson's barn—he wouldn't tell his mother and go to bed and have the doctor and be pulled through. He wanted to go to the picnic to-morrow. When to-morrow came he would probably be dead. It was evident that the boy did not expect to be dead, but that only proved that he didn't know anything about measles. If she, Mary Martha, went and told the boy's mother he would not die. Yet she had promised the boy that she would not tell, and the boy had said that his father had said that Catholics were all right—as long as you didn't trust 'em. In spite of this the boy had trusted her. If she told, he would know that what his father said was right. It was not only her own honor that was at stake; it was the honor of her religion! If she did not tell, the boy would die, but he would know, and his father would know, and all the mock-

"PULL ME THROUGH WHAT?" ASKED MARY MARTHA

ing world would know, that Catholics do not lie. It would be awful—she would probably die too—at any rate she would never, never be happy any more. Her heart would always ache and ache and she would never play again, but no one would be able to say that a Catholic was not to be trusted!

Her cheeks were red and her eyes shining when she came to this decision. She stood, for a moment, upon the high places where martyrs for faith's sake have always stood. In her childish heart, looking down the endless stretch of a child's futurity, she saw a life of misery, and accepted it.

For the moment. Then, while she still stood triumphant in the face of heaven, she seemed to see the boy balancing on the fence, flapping his arms and crowing like a rooster. If the boy should die!—better that the whole world should laugh and mock than that the boy should die!

She sprang from behind the woodpile, rushed through the gate into the boy's backyard and into the boy's mother's kitchen.

The boy's mother was also baking bread. She smiled kindly at the child's excited face.

"Well, little Mary Martha?" she said.

"He's got the measles," said Mary Martha. "If you don't put him to bed and get the doctor he'll die."

The boy's mother slipped a nice round loaf into the pan.

"Do you mean Tommy?" she asked pleasantly.

Mary Martha stared at her.

"I was afraid they might be coming on," went on Tommy's mother, shaping another loaf. "Yes, I expect he'd be better in bed, but it will be hard work keeping him there. In Hobson's barn, did you say? I'm glad he had sense enough to keep out of the sun. I suppose," with a little smile, "he was afraid

of missing the picnic if he told. I was going to say something about the picnic this morning, but I thought I'd better leave it until he felt a little sicker, so he wouldn't be so disappointed."

She slipped the second loaf into the pan and the pan into the oven.

"Well, I'll just go over and get him right now," she said, rising and dusting the flour from her hands. "Will you come along?"

Mary Martha shook her head. She had no desire to go along. She knew exactly how the next-door boy would look when he found out that she had told. It

was certainly all over between her and the next-door boy. Very likely he would be glad of an excuse to drop her. She knew that other boys had been teasing him lately about playing with a girl. It had been a matter of pride to her that he had given Ben Williams a black eye and had expressed his willingness to adorn the whole neighborhood in the same way for the same cause. But no boy would want to fight for a girl that he couldn't trust. It was a bitter thought!

Mary Martha arose with a sigh from her seat in the boy's mother's kitchen and went back to the wood-pile. A wood-pile is as good a place as any whereon to face the realities of life. One can draw figures in the dust with the toe of one's boot, and, if the pile is high, no one can see over the top to mark the expression on one's countenance.

The sting of the whole matter lay in the fact that perhaps she need not have

told! The boy's mother had not seemed alarmed. She had not cried or screamed or rushed for the doctor or called down blessings on the head of Mary Martha. Mary Martha had vaguely expected her to do some, perhaps all, of these things.

Perhaps the boy might not have died if he had stayed in the barn! In this case Mary Martha would have sacrificed herself in vain. It is a terrible thing to sacrifice oneself in vain. It makes one *so mad!* I regret to say that, just here, Mary Martha threw a chip at the cat.

Then she began to wonder if in talking to the boy's mother she

could have told a lie. It is so easy to tell a lie if you are not watching out *all the time*. She tried to remember what she had said, but could not. She tried so hard that her pink cheeks grew white with mental effort, but she could not remember. Oh dear! she would never know, never be sure whether she had told a lie or not. And if she had! Mary Martha never went any further than this—she didn't dare! All she knew was that there was an unnamed terror lurking just beyond that "if." Often she had tried to tell her mother about it, but her mother couldn't understand. According to Mrs. O'Hara, if you told a lie you told a lie and you were a bad girl; on the other hand, if you told the truth you told the truth and you were a good girl. Of the true inwardness of lying, as to what constitutes a lie and whether you can tell a lie without meaning to, and without knowing it, Mrs. O'Hara knew nothing. The trouble with Mary Martha

SHE SEEMED TO SEE THE BOY . . .
FLAPPING HIS ARMS AND CROWING
LIKE A ROOSTER

was not that she was unusual or morbid or even unhealthy; her trouble was imagination. A child with too much imagination is apt to have bogies, and Mary Martha's present bogie was the fear of telling a lie.

When she reached the conclusion that justification by remembrance was impossible Mary Martha hid her face in the wood-pile and wept. When she had wept she felt better and decided that there was still some hope. She might go to visit the boy's mother again, and, by judicious questioning, find out enough to set her mind at ease. She raised her head just in time to see the boy's mother come hurrying in through the gate in the fence. She had nothing on her head and she had neglected to remove her apron. Besides these signs of perturbation her face displayed an anxiety which Mary Martha was quick to note.

Mrs. O'Hara was in the doorway, and

the boy's mother called to her even from the fence.

"Could you come right over and look at Thomas," she said, her soft voice quite thin with anxiety. "I never saw the boy look so strange. I just got that nervous I felt like I couldn't wait for the doctor. It's the measles, I think, but—"

She had reached the door and disappeared within, so Mary Martha heard no more. But she had heard enough to make the world a little brighter. When the boy's mother called the boy "Thomas" it was safe to suppose that the boy was sick—Mary Martha could remember only one other instance, the day when the boy was carried home unconscious with a broken arm. If the boy's sickness were a reality then Mary Martha had not sacrificed herself in vain and the tangles of the universe might eventually smooth themselves out.

She watched her mother hurry off

Flora Sande Stein

SHE KNEW THAT OTHER BOYS HAD BEEN TEASING HIM ABOUT
PLAYING WITH A GIRL

with the boy's mother and then sat down to wait her return. She felt sure that her mother would pull the boy through—she hoped it wouldn't hurt! On the whole, she felt able to eat her discarded cookie with reviving appetite!

When Mrs. O'Hara came back she looked cross, which meant, as Mary Martha knew, that she was merely worried.

"That boy is sick," she said at once, looking angrily at Mary Martha. "He's got the measles and got them bad. He wants to see you, but I don't want to let you go. That boy is a scalawag. I don't see what you like him for. What do you like him for?"

"I don't know, Ma," said Mary Martha meekly.

"Well," reluctantly, "I don't want you to go, but I don't suppose it can hurt you, seeing that you've had the measles. What does he want you for?"

"I don't know, Ma"—then, as the awful possibility of a lie dawned—"I mean I guess I know. I don't know whether I know or not."

"Seems to me you never know anything these days. Well, you can go—for five minutes. And, mind you, breathe through your nose. You don't catch them that way as easily as through your mouth. Go along."

The doctor, who was just leaving the boy's house, beamed kindly on her.

"This is the little friend?" he asked benevolently. "These childish friendships are touching—very touching. Do not let her excite Thomas, Mrs. Simpson."

The boy's mother smiled as she opened the door and motioned Mary Martha to go in. She, herself, stayed

outside, being a wise mother and knowing all about the touchingness of childish friendships.

"Let them have it out alone," she said to herself.

The boy was lying in bed, very red—very uncomfortable-looking, but otherwise very much himself.

"Well, Tattle-tale," he said. His voice was harsh and broken, but it was full of meaning.

Mary Martha said nothing.

"Knew you'd tell!" went on the boy triumphantly. "Girls always do. Tattle-tale—that's what you are. What do you think of yourself—eh?"

Mary Martha was a brave little soul. She had intended to fight it out, but quite suddenly she did not seem to want to fight. Instead she buried her pink face in the boy's bed with a heart-broken wail.

"Stop it!" said the boy. "Stop it! Say, don't do it so loud! Do you want to get me in for a lickin'?"

Mary Martha quieted the violence of her sobs.

"What are you blubbering for? I was only coddling. You can't help being a girl. You don't tell more than most girls. Say, I'm awful sick. I don't want to go to the picnic. I don't—honest. Stop it, now. *Stop it!*"

Mary Martha sat up and wiped her eyes.

"What I wanted to say," went on the boy, fumbling under his pillow, "is that I don't think I can go to the picnic tomorrow. I don't want to go to the old picnic—here!" He shoved a piece of very dirty pasteboard into Mary Martha's hand.

"That's the ticket; you take it and go."



COMER OF ALABAMA

THE BUSINESS MAN WHO LED "THE MORRIS AVENUE SOREHEADS" AGAINST A STATE MACHINE AND WON—A BIG NEW FIGURE IN THE NEWER POLITICS

BY HERBERT QUICK

Author of "Hoke Smith and the Revolution in Georgia," "The Broken Lance," etc.

FOR one modest business man to have crushed a corporation machine which had held a great state helpless for a generation, and to have successfully demanded of the people a new deal in its government, is a feat that makes the doer worthy of study. Such is Braxton Bragg Comer, who embodies "Progressivism" as against "Standpatism" in Alabama.

The situation there in pre-Comer days may well be shown by a picture drawn by the governor himself.

"Five years ago," said he, "we appealed to the people for an elective railroad commission with power. Colonel Faulkner, counsel of the Louisville & Nashville, came to Birmingham to throw down the gauntlet, as he called it, before the people, and said: 'We will be at that election! We, the railroads of Alabama, will be there and will show you that we have rights, and will elect our men, while you are trying to elect yours!' Think of that!"

Yes, think of it! Yet, up to that time, Alabama had given Colonel Faulkner warrant for thinking that the sovereignty had been laid down by the people and assumed by the railways. Whenever the ruler becomes a mere imitation some real force always picks up and wields the abandoned scepter. But in these five years much has happened. Braxton Bragg Comer sits in the governor's chair. The legislature that used to meet and do the colonel's bidding has met and enacted a body of laws of which the colonel would not then have allowed the possibility, and the representatives of the railroads have gone meekly from the presence of the new governor

promising to be good if he would only let their charters be restored, so that they might go on doing business! Surely, here is a strange transformation. But let us have the story—one not generally known—from the beginning.

Governor Comer is more than six feet tall, arrowy, sinewy, smooth-shaven, regular and clean-cut in feature, and of fine, dignified manners. He gives one the impression of being in a high state of mental, moral and physical health. He has a good strong jaw, a fine, tense, close-shut mouth, and eyes well separated and focussed like microscopes. A psychologist would say that his inhibitory faculties are well developed—in plain English, that he has himself well in hand. If he is a genius, it is merely through "infinite capacity for taking pains," and unending perseverance.

WHO HE IS AND WHAT

You will not find his name in any "Cyclopedia of Biography." "I do not allow such things," said he when asked for personal data. "My family shuns publicity in its personal affairs." Inhibitory faculties strong indeed, to resist the craze for "write-ups." The phrase "My family shuns publicity" is biography, though, and self-revelation, more full than could appear in the "County History" or in "Who's Who in America," the current volume of which skips his name, going from "Leslie Combs, Diplomat, of Guatemala," to "Dr. Anna Manning Comfort, of Syracuse, N. Y.," all unconscious of the successful rebel of Birmingham. Never mind, he will be in future editions. Was it family

ties or patriotism that gave him the name of Braxton Bragg, who won promotional spurs at Buena Vista and Monterey? One or the other it was, for young Comer was a hobbledehoy of thirteen years when General Bragg made his own name a household word by retreating from Perryville "with a wagon train forty miles long." When the reader gets the biography of this secretive southern gentleman, it will tell of an old plantation in Barbour County, so large that it made the family poor after the war; of three brothers, all subsequently prominent in business; of young Braxton, a stripling, scarcely thicker than his musket, serving in the war as a state cadet; of poverty and struggle and hard manual labor; of his wealth-winning as a merchant; of his joining field to field until he is said to run more plows than any other man in Alabama; of cotton and flouring mills and all the dry data of success in which a man who has anti-plundering ideals doesn't get very rich after all. Thus it was that, at the age of fifty-odd, and when he was something less than a millionaire, this rather commonplace business man went into public life.

POLITICS AND TRANSPORTATION

I believe that at first he did not know what he was up to. He thought he was not getting a square deal in freight rates. When he was wholesaling at Anniston, something enabled his great competitors to undersell him. After a while he identified this something as railway rebates and discriminations—or so he thought. As a miller he found that some towns could get for their millers the favor of "milling in transit"—a very useful privilege—and some could not. Then he began to use his genius-like capacity for taking pains in the study of Alabama railway rates.

Let us here pause to say that it seems impossible to write or think of present-

day problems of politics except in terms of transportation. Every political problem is a railway problem. Why? There was never anything like it before. The reason is that never before was there a great industrial nation dependent on privately-owned highways. For the old Oriental peoples, the desert and the camel took the place of our railways, and the caravan went where it pleased, from oasis to oasis. The sea was the free highway of Phœnicia, Greece, Carthage and Rome, and the great Roman road carried traffic over the world. But the railways are so efficient that they drive the very boats from the rivers. They own the water-fronts of our cities, and thus control the sea. They are privately owned; and the very breath of our life is drawn through our relations with them. While this is so, highway conditions must continue to dominate politics, and around the railways must rage the political battles of the future until their relations with the public are "settled right."

This dauntingly broad view seems not to have occurred to Mr. Comer, planter, miller, banker and spinner, who wanted fair rates for Alabama, and nothing more. Hoke Smith was not yet enlisted in his Georgian revolution, in which he showed that Birmingham rates were ruining Atlanta, while, all the time, Comer had figures to show that Birmingham was getting the worst of it by having the rates on great staples jumped twenty to one hundred and twenty per cent. at the state line. The three great railway lines were now all managed from lower Broadway and competition was ended.

Mr. Comer took the matter before the Birmingham Commercial Club, and found the railways controlled the club. He appealed to the State Association of Commercial Clubs with no better success. Mr. Comer began to see a great light, for he had not been born yesterday, and knew when he was hit. Many

business men would have given up, saying, "If the rest can stand it, I reckon I can!" Comer was not a politician, or a speaker, or a writer. His public documents read like business letters. He was not well known in the state. Every state office was "railway-environed," to quote a pithy phrase of his own coining. He, B. B. Comer, stood alone. He was worth five hundred thousand dollars or more. Surely he could have borne with the inequalities if others could.

THE MORRIS AVENUE SOREHEADS

There is something almost sublime in this lone fighter's decision that whatever others might do, so long as he, personally, could voice a protest or strike a blow he would not stand tyranny to himself or a wrong to the people. He made this decision, broke with the Commercial Club, and, with the friends nearest at hand, organized a semi-secret league with a clumsy name, popularly known, from Birmingham's chief jobbing street, as the "Morris Avenue Soreheads." The Soreheads had branches, but most of the work was done on Morris Avenue.

A constitutional convention was called. It may be whispered in Boston and trumpeted in Mobile that its object was negro disfranchisement. Alabama was tired of tissue ballots and election frauds, so a convention was called that things might be reformed to the end that election officers would not always see themselves as legal criminals in the cause of white supremacy. Into this convention Comer and his Soreheads went with a demand for an elective railway commission, "with power." The state had a commission, but it was a joke. The governor appointed the commissioners, but the railways named them. There was scarcely a pretense to the contrary. To complete the farce, the railways paid the commissioners'

salaries—although we may never know from the roads' books what the account was charged to.

The state machine had fixed the convention so that, safe and sane, it should amend the constitution conservatively and then disperse. Mr. Comer's description of it shows his reserve of statement under provocation to be extravagant. "The dominating influence in it," said he, "was railroad lawyers. Mr. John B. Knox, a railroad attorney, a nice man, a smart man, was the president of the convention. Take the committee on corporations: Who were they? Mostly railroad lawyers—strong men—good men. I do not mean to impugn their honesty. I do not mean to imply anything—merely to call attention to their environment."

To Mr. Knox's convention went the careful-spoken Comer with the demand of the Morris Avenue Soreheads for their commission plan, and some other pretty strict laws. It was not deemed best to deny all, so the elective commission was granted by the convention of railroad lawyers, with an anchor to windward in the form of an extension of the terms of two of the members until the Sorehead squall should have time to blow itself out. Mr. Comer says that these concessions were made "to avoid a general debate." Inasmuch as the railways had never had any more difficulty in controlling elections than in controlling appointments, we may acquit Mr. Knox's convention of any negligence in thus yielding. How could they know that Mr. Comer was a William the Silent, who was to take their citadel, not with drum, trumpet and assault, like the charge of Hoke Smith in Georgia, but with sapping and mining, trenches and lines of circumvallation? They did not know that the elective commission was his first line of investment. I wonder whether *he* knew?

Comer knows exactly how much it costs to send a circular to every man in

Alabama. Before the next legislature met he had done this. Colonel Alfred Tunstall, a "railway-environed man," was speaker, and the Committee on Common Carriers was safe, sane and conservative. The legislation asked for by Morris Avenue was given a flying shunt toward oblivion, when one Professor Dubose, who had negligently been given a place on the Committee on Elections, broke the Sabbath stillness by bringing in the necessary railway-commission law as a part of the committee's report. It was shocking to the Knoxes, Tunstalls and Faulkners. The house revolted to Comer. The senate wavered before the attacks of the man who never gave up. The scenes which followed will never be forgotten in Alabama, where the railways had been served with due regard to propriety. Corruption stalked openly through the old capitol. Three doubtful senators went to New Orleans in a special car, and came back, as Mr. Comer guardedly says, "scarcely the same men." Thus, the bill that passed was not up to the Comer standard.

A HALF VICTORY

The smoke cleared away from this railway half-victory, and the state-house machine was at once plunged into a campaign for the election of the new railway commissioner. Stinging from the blows of the clumsy amateur, the angry and insulted machine went out to annihilate this Sunday School superintendent with his league of "Soreheads"—and Colonel Faulkner went to Birmingham and vauntingly threw down that amazing "gauntlet of battle." He wished afterward that he had not bragged so loudly.

Mr. Comer's fight now rose to the point of dividing the sheep from the goats. Most of the "prominent" men went with the goats, and press and bar were against Comer, with few excep-

tions. Among these exceptions was the Birmingham *News*, which worked for Comer as the Atlanta *Journal* worked for Hoke Smith in Georgia. I think Comer would have won anyhow; but the *News* helped amazingly, and so did Captain Frank S. White, of Birmingham, Comer's organizer and adviser. The campaign was Comer's, however, from start to finish.

PLAIN MISTER BECOMES COLONEL

For he had to run for railway commissioner, as a matter of course. His lines of circumvallation had been pushed on to a point where he had to enter public life in the rôle of avowed leader. "We had no speakers," says he, "and I went through the state to get up some interest in the matter. Where I made my first speech I got off the train and told the hotel-keeper that my name was Comer and that I had come to talk about the elective railway commission. He had never heard of me before, and did not know whether to call me Mister, Captain, Major, or Colonel. He went with me from store to store, and said: 'Here is a man who wants to talk about something he will explain.' I talked from the doorstep of a store. Going back to the hotel the hotel-keeper called me 'Colonel' and I have been called 'Colonel' from that day."

No speaker who ever got into a town unannounced because the committee had failed to advertise the meeting, and found the hall rented to the Maccabees, and the band over at the county seat playing for the opposition, will fail to sympathize with Comer as he waded in the cold water of a campaign in which such chilling receptions were the rule. When I say that he went on from that doorstep unwaveringly, I have given him a certificate of character. There is pathos in the publican's agonized hesitation between "Colonel" and plain "Mister," and there is evidence of suc-

BRAXTON BRAGG COMER, GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA

cess in the fact that the meeting which had opened barren of titular honor, ended with the bestowal upon the speaker of the accolade of "Colonel."

Comer won the presidency of the new railway commission by some twenty thousand votes, over Colonel Faulkner's candidate, Mr. John V. Smith, who next appears for the railways at hearings before Comer's commission. The siege lines were advanced a point. The other commissioners were good men, Mr. Comer says, but "railway-environed." On almost every question

the commission stood two to one, and Comer was the one. They seem not to have understood that this patient man was, day after day, putting them in the wrong with the people of the state. The old commission had never acted except on complaint. Comer took the initiative in pointing out wrongs and demanding remedies. He discovered twenty-one staple items on which Alabama rates averaged eighty per cent. more than Georgia rates. He mentioned the fact that for purposes of taxation the railways of the state were valued at thirty-

six million dollars, while for purposes of earnings they claimed to be worth two hundred and fifty million dollars. He pushed these matters to a hearing, and asked for an attorney to cope with such men as the late Samuel Spencer, of the Southern, and Colonel Russell, of the M. & O. The governor refused him assistance.

"I do not impugn the governor's motives," says Mr. Comer. "I do not believe he comprehended what was going on up in the capitol that day. If he had, I believe he would have given me an attorney."

So, single-handed, Comer met the leagued legal departments of half a dozen railways, and is said to have come off more than conqueror as far as facts, figures and appeal to principles are concerned; though he was defeated by the inevitable two to one—and went to bed with nervous prostration. But his lines had closed in. "If the decision had been against the railroads," was his manifesto, "every court in the land would have been open to them. For the people there is no appeal but to the ballot. I would suggest that the safest and speediest relief can come from the next legislature." He was sounding the call to battle for the final assault, and, quite characteristically, not in eloquent periods, but with the business man's "I would suggest."

THE FIGHT FOR GOVERNOR

The "white man's primary" is the real election in the Gulf states, and before this went Comer, now known and feared, for his last struggle with the machine. With the magnificent assurance of the real leader, he told the people that what he wanted in this election was—everything. He would trouble them, if they pleased, for the governorship, the lieutenant-governorship, the rest of the commission, and both branches of the legislature. Then he could

get laws for rate-making, against the pass and the lobby, and the like. To this stature had grown the "man by the name of Comer," who had spoken to strangers from the doorstep! The state machine pinched itself, found it was no dream, and rose to the fray. No gage of battle was now thrown down by minatory Colonel Faulkner. The lion's skin was all too short for the Comer peril, and must be eked out by the fox's. So the machine found a good, easy man, who was a natural orator, put in his mouth demands more radical than Comer's, knocked the head out of the "barrel," distributed the gum shoes, and moved on the enemy's works.

This natural orator was the handsome, eloquent, convivial, jovial, and kind-hearted lieutenant-governor, Dr. R. M. Cunningham, who challenged Mr. Comer to a joint debate, and fared as did the first opponent of Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, in Johnson's first campaign. In both cases it was a spellbinder against the man with the bludgeon of facts. Dr. Cunningham felt at once that new standards of discussion had been set up. His eloquent tributes to the beauty of Alabama's women and the chivalry of her sons were as fine as heart could wish. Comer stuck to freight rates. Cunningham cried out in polished periods for good roads. Everybody is for good roads, said Comer, but how about the pass evil and the lobby? Cunningham drew tears as he spoke for the "old veterans." Comer replied that he was one of them, while Cunningham was not; but how about reciprocal demurrage? Then Cunningham came over to Comer's platform, and demanded more reform than did Comer. Comer, clinging to his man like a bulldog, replied that this was unconstitutional nonsense. Gradually it dawned on the spellbinder that something was walking remorselessly over him, trampling out his political life, and that the something was Braxton Bragg

Comer, the man who could not make a speech. Comer carried sixty of the sixty-seven counties of the state, and won by twenty thousand votes.

ALTERNATE SENATORS

In the meantime, there took place one of those curious back-strokes of political lightning with which our history is so rich. When it became apparent that Comer's victory over Cunningham was not to be regarded as impossible, the wary corporate machine craftily planned to carry off some remnant of its rearguard. The things most difficult for the people to keep in mind were the United States senatorships. Senators Morgan and Pettus had long outlived their natural expectancies. They were candidates, without opposition, before the same primaries in which Comer won the governorship. But they might die in office. More, they were likely to die. It would be a terrible thing to have Comer appoint—say Captain White and Rufus N. Rhodes, owner of the *Birmingham News*. The state committee was, as yet, "right," the Comer flood not having engulfed it; and the state committee adopted a rule for the election of "alternates" with which to tie Comer's hands in case of his election. John H. Bankhead had just been beaten out of his seat in congress by Hobson, of *Merrimac* fame. Bankhead was strong in Washington, and was so far "railway-enviored" that he had managed, it was said, the mail subsidy of the Southern Railway. Ex-Governor Johnston was another of the same safe and sane type. The machine, with rare skill, took advantage of the fact that Comer's hands were more than full to carry out a scheme for electing Bankhead and Johnston as such "alternates," and, as Pettus and Morgan promptly died, these two gentlemen are now ready with all the power of senators, if they care to use it, to fight the Comer forces.

When the convention met, Comer delegates came trooping in from all parts of the state, and adopted a platform that removed the last trace of confidence in human nature which the state-house machine retained. It criminalized the lobby and the pass, demanded rate reductions, condemned corporation campaign contributions, promised a stringent corrupt-practices act, demanded the acceptance of the value of the rail-ways for earning purposes, as their taxing valuation, favored reciprocal demurrage, and brought the red with every stroke of the whiplash of reform. It "construed" the primary verdict for Bankhead and Johnston as entitling those gentlemen to nothing but a barren appointment until the legislature should meet. And here is shown the inevitable disparity between promise and performance in reform legislative bodies. The convention would have elected Comer men to the senate, in spite of the primaries; the legislature, when it met, elected Bankhead and Johnston. I suspect that this was a bitter disappointment to the governor.

However, no one can complain that the Comer program was not faithfully carried out by the lawmakers. But that did not end the struggle. There is a new line of battle drawn that has the law courts for its active center. Upon the federal judge of the district, as upon Judge Pritchard, of North Carolina, lies the burden of adjudicating the equity of the anti-railroad legislation which Comer promised. But that will make a new story—this is simply the Alabama revolution and the man who led it.

There is encouragement in it, however, for all those who hunger and thirst after civic righteousness, and there is inspiration for every one, in that it illustrates anew the tremendous power that lies in the clear-visioned man of sturdy independence, honest purpose and dogged determination.

TOM JOHNSON AND THE CITY OF CLEVELAND

By FREDERIC C. HOWE

Author of "The City the Hope of Democracy," etc.

IT would have been worth while to have heard that interview in 1886 between Tom Johnson and Henry George. Tom Johnson, the street railway monopolist, who was taking advantage of the laws of the states in the securing of franchises, and of congress in the manufacture of iron and steel rails, had gone to Henry George, the obscure social philosopher, in his little home in Brooklyn, to offer himself as a disciple to the man whom he had accepted as his master.

The young millionaire, just past thirty, was modest. "How can I help you?" he asked. "Can a fellow who can just make money be of any use? I can't speak, I can't write, but I can make money."

"You can go into politics," was the single-taxer's suggestion. "A man with your enthusiasm can learn to speak."

The upshot of it was that Tom Johnson did enter politics. He helped manage Henry George's first campaign for mayor of New York. He ran for congress from the city of Cleveland, and was twice elected. "I really thought something could be done in congress," is the naive admission of Cleveland's present mayor. "I know better now. The place to do things is in the city. The

city is the experiment station of democracy."

In 1900 he sold out all of his street railway interests and disposed of his holdings in the steel mills at Johnstown, Pa., and Lorain, Ohio. He wanted to be free to devote himself to the promo-

tion of the political ideals which had become the mainspring of his life. In the spring of 1901 he was elected mayor of the city of Cleveland, where he had accumulated a large part of his fortune in the street-railway business. He had fought his way into the city against the opposition of Mark Hanna, and had won. When his brother Albert heard of his decision to enter politics, he said: "Tom is a fool. Why, I would give him half a million a year just to work with me."

The mayoralty of a city of half a million inhabitants does not suggest the final ambition of a man of power. It is usually treated as a stepping stone to

THE BOYS OF BOYVILLE AND
THEIR PETS

something higher. But, with Mayor Johnson, the city is the natural arena for the expression of his ideals of government, which are those of a pure democracy. He did try to be governor of Ohio once, but was defeated. He looked upon that office as a means for securing freedom for the cities. For, in Ohio as

THE OPENING OF THE THREE-CENT-FARE STREET-CAR LINE, NOVEMBER 1, 1906

Mayor Johnson is acting as motor-man on the first car

elsewhere, the cities are chained Prometheus-like, by state laws imposed upon them by the big privileged interests which control the state in order that they may the better rob the cities of franchises or evade the taxes which they should pay. The cities have but little self-government. They are denied home rule. They have little power to be good, but every power to be bad. State legislatures have proceeded on the theory that the people of the cities can not be trusted; they can not be trusted to levy taxes as they will, to own and operate public-service utilities, to borrow money, even to regulate the wages of the policemen on the streets. This is one of the reasons, probably the principal reason, why municipal government is so bad. Between the laws of the state on the one hand, and the corrupting influences of the street-railway, gas, electric lighting and telephone companies on the other, they are strangled in their efforts to express themselves. And any

man who seeks to make a city better is likely to be crushed between "ripper" legislation by the state and the financial interests of the city.

Tom Johnson has an ideal of a free city; such a city as flourished in ancient Greece, in Italy during the Renaissance, or in Germany. For the great cities of the world have been free; they have been little republics within the states, and they have responded to this freedom by creating the highest civilization ever known. The American city is fettered at every turn. In the course of five years' time the city of Cleveland has had nearly a hundred injunction suits filed against it. Within the last two years more than forty injunctions have been lodged against an attempt to inaugurate a competing street railway. The city did not plan to own the railway. It simply sought to make use of its unoccupied streets to permit another company to carry passengers at three-cent fare. But so skilfully had the laws of

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GROUP OF BUILDINGS CONSTITUTING THE CITY INFIRMARY

the state been drawn, so ingenious and obscure was their wording, that the courts have found it possible to thwart the city, and, in a measure, deprive it of its own highways. In this street-railway war, which has continued for six years, the charter of the city was declared to be unconstitutional. It had not been questioned for ten years. It was in many ways a model form of government, but it gave the mayor large powers, and Mayor Johnson was using these powers to interfere with the existing street-railway monopoly of which Senator Hanna was president. So the courts found the charter of the city to be unconstitutional. To make the situation doubly sure, they added an injunction prohibiting the city from even considering the granting of any franchises.

THE HOLLENDEN HOTEL

Then the legislature drafted a municipal code designed to rip Mayor Johnson out of office, and prevent the re-election of a strong executive. In this they failed. But the privileged interests imposed upon the cities of Ohio a most reactionary code and one that has cost the state millions of dollars in excessive salaries, costs and other expenses. This indicates the extent to which our cities are made the football of privileged business and partizan politics. It shows how difficult, if not impossible, it would be to carry on any private business were it chained in every action to senseless laws designed to prevent rather than promote development.

Tom Johnson brought to the city administration not only that business training which reformers have been crying

THE BOYS OF BOYVILLE, HAPPY IN THE FARM WORK THAT GIVES STRENGTH
AND CHARACTER

for; he brought, as well, ideals of liberty, of freedom, the ideals of Henry George, whose most intimate friend he had been for nearly a score of years.

It is an interesting story, this devotion of a big monopolist to a dreaming philosopher, whose whole life was given over to a ceaseless warfare upon monopoly. In the early eighties, while Mr. Johnson was going from Cleveland to Indianapolis, in both of which cities he was interested in the street-railway business, the newsboy had handed him a copy of "Social Problems." He tossed the book aside, not understanding the

title, and never having heard of its author, Henry George. The conductor urged him to read it, so he purchased a

copy. Johnson was then under thirty. He read the book. Then he read it again. Its eloquent plea for human rights gave

him a shock from which he never recovered. For Johnson was then just a business man making money like other business men. He was disturbed. Then he purchased "Progress and Poverty." He took the book to his lawyer, and, giving him a retainer, said: "I wish you would read that book as you would read the brief of an opposing lawyer. Read it critically, and give me your opinion upon it. If it is sound, then franchises and other privileges are wrong." The

lawyer dismissed it as foolishness. It was new, and, therefore, it could not be true. He exemplified the saying of Vol-

THE ROSE BUILDING, CLEVELAND

taire, that "The lawyers are the conservators of ancient abuses." But Johnson was not satisfied. He insisted on going to the bottom of the matter. All one night he argued the claims of the then unknown prophet of San Francisco, whose teachings have since divided the world with those of Karl Marx, and finally convicted the lawyer of error.

To those who know the subsequent devotion of Mayor Johnson to Mr. George, and to the philosophy which he taught, his life is as clear as a bell. It has been dedicated to the promotion of that industrial liberty which the single tax involves. Without this knowledge, however, his career seems that of a business man who has entered politics, and then devoted his powers to the destruction of those industries from which he, himself, has made a fortune. This is what the business men say of him. "He has deserted his class," they say, "he can not be sincere." But Tom Johnson demonstrated his sincerity when he deserted his party on two separate occasions in New York City to manage the campaign

of Henry George, in the last of which campaigns Mr. George died from exposure. Mr. Johnson was twice elected to congress on a platform which declared for absolute free trade, the abo-

lition of all custom houses, and the collection of all revenues from a tax upon land values. He refused to vote for the Wilson-Gorman Bill because it was a betrayal of the Democratic platform, and replied to the taunts of the protectionists in congress: That though, as a private steel manufacturer, he would take advantage of the wretched laws which they put upon the statute books, as a member of congress he would fight to the end for their repeal.

It is with such traditions as these that Tom Johnson became mayor of the city of Cleveland. And in six years' time he has earned the phrase of being "the

best mayor of the best governed city in the United States." For Cleveland has had no scandals. It has been free from graft. It has not been subjected to the terrorism of the boss, as has Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cincinnati and other cities. Its people have become very independent with the ballot. A city sense has been developed. People talk city, and think city, and believe in their city in a way that is not to be found any-

where else in America. A sense of the dignity of the ballot has come in. The city has been elevated above party until to-day men are no longer proud to say that they vote a straight ticket. This

THE INTERIOR OF THE OLD ARCADE
Connecting Euclid Avenue and Superior Street

A VISTA ON EUCLID AVENUE, CLEVELAND'S FAMOUS BOULEVARD AND
RESIDENTIAL STREET

city sense is a prerequisite to any intelligent city making.

When we consider how absent all this is in the average city the wonder is not that administration is so bad, but rather that it is so good. We have no traditions, no ideals, no experience in political organization. Everything has been a matter of accident. Our cities came into life much as did *Topsy*. They happened. There have been no great city builders with ideals of how a city should be laid out, how its foundations should be built, of how it would serve the people, how it should care for the poor and helpless, and otherwise promote the well-being of its inhabitants. Up to comparatively few years ago the American city was little more than an exaggerated cross-roads. When we bear these limitations in mind, the wonder is that undisciplined democracy has been able to do so wondrously well. When an architect designs a structure, or an en-

ineer a bridge, they do it with the completed image in their minds. So it is with all great creations. The artist and the poet, the sculptor and the dramatist, add imagination to their manual skill. And Mayor Johnson works with such an image of the city that is to be. He sees its social, its industrial, its economic possibilities. He gathered about him in the first years of his administration those who dreamed of the artistic, the humane, the educational, the physical. He saw Cleveland as a city of a million inhabitants. And he saw the class war which the struggle for franchises produces. On the one hand are the rich and the powerful, the banker and the broker, the lawyer and the press. Almost all of the talent of the community is grouped about privilege. It is making war on the community for its own enrichment through the use of the city's streets. He saw that no big life was possible so long as the community was di-

vided like an armed camp over this struggle for franchises.

A five years' struggle has centered about this question. Many of the street-railway franchises were expiring. They were capitalized at over thirty million dollars. The properties were worth but twelve million dollars. The city had no right to enter the street-railway business.

objection to competition. But immediately privilege, threatened in its fancied security, awoke. The new company was enjoined. The courts declared its grant invalid. Another ordinance corrected its defects. Another injunction followed. Then the charter of the city was taken away, and for nearly a year Cleveland was enjoined from even considering the

AN EVENING CLASS IN ONE OF THE CITY'S MANY FREE GYMNASIUMS

The courts had even denied the city the right to regulate the fares or service. Relief could only come through a qualified city ownership. A franchise was granted to a company which agreed to carry passengers at three-cent fare. Its dividends are limited to six per cent. upon the investment. All earnings in excess of six per cent. go back to the people in better service, extensions or the retirement of the capital. There are no bonds on the company, no water in the stock. The franchise is on streets where transportation is badly needed. It was supposed there could be no legal

granting of any franchise. The Republican bosses, who controlled the street railways of Cincinnati and Cleveland, permitted Boss Cox to draft a charter for all the cities of the state. It divided the mayor's authority among a half-dozen officials. It was thought that by this means the power of such men as Johnson would be destroyed. At the next election he and his entire cabinet were re-elected. New ordinances were framed. A new company accepted a grant. Again it was enjoined, and for two years all work was suspended. Then the supreme court released the injunc-

tion. Extensions to the heart of the city were granted. From that day to this forty injunction suits have been allowed by the courts. Many of them have been sustained. Tens of thousands of dollars have been spent in legal fees, and an equal sum in a senseless contest for property-owners' consents. The struggle has become a bigger one than of lower fares;

to perpetuate monopoly. Their officers have been drafted for the board of directors of the Cleveland Electric Railway Company. Business men who sympathize with the three-cent line or who subscribe for stock are ostracized and subjected to financial pressure. More than thirty law firms have been employed to fight the city. On the one

ORE DOCKS ON THE CLEVELAND WATER FRONT

The ore freighters bring each year millions of dollars in iron and copper ore down the lakes to Cleveland

it is a question of who owns the government and the streets of Cleveland.

Probably nowhere in the civilized world, outside of Russia, does privilege confront democracy more venomously than in the city of Cleveland. It is but a skirmish preceding what is to happen elsewhere. The president of the old street-railway company has said: "It is now a question of who has the largest bank account." The banks and trust companies, with more than two hundred million dollars of the people's money on deposit, are using that money

hand is untrained, undisciplined democracy, seeking relief from monopoly oppression. On the other is a systematized merger of the financial, business, social and legal influences of the city, which are united for the purpose of securing control of the city government. For five long years the people of Cleveland have been fighting back attempted corporation control, dimly appreciating that such control means political subjection with the attendant evils which have made the cities of Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cincinnati and New York a dis-

THE MAGNIFICENT LAKESIDE HOSPITAL BUILDING

grace to American institutions. Facing this powerful combination is the resourcefulness and ingenuity of Mayor Johnson, supported by the city council and the voters of the city.

distance the world, for with us there are no age-long traditions and costly physical impediments to overcome. Nor are we oppressed with that parsimonious economy which the systems of taxation

CARNEGIE PUBLIC LIBRARY, WOODLAWN BRANCH

This building is but one of the many libraries distributed throughout Cleveland

It is interesting to speculate on the city of to-morrow when men of brains, of imagination and of ideals have turned their attention to city-building. Then democracy in America will probably out-

and the poverty of the great mass of the people impose upon the cities of the Old World. At present we are so conscious of our lack of honesty and ability that we do not dream of anything beyond

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CLEVELAND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

the correction of immediate abuses. But with a democratic disregard of expense and a relatively simple engineering problem the American city is likely to give to the world examples of city-building that will compare favorably with the most beautiful municipalities of Europe. When the city becomes conscious of itself it will own its street railways, its gas, electric light and telephone services as a matter of course. They are so necessary to its life. They are part of the structural work of the city. They are part of the streets, and the common life of the community is absolutely dependent upon the proper performance of the services which they render. When an entire city is lighted from a central electric plant the lighting can be done at an insignificant cost and the streets can be illuminated in a brilliant way. Under municipal control rapid transit will enable the population to be dis-

persed far into the countryside, as is done in Germany, Belgium and Australia. There need be no slums in a city as much interested in humanity as it is in its commercial relations. And we will do these things when the talent of the community, now divorced from its life by virtue of its interest in franchise privileges, is free to work for the city.

Cleveland has demonstrated what a city can do when its patriotism is not poisoned by franchise interests. It has dared to aspire to be beautiful, and has shown a willingness to pay the price of its ambitions. The city and the county have obligated themselves to the extent of from ten million dollars to fifteen million dollars for the purpose of carrying out a group plan of the public buildings located in the very heart of the city. A city hall, a county courthouse, a public library, a federal building and a new union station are all to

be built at the same time. The city called to its aid three of the most expert architects in the country, Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, of Chicago, and John M. Carrere and Arnold W. Brunner, of New York, and gave them *carte blanche* in the laying out of the ground plan of these structures and in determining upon their sites. Nearly five million dollars was spent on land alone. An old residential section was razed of its houses, flats and business dwellings for the purpose. A great expanse of lake front has been filled in. The federal building is well under way. Plans for the county court house and city hall have been accepted. It is expected that the union station will stand at the end of the group, which is in the form of a Roman cross. On either arm, and flanking the

union station, are the court house and the city hall. Between them and the foot of the cross is a broad mall, six hundred feet wide, to be adorned with a sunken garden and statuary and parkage. Opposite the union station and an eighth of a mile away is the new federal building and the location for the public library. On either side of the mall the land is to be built upon with public and semi-public buildings or private structures erected under the approval of the city. All of these structures are of classical design. When completed they will form a group comparable to any in Europe. The total project involves a cost of from twenty million dollars to thirty million dollars. No local jealousy, no real estate rings, no quarreling factions or officials were

TRINITY CATHEDRAL (EPISCOPAL) IN EUCLID AVENUE

permitted to block the enterprise, while the necessary bonds were voted by the people with great willingness. Out from either side of the group boulevards will connect a magnificent system of parks extending clear around the city. The latter are well nigh completed at a cost of many millions more. All this tends to demonstrate that democracy has a fine sense of itself and is willing to commemorate its ideals in a big, generous way. It shows, too, what a city can do when all classes are free to work for its upbuilding. It is a standing commentary on the real efficiency of an American city.

But before a city can think of beauty its foundations must be laid. They are as important to a city as the foundations of a building. During these years of Mayor Johnson's administration a splendid sewer system has been completed. The water supply, which the city owns, has completed a tunnel (which lay abandoned by the private contractors for years) far out into Lake

Erie. The city's water supply is now free from infection. Water meters have been universally introduced in order to check the senseless waste, which was compelling constant additions to pumping engines, as well as the water mains. Water enough for the average householder is now sold for five dollars a year. Free water is supplied the schools and for police, health and fire purposes. Even with these limitations the plant earns nearly five hundred thousand dollars a year.

After years of fruitless negotiations with the railways entering the city a big beginning has been made in the abolition of the grade crossings, which are a menace to the life and convenience of the city. There is nothing particularly impressive about sewers and water mains and grade crossings and street paving. Other cities have done these things, and done them well. The distinctive thing about the work in Cleveland is that its structural work has been built with an eye to the future. Mayor

Johnson was accustomed by experience to think in big figures. He was not daunted by the fear of spending a million dollars, when a man of less experience would have been appalled by the fear of increased taxation. In consequence Cleveland is laid out for a city of a million inhabitants. Its foundations will not have to be relaid in the years

erty, which every large city entails; they do not put an end to the waste of the modern industrial system, or relieve the thousands of men and women who annually sink below the line of poverty through no fault of their own.

It is this big, social question that is being worked out in Cleveland probably more intelligently than in any place else

THE INTERIOR OF THE BROADWAY BRANCH LIBRARY

that are to follow. All this has been achieved without the suggestion of graft. From forty million dollars to fifty million dollars has been spent in the last five years, and the only disclosures have been those of some petty thievery by subordinate clerks not unlike that which happens in any business house.

But there is nothing in these things, nothing in mere honesty and efficiency that suggests the ideals or the philosophy of Henry George. These things do not relieve the terrible burden of pov-

erty in the world. Not very much has been absolutely fulfilled as yet. But the direction of movement is apparent, and hundreds of men have had their activities turned toward the fundamental reforms which lie closest to Mr. Johnson's heart. These are reforms in taxation. Even the ownership and operation for the benefit of all the people of the street-railway, electric lighting and gas companies is scarcely an end in itself. The franchise corporations are but lions in the path, which

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TOM L. JOHNSON, MAYOR OF CLEVELAND

must be got out of the way before the bigger question can be met and grappled with. With that achieved it will be possible to take up the question of taxation; of abandoning the taxes on personal property, on houses, on machinery, on improvements, and permitting the taxes to settle down on the land alone. For the land values of a growing city increase more rapidly than the annual expenditure. The annual unearned increment exceeds the total city revenues. It is a natural source of taxation, for it is created by all the people. Its assumption by the community, however, is not so much a fiscal as a social expedient. By taxing land at its capital value the speculator will be driven out, and land will be opened up to use. Then those who own the land will struggle to develop it. They will seek laborers to build houses, stores and factories. They will be forced to do so to pay the demand of the community. Jobs will then seek laborers, and landlords will seek tenants. Then men will be able to obtain access to the land, and the increasing opportunities for workers will tend to the abolition of poverty. This is the dream of the socialized city of to-morrow. It seems a long way off; but it is in the city that the experiment will have to be made, just as in a modified form it is being made in Germany and Australia to-day.

It is because the city offers an experiment station of this sort that Mayor Johnson insists that his is the most attractive job in America. Meanwhile, Cleveland has adopted a new point of view toward its people. The parks were formerly adorned with "keep off the grass" signs. To-day they are adorned with thousands of children at play. A dozen or more playgrounds have been opened up in the tenement districts. Here skilled instructors train the children how to play. Three all-the-year-round bath houses have been opened, which are crowded from morn-

ing until night. Gymnasiums have been added, where instructors teach clamorous crowds of old as well as young some of the possibilities of healthy living. Nearly fifty baseball diamonds have been laid out. Some of them are in the parks, but most of them are on private property loaned to the city by their owners. Here on Saturday and Sunday many thousands of persons gather to witness the national sport. Along the lake two beautiful summer bath houses and bathing beaches have been opened. On Sunday and during the evenings of the week in the summer season band concerts are given, while the children are invited to the parks in winter as well as summer to participate in all sorts of festivals, athletic contests and other sports. The parks of the city have become the people's commons. The aim of the administration is to get the maximum use out of the city's property. All this is done at an insignificant expense. For a few thousand dollars an immense amount of happiness is brought to those whose days are divided between exhausting toil and sleep.

In every big city there is a large percentage who fail. They are the tailings of the community. They run from five to ten per cent. of the people. They form the dependent and delinquent classes. Harris R. Cooley, a preacher whom Mayor Johnson invited into his cabinet, has Christianized the city's treatment of these classes. He found the workhouse making money. He has made it make men. Now a comprehensive parole system has been substituted for the severer punishment of the old *régime*. The workhouse has become a school. Classes have been opened in everything from the alphabet up to higher mathematics. The purpose is to re-establish self-respect. A nineteen-hundred-acre farm has been purchased some miles from the city. It occupies a fine site, from which the lake is visible. It has been laid out like a splendid es-

tate by an eminent architect. All of the city institutions are to be located here. Here are to be the infirmary and the workhouse. In one corner is a tuberculosis hospital. Elsewhere is the city cemetery. The architecture is of the low California mission type. There are to be gymnasiums and recreation rooms, schools and opportunities for training in industry. Much of the work on the farm is being done by the prisoners from the workhouse. Hundreds of them have been turned loose in the quarries and in the fields with nothing save a rail fence between them and freedom; yet during the last year less than a half-dozen took advantage of this opportunity. On this city estate, which partakes but little of the old-fashioned workhouse and penal institution, the sick, the poor, the unfortunate, the petty offender will be given an opportunity to regain health and strength. They will work in the fields and in the workshop. They will be sent out into the world with better bodies and a more kindly recollection of the community, to withstand the temptations of a world which is none too kind to those who have once been behind the bars.

In another part of the county is Boyville. This is a farm home for truants and street boys. It is not a traditional reformatory suggestive of a prison, from which the boys come back to society with the brand of punishment burning in their recollection. It is a farm school, with a half-dozen cottages, and a regular school curriculum, where kind masters attempt to awaken the best that is in the boys.

Comparatively few men in public life in America really believe in democracy, *i. e.*, in government by the people. They attribute our failures to too much democracy. In reality we have too little. We have been wrecked through the lack of democracy. The machinery of nomination and election, has all been geared

against control of the government by the people. The democracy of Mayor Johnson is like that of Jefferson, of Jackson and of Lincoln. It would break the fetters which chain democracy and give it an opportunity to express itself. Mr. Johnson promoted the initiative and referendum movement in the state, by which the people might veto any laws or ordinances of which they disapproved, or initiate any laws or policies which they desire enacted into laws. He forced the Democratic party to adopt a two-cent railway fare in its platform. He was then called an anarchist, a socialist, a faddist. Two years later it was adopted by the Ohio assembly, and has since then been enacted into law by eleven other states. He urged the taxation of the franchises of the railway and the great public service corporations of the state as well as the program of home rule for cities. In these respects he has had the experience of other agitators; he has seen the fruits of his agitation appropriated by others.

The real results of these six years of struggle can never be measured in political successes, lower charges for gas, water and street-railway service, in the happiness of the people or the improvement in the well-being of the criminal classes. Great as these intangible monuments are, and they are sufficient of themselves to compensate for the fearful costs which they involve to those who are hardy enough to attempt them, they do not compare with the currents which have been set in motion and which radiate into every corner of the country. America has been inspired by the achievements of Cleveland. Her own half-million people have been given a new sense of the dignity of politics and the obligation of the citizen. Not only has a great city found itself, but her people have regained their confidence in the possibilities of democracy.

HIS LEADING LADY

By GRACE LUCE IRWIN

BERTRAM'S experience had been that of other actors of impressionable nature, who have a self-confidence which disregards danger signals—he had drifted into an admiring attitude toward most of the "leading ladies" with whom he had played.

He was handsome, and had a winning sensitiveness of manner, while the women had usually been pretty. Now and then one of them had developed that self-conscious vapidness of face which goes with professional prettiness when it is expected to be "her fortune"; some of them had possessed a charm of smile or manner, or a good speaking voice, more effective assets than even a pair of big eyes. Ambitious creatures, all of them, with a fine dream of playing *Juliet* or *Ophelia* or *Viola*, according to their size or shape, as soon as they could break away from the stock companies, for which they felt themselves so infinitely "too good." Bertram also felt himself "too good" for stock; he was always being cast for the lover in the play—the man-who-loves; wild-eyed, energetic, almost hysterical, lavish of a kind of deeply dejected caress, always on the verge of a "farewell forever," or a noble relinquishment of the woman-who-loves, she who meekly sidles in and out of doors and wears alluringly hypocritical eyelashes.

For years it was a world of mawkish, unalloyed sentiment, where unrequited passion was a sort of idol, where one burned all the incense of one's fresh young soul, night after night, getting up in the morning to slovenly hotel breakfasts and a feeling of flatness, as if one had overeaten on cake the night before. Then one of them—one of the leading ladies—had died. They all followed her coffin in the pouring rain and talked

about what a great *Portia* she would have made if she had lived and been able to stay on the Rialto for more than two weeks at a time.

For a while the poignant attraction of woman, in the stage world, palled. Bertram found he could act better if he never saw her out of that brief, overheated hour in which he adored her on the stage. And simultaneously with the giving up of midnight suppers he began to feel a new power at work in his "art." It was Woman in the abstract, unapproachable, unassailable, that filled him with a sort of sad, engrossing aspiration. He dwelt with her, supped with her, traveled with her, a haughtiness growing in the glances he cast upon his admirers—surer than ever that he was "too good" for "stock" and the "provinces."

One night a puppet—a leading lady—asked for the loan of his powder-box. They were playing in San Francisco, and he had been disporting himself in a number of respectably wealthy homes, where an easy flattery of his good looks and his English accent had been utilized in filling the best boxes in the house.

"If you'll loan it for five minutes, please, I'll replace it to-morrow." She was perfectly businesslike, standing in the door of his dressing-room, pulling up the draperies of Greek costume so that one foot would show. "I am always forgetting things—they won't let me have a maid."

From the mirror where he was worshipping himself he answered her tartly: "Certainly! Help yourself, Miss Graham."

She did. She was tall and quiet-looking, far too controlled for *Parthenia*, and *Ingomar* was one of his best parts. In it he would hold Miss Graham

in his arms and exult over Woman. He knew, and Miss Graham knew, how little she was *Parthenia*. And the papers knew it, too. She was the worst leading lady he had ever played to, and the honors were all his. Consequently she played on. Night after night she came quietly to the theater in her comfortable waterproof, stood in the wings waiting, plodded painstakingly through her scenes, went quietly back to her hotel bedroom and slept soundly. Of course, she was good-looking, but it didn't seem to matter to any one or anything, except the stage picture.

"Mr. Bertram, will you mail these letters for me as you go down?" she stuck her head out of her bedroom door as he issued forth from his.

"Certainly, Miss Graham." He had grown exceedingly polite to her, involuntarily, with the relief of finding out that she wasn't, after all, like the others, a woman-who-loves. She didn't even matter—that much.

"Thank you." Her smooth blond head was withdrawn, leaving an impression of a nearly condescending smile. Could it be possible that she hadn't learned how far her very nice performances differed from acting?

One evening he went to dinner with a woman who he knew was amusing herself making love to him. All through the meal it was as if he were acting a little play with her. He felt as he had used to feel when the hair and eyes of his leading lady had been real hair and eyes. In contrast with this, *Ingomar* was a creature of cool calculations. Afterward the woman sat in a box and shone for him until he got her mixed up with Woman in his heart. He was acting to her.

"Be careful!" said Miss Graham against his breast; "people are noticing." Her eyes looked up calmly under her wreath of artificial flowers. Her presence jarred, interrupted his dream. He drew back with a start that looked

like the old, emotional relinquishment. But it didn't feel like it. Times had changed. For ten days and nights he madly pursued the woman in the box; then one night she threw him over—gracefully, not dramatically—and he tried to kill himself up in his dreary hotel bedroom.

The door opened quietly and Miss Graham came in. She was never anybody but Miss Graham, possibly. She took the pistol from his hands and locked it away in a drawer.

"What are you going to do with the key?" he asked, huskily.

"I shall keep it," she answered, briefly. "You don't really need it."

"No!" His lips twisted sarcastically. It was long after the play, but instead of the pink kimono which every leading lady, to his exact knowledge, had always owned, she was wearing a shirt-waist and skirt, in which he had vaguely noticed her leaving the theater unattended an hour or so previously. He raised his arms to the back of his head in a graceful gesture which lent an added charm to the fine outlines of his face, and studied her with his regretful smile. She was putting the key in her purse.

"How did—you hear—me?" he asked, without his English accent. "Did it click?"

"Yes, it clicked." She turned away. "You had better go to sleep now."

As she turned away he groaned.

She paused.

"What a life! what a life!" exclaimed the leading man in a whisper. "No reality anywhere."

"It's real enough," she remarked, "if you'd only stop playing a minute and be sincere."

He liked it—it was so unlike *Parthenia*.

They played in many cities together, a number of parts; sometimes he coached her, and now and then she did quite acceptably. Once, when the com-

Drawing by Herbert E. Summers

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**HE RAISED HIS ARMS TO THE BACK OF HIS HEAD AND STUDIED HER WITH
HIS REGRETFUL SMILE**

pany was stranded in an Illinois town, she cooked him his supper in her chafing-dish. She had a marvelous way of flavoring a bit of meat with a pinch of onion. It smelt somehow of home, and it all had a charm which, unaccountably, kept him from entangling himself with any more women in the boxes. But he was really acting better all the time, and his repertoire had grown so that one night they tried to make *Camille* out of Miss Graham.

She wasn't the unwholesome French woman in any particular. She came on the stage like a respectable clergyman's daughter about to entertain her Sunday evening callers, and died like some one anxious to have it over with and get on with her other duties. She had been listening to Bertram "go over" his lines for three solid nights.

"Well," said the manager, the next evening, to his leading man, "you fire her. You know her better."

"No, indeed," said Bertram, loftily, "you may do your own dirty work."

This whispered colloquy took place outside the door of her dressing-room just before the second act. She heard every word.

"Of course, I understand how you feel," said the manager, grossly. "She's got a bad case on you—you'll miss her."

"You are wrong. If you think we're anything but merely the best of friends in an entirely unromantic way, I'll knock you down," said Bertram, promptly.

"Well, she ain't no *Cameel*," grumbled the other. "I'm going to fire her."

"Very well," said Bertram, turning on his heel indifferently.

The door beyond them opened slowly, disclosing Miss Graham in an unbecoming black wig.

"I know I can't play this thing," she remarked, quietly. "I'm not clever. I don't mind leaving."

She walked by them to her place in the wings, where she seemed to be always afraid of missing her cues.

At the last nights of many a leading lady Bertram had already sentimentally officiated. He met this woman on the stage—who had manipulated her chafing-dish so hospitably and so often in his honor—and pretended to love her distractedly through two overheated, overcrowded hours, interspersed with sensual music. When he touched her hands he found them cold for the first time in their united stage experience.

"Poor girl! poor girl!" *Armand* thought under his passionate mask of a face, "she hates to lose her job."

What more, what more was she losing? Ah, *Camille* never wept more real tears over giving up her *bon ami*! Miss Graham was weeping because she was not to be allowed longer to worship Bertram nightly. The woman was awake—her recklessness, her caresses were only the uncontrollable outpouring of a passionate mood of her own. Her actions were the pale figments of her feelings. The petals of her heart were falling away and disclosing—not *Camille*, but Miss Graham at her simplest degree of femininity. As he held her in his arms Bertram had forgotten that she was a leading lady. She had come to life under his touch, had become the eternal woman of whom he dreamt, though he still thought of her as Miss Graham. She was going to die (it was the last act)—no, she was going away to leave him forever, *Camille*, in an ill-fitting wig, dying with desperate fondness—Miss Graham with great gray eyes fixed wildly on him, clinging to his lips, giving him real kisses while the stage-property bed rattled under her weight.

A strange sound broke in upon them. She had really died to him, he thought—was dead—but why should the house roar away there beyond the curtain? They were enraptured with the *Camille*—*Armand* and his artistic restraint were overlooked; they wanted *Camille*, with her tear-provoking, her heart-touching ranting. For the first time in her life

Miss Graham was acclaimed a successful actress.

"Bring her out!" cried the manager. "Who said fire her? She's got to stay!"

They couldn't bring her out, for she had fainted. Bertram held her, lost in a dream of Woman as he had always dreamt it, pressing one more *Armand* kiss gently on Miss Graham's lips.

* * * * *

So she was, after all, only the leading lady whom he married. But no stage work for her thereafter—no, indeed! He was proud of her domesticity, her inherent "home-yness," of the unnervous children she gave him, of her large contentment, of her dislike for all things theatrical. She was ashamed of that troubled night when she had acted for once as honestly the woman-who-loves as any of those earlier, excitable creatures for whom his contempt had grown more formidable with the years.

Bertram himself had become a metropolitan favorite; he was an eminently aristocratic and fastidious stage personage of thirty-eight. They had a fine home in a desirable suburb, where she lived overcomfortably, overpolitely, perhaps, but with entire satisfaction. He lived mainly at New York hotels, particularly in the winters, when the bad weather made the trains unreliable. He was much sought after and went about a good deal, was a successful dinner guest, where his exquisite English accent gave various great dames a considerable pleasure—their husbands pronounced him a good fellow and "so devoted to his wife, you know—not one of those cheap actors whose divorces are too frequent to mention, except in press notices." He was successful, and had he not his heart's desire?

He was managing a rehearsal, one of his own productions, when a slip of a girl glided down the aisle of the empty theater and stood at his side. She did not speak, but her presence was a subtle

demand. He turned and met her eyes. They were of a peculiarly limpid hazel color, with streaks of some foreign element like imagination or mental emotion.

"I want a chance—I want to go into your company, Mr. Bertram. I have acted some—" She let fall her voice-notes distinctly, like the chiming of soft bells. "But I haven't had my chance yet. Let me go into the play—in any sort of part."

Her demand, after all—in words—was modest enough; but he felt instinctively who she was. She was to be his next leading lady! And his premonition was right. Could you keep a creature with a face and voice that expressed so much dusting the first uninteresting chairs of an act in a ten-minute cap and apron?

Her predecessor—a friend of his wife's, of course—suggested herself that she star alone at another theater, as she usually did one week every year. Thus the girl with the overexpressive presence got her chance—she began to act. Sometimes she got three paragraphs in a paper to Bertram's one.

"I wonder why I'm not a bit jealous of you, Miss Connover?" he remarked, pensively tapping with his polished cane the shoes that had become the fashion because he wore them. "The miserable word 'co-star' is buzzing in my ears."

She did not smile. Her words and her life were all delicately intense. She always drove about in cabs, wore clinging robes, allowed only the nicest people to call on her—it was known that her father was a man of importance in his own town. But social honors were not what the fire in her soul flamed up about. All she cared for in the world was her art—her embryonic, strange, rapidly-growing way of getting her emotions over the footlights and reaching out after the emotions in every one who sat there and watched her. Her tentacles were impersonal, often crude.

She tried to explain all this to Bertram so that he would know why he wasn't jealous of her. In her own home, in her aunt's presence, they studied out their parts together with a sort of frenzy of impersonal fancy.

"I mustn't take things this way," she told him, coming off the stage trembling. "I feel more than is necessary. I know it—it is only rawness." She wore a diaphanous dress of pale green and was acting the part of a guilty worldling. She could do a thing of that sort capitably.

Then there came a time when the wrong parts were assigned her. She got self-conscious, nervous, failed to please, and Bertram himself was found fault with. Perhaps he was too anxious to do her justice in a part to consider his own needs. Perhaps ten years of acting with his wife's friends had blunted the force of his continual, his habitual love-making. Perhaps New York was only a little tired of him—temporarily. At any rate, three of the plays which he put on failed beyond any hope of revival. The papers "roasted" Miss Connover's acting ruthlessly. He went to her home and found her packing her trunks, floating about gracefully in one of her lovely subtly-draped gowns. "I'm not big enough for New York yet. I don't know how to sway an audience. I haven't developed my powers. I'm going away. I've got to act, act, act until I can throw myself into a part as other women breathe—until I can fit a character to my very soul. I am going to act—but not here. I'm too much Lucretia Connover. New York doesn't want Lucretia Connover. When I come back I'll be—everything. I'll show them—a new standard—ideal. I must grow bigger—deeper—"

"But, my dear girl, my dear child," Bertram smilingly temporized, "don't take a mere New York failure so seriously; every one has them."

"Possibly. But I can't stand them.

They don't hurt you. I was abominable last night, and I almost died. I am going away to learn how to act."

A week later he followed his leading lady, artistically, anxiously, into the provinces.

Mrs. Bertram silently regretted that bad luck "in town" made a tour for her celebrated husband a necessity. His summers thereafter spent with her and the children or his patronizing flying visits during the winter she openly enjoyed. But she missed him steadily while he was away during those long, uncertain months when Lucretia Connover was growing star-size.

"We've got a really big thing at last, don't you know," he told his wife when he brought his star back to Broadway. "Lucretia is great in it—her most marvelous bit of acting. How she has worked, how she has starved her body to feed her soul for this! And we open to-morrow night. Everything depends on how New York takes her now—everything!"

"I suppose it is a wild, free sort of play, with plenty of love-making?" asked his wife, bluntly.

"Yes—yes," he answered, half impatiently. "I've always been that sort of an actor, you know. It's the only thing that takes."

"Yes, you make love—well," said Mrs. Bertram. She regarded him gravely with her big, unaccusing eyes.

"I should hope so, my dear," he smiled; "I've had practice enough at it, heaven knows. And, after all," he added, lightly, "a home where there is no staginess is such a comfort. Poor Lucretia! she's just begun—the love-making. Home is the great thing."

"I think I'll go in to see that first night," said Mrs. Bertram.

Yes, perhaps she was just beginning the love-making, this new Lucretia Connover, with the wonderful charm, the subtle allure in her voice and person. Perhaps that was why she did it so well

—trailed across the stage with the gait and gesture of a sensuously alive young queen in love with her own beauty. This love was raised to a veritable power, fed to excess by the applause of the audience, the swift sympathy in the boxes, the noisy appreciation of the men in the gallery, the superb support given her by an experienced actor who loved her madly, hopelessly through three fervid acts reminiscent with tears and kisses, until in the last all obstacles melted miraculously away. A tall, quiet, inconspicuously dressed woman at the back of a box watched this man uncritically. He acted better than he had ever acted. The play was a foregone success from the moment he stepped on the stage. His delineation was delicately shaded, earnest, full of consideration—for the leading lady. He made it her triumph as much as his. The success of the performance meant one step up in his career, money, assured fame; yet he acted with the freshness of youth curbed by the epicurean enjoyment of the experienced palate.

Mrs. Bertram shivered a little, but no one noticed to fetch her her wrap. She did not offer to watch him and "poor Lucretia" act again. For three years she sympathized unquestioningly with his encomiums on the genius he had discovered.

"She can do anything," he announced, his eyes filled with the stage picture of the other woman in her unfailing refinement, her infestuous intensity, her fashionably apt gowns made by the most expensive of dressmakers; "she will make a perfect *Camille*."

Mrs. Bertram's tea-cup smashed on the carpet at her feet. It was unlike her to be so awkward, her husband thought as he rang for the maid.

"You are going to put on 'Camille'?"

"We begin rehearsals to-morrow. She is absolutely made for the part."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Bertram. "Most women are."

Miss Connover, however, during those weeks of rehearsal, had doubts of the wisdom of the selection. Bertram thought her a great *Camille*, an absolutely convincing Frenchwoman; but Bertram was in love with her. She had known it for some years, and she knew she was in love with him. She supposed they would go on in this way together, with their tremendous regrets, their sensational scenes, their struggles at self-deception, until some good day when Mrs. Bertram, seeing, would suggest to divorce him. Then they would marry, of course.

Behind all her excessive emotions Lucretia's brain worked daintily and coolly. She knew that to act with him thus, pouring out her heart night after night, was at the same time feeding her sentiment and keeping it tied up, eating contentedly out of the hand. Meanwhile she was laying away money, though spending more than she had ever dreamed of having, living on adulation like a caged bird preening its feathers grandly because it thinks itself in a forest.

Simultaneously with the opening night of "Camille" Mrs. Bertram was taken unromantically with pleurisy. She lay in her bed unresisting, scarcely watching the children as they played between her and the window. Outside was winter, cold, dreary winter, like that in which old *Lear* and the eternal fool wandered. Over the meadows at the back of the house the snow seemed an untracked waste across to the station, where the hourly trains thundered past to the city and the theater and her husband playing the man-who-loves to real hair and eyes—yes, to a real brain and heart—acting with all his soul in his voice. What was there left for her? Mrs. Bertram could not act a part, even to herself; she was defeated—had no card left to play. Should she quietly leave, just sink from sight—die, perhaps, and leave the game which, after all, seemed

Drawing by Herbert E. Sumners

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"BUT, MY DEAR CHILD," BERTRAM SMILINGLY TEMPORIZED, "DON'T TAKE A MERE
NEW YORK FAILURE SO SERIOUSLY"

to belong to the woman who could act? Where in all those multitudinous lover-parts, where in *Armand* was her husband?

That night Bertram, acting, had for the first time a feeling of going against great odds. He knew that Lucretia loved him—it was almost an old story now. He had brought her no harm by loving her, and to-night was to be one of their perpetual farewells. It was sad, like holding a dream-woman in one's arms and wishing the tears she shed were less real. For, after all, what did the whole thing matter? The play was going badly—rotten bad, in fact. He knew what the papers would be saying in the morning, what they had said already. And Lucretia was scarcely justified in thinking that all the applause was for her. He had for months now dreamed of her as that ultimate flower of womanhood which was to crown his inner life of sentiment.

Her voice was as splendid as ever, the long lines of her figure as graceful, and yet what was he wanting of her? What was he missing? All at once in the wings beyond he saw a tall, quiet figure standing solemnly. It seemed to express an honest anxiety as to the words he was saying. Of course it was Miss Graham simply waiting for her cue. When had she come? how had she gotten in? Could it be that she actually wanted to do *Camille* again? Bertram, on one of the few occasions when *Armand* speaks, found his voice faltering. He had thought Mrs. Bertram miles away, safe at home with her children. This anxious figure had the lonely look of one who has quite forgotten her part, with no

prompt-book near at hand. Her eyes were fixed upon him, uncomplainingly. She simply waited.

The *Camille* in the wings interfered with his vision of the *Camille* on the stage. Then he knew it was an hallucination—it faded away before his eyes. Strange how Lucretia's suggestive voice, speaking of a child, in that last act, conjured his feelings. He could only domestically, stupidly think of his own boy with the gray eyes of his mother.

"You are between me and the lights," whispered *Camille* to him in a grieved tone.

There she was again. Miss Graham in the wings waiting patiently, asking no help, the face blurred in a sort of mist which might have been his tears.

The lights, the people, the whole fabric of this tinsel world seemed to be receding suddenly into a proper perspective, appearing simply the means for an honest livelihood for his wife and children. Even with Lucretia's ambition-haunted eyes upon him he grew suddenly, as if influenced by some force greater than the imagination, grew suddenly thankful for his home, his wife's home, from which she seemed to have sent her inmost self to him—to wait uncomplainingly in the wings.

At the close of the performance they gave him a telegram. Near morning he reached her side. She smiled at him, saw his face drawn in lines *Armand* had never worn.

"I don't mind your acting with her now," she told him. "I know it is none of it real. I have decided to get well."

And she did.



THE LION'S SHARE

By OCTAVE THANET

Author of "The Man of the Hour," etc.

CHAPTER XII

A BLOW

THERE was no one but Mrs. Winter to welcome the colonel when, jaded, warm and dusty, he tapped on Aunt Rebecca's parlor door. Mrs. Millicent was bristling with a sense of injury; one couldn't touch her conversationally without risk of a scratch. The colonel put up the shield of his unsuitable appearance, his fatigue and his deplorable need of a bath, and escaped into his own apartment. But he made his toilet with reckless haste. All the time he was questioning his recent experience, trying to sort over his theories, which had been plunged into confusion by Mercer's confession. "I suppose," he reflected, "that I had no right to give Mercer that hint at the door." The hint had been given just as they parted. It was in a single sentence:

"By the way, Mercer, if that pillar in the *patio* is of importance in your combination, you would better keep an eye on it; it has a trick of cracking."

"The devil it has!" grunted Mercer. Then he thanked him, with a kind of reluctant admiration in his tone.

"You are sure you don't object to my detective staying?" questioned the colonel.

"No, suh; prefer to have him. You told him to have his men in and overhaul the house?"

"I did. I warned you I should have to. You promise there shall be no racket? But I—I think I'll take Haley."

"Thank you. That's right kind of you, suh. Good-by, suh."

This had been the manner of their parting—assuredly a singular parting, after the sinister suspicions and the vio-

lent promises which the soldier had made himself in regard to this very man. After leaving, he had motored into town, down to the police courts, to discover no record of the arrest and no trace of Archie. Thence, discouraged, perplexed and more worried than he liked to admit, he had repaired to the hotel. His aunt was gone, Miss Smith was gone, and Randall could only relate how Mrs. Winter "had flew like a bird, sir, into a big red motor car and gone off, and then Miss Smith and a lady and gentleman had got into a white car and gone off in the same direction."

He was meditating on his next step, when Birdsall was announced below. The detective looked as warm and as tired as the colonel had felt an hour before. Rupert was not eager to see him, but neither was he anxious for the *tête-à-tête* with Millicent which awaited him in the parlor. Between the two he chose Birdsall.

"Well," he greeted him, "did you find any trace of the boy?"

"Of course I did," growled Birdsall. "They didn't try to hide 'im. They had him lodged in a dandy room with his own bath. Of course, he left his toothbrush. They'd got him some automobile togs, too, and he'd left some leggins when he packed, and a letter begun on a pad to Miss Smith—'Dear Miss Janet,' it begins, 'I am having a bully time. I can steer the machine, only I can't back'—that's all. Say, the young dog has been having it fat while we were in the frying pan for fear somebody was bothering him."

"But he is not in the house now?"

"No, nor nothing else."

"*Nobody* hidden away? Where did the groans you heard come from?"

Birdsall flushed. "I do believe that slick deceiver you call Mercer put up a game on us out of meanness—just to git me guessing."

"That sort of thing looks more like the college boys."

"Say, it might have been. This thing is giving me nervous prostration. Say, why didn't you see the thing out with me?"

The colonel shamelessly told the truth to deceive. "I was called here. I was told Mrs. Winter, my aunt, had seen Archie in the street."

"She was just getting out of a machine as I came up. Miss Smith was with her, and they had their hands full of candy boxes. They were laughing. I made sure the boy had been found."

"Not to my knowledge," said the colonel. But in some excitement he walked into the parlor. The ladies had arrived; they stood in the center of the room while Randall took away the boxes.

"Candy for Archie," explained Aunt Rebecca, and these were the first words to reach Rupert Winter's ears. "I expect him to dinner."

"Aunt Rebecca," proclaimed Millicent, "I never have been one to complain, but there *are* limits to human endurance. I am a modern person, a civilized Episcopalian, accustomed to a regular and well-ordered life, and for the last few days I seem to have been living in a kind of medieval mystery, with kidnappers, and blood-stains, and, for anything I know, somebody ready to stick a knife into any one of us any time! You people may enjoy this sort of thing—you *seem* to—but I don't. And I tell you frankly that I am going to apply to the police, not to any private detective inquiry office, as like as not in league with the criminals"—thus ungratefully did Mrs. Millicent slur the motives of

her only truly interested auditor—"but *real* policemen. I shall apply—"

She did not tell where she should apply, the words being snapped out of her mouth by the sharp tinkle of the telephone bell.

Aunt Rebecca responded to the call. "Send him up," was her answer.

She laid down the receiver. Then she put it back. Then she stood up, her silver head in the air, her erect little figure held motionless.

Janet Smith's dark eyes sought hers; her lips parted only to close firmly again.

Even the detective perceived the electric intensity of the moment, and Rupert shut his fists tight, with a quickened beating of the heart; but emotional vibrations did not disturb Mrs. Melville Winter's poise. She continued her plaint.

"This present situation is unbearable, unprecedented and un—un—unexpected," she declaimed, rather groping for a climax which escaped her. Aunt Rebecca raised her hand.

"Would you be so very kind, Millicent," said she, "as to wait a moment? I am trying to listen."

Like a response to her words, the knob of the door was turned, the door swung, and Archie entered the room, smiling his odd little chewed-up smile.

Janet uttered a faint cry and took a single step, but, as if recognizing a superior right, hung back while the boy put his arm about his great-aunt's waist and rather bashfully kissed her cheek.

She received the salute with entire composure, except for a tiny splash of red which crept up to each cheek-bone. "Is it really you, Archie?" said she. "You are a little late for dinner day before yesterday, but quite in time for today. Sit down and tell us where you have been."

"Quite so!" exclaimed Mrs. Millicent. "Good heavens! Do you know how we have suffered? *Where* have you been? *Why* did you run away?"

But Archie, who had surrendered one-half of him to be hugged by Miss Smith and the other to be clapped on the shoulder by his uncle, seemed to think a vaguely polite "How-de-do, Aunt Millicent; I'm sorry to have worried you!" to be answer enough. Only when the question was repeated by Mrs. Winter herself did he reply: "I'm awfully sorry, Aunt Rebecca, but I've promised not to say anything about it. But, truly, I didn't mean to bother you."

Millicent exploded in an access of indignation: "And do you mean that you expect us to accept such ridiculous promise—after all we have been through?"

"Quite so," remarked Aunt Rebecca, with a precise echo of her niece's most Anglican utterance—the gift of mimicry had been one of Mrs. Winter's most admired and distrusted social gifts from her youth.

Rupert Winter hastened to distract Millicent's attention by saying decisively: "If the boy has promised, that ends it; he can't break his parole. Anyhow, they don't seem to have hurt you, old son?"

"Oh, they treated me bully, those fellows," said Archie. "Miss Janet, I know how to run an electric motor car, except backing."

"I'll bet you do," muttered the detective.

Here the colonel came to the boy's relief a second time and drew Birdsall aside. "Best let me pump the chap a little. You get downstairs and see how he got here, who brought him. They'll get clean away. It is late for that as it is. You can report to-morrow."

It was the colonel, also, who eliminated Mrs. Millicent by the masterly stratagem of suggesting that she pass the news to Mrs. Wigglesworth. He artfully added that it would require tact to let the lady from Boston understand that the lad had been found without in any way gratifying her natural curiosity in

regard to the manner of finding or the cause of disappearance. "I'll have to leave *that* to you," he concluded. "Maybe you can see a way out; I confess my hands are in the air."

Millicent thus relegated to the ambassador's shelf, the colonel slipped comfortably into his pet armchair facing his nephew on the lounge between Aunt Rebecca and Miss Smith. Miss Smith looked frankly, charmingly happy. Aunt Rebecca looked rather tired.

"Of course," remarked he, "I understand, old man, that you have promised secrecy to—well, to the Fireless Stove gang, as we'll call them; but the *other* kidnappers, the crowd that held up your car and then switched you off on a side track while young Fireless was detained—they haven't any hold on you?"

"No, sir," said Archie; "but—you see, that strange gentleman and Aunt Millicent—I was scared lest I'd give something away."

"They're not here now. All friends here. Suppose you make a clean breast of your second kidnapping. It may be important you should."

Nothing loth, Archie told his story. Left outside while Tracy went into the office with a policeman, to whom he gave his assumed name, he remained for hardly two minutes before a gentleman and a "cop" came up to him, and the latter ordered him to descend from the machine—but not until they had found it impossible to move the vehicle. When they did discover that the key was out and gone, the man in citizen's clothes hailed a cab and the officer curtly informed Archie that Gardiner (Tracy's traveling name) had been taken to another court and he was to follow. He didn't suspect anything beyond a collision with the speed regulations of the city, but had he seen a chance to dive under his escort's arm the boy would have taken it. Such chance was not afforded him, and all he was able to do was to lean out suddenly as they passed

the Palace and to wave at Randall. "I wanted them to stop and let me get some one to pay my fine," said Archie, "but they said I was only a witness. They wouldn't let me stop; they run down the curtain—at least so far as it would run. It was like all those hack curtains, you know—all out of order."

"Archie," the colonel interjected here, "was one of the men a little fellow, with a round black head, clean shaven, blue eyes, one of his eyes winks a little faster than the other?"

"Yes, sir. How did you know—"

"I didn't know; I guessed. Well, get on; they wanted to pump you when they got you into the Chinese quarter?"

"Yes," Archie said, "they put me into the sweat-box, all right."

"Did you tell them anything?" asked Mrs. Winter.

Archie looked at her reproachfully. Did she think that he had gone to boarding-school for nothing? He explained that, being a stranger in the town, he could not tell anything about where he'd been. There was an agent at the house trying to sell stoves, and they let him take him off back to the hotel. The man seemed to know all about who he (Archie) was, and about his having gone away. The men asked him an awful lot of questions about how he was taken away. He said he didn't know, and he'd promised not to tell. He couldn't tell. They said he would have to go to jail if he didn't tell, because the men who had him were such bad men. But he didn't tell.

"Did they try to frighten you—to make you tell?" said Mrs. Winter.

"Oh, they bluffed a little," returned Archie carelessly, yet the keen eyes on him—eyes both worldly-wise and shrewd—noted that the lad's color shifted and he winced the least in the world over some remembrance.

"But they didn't hurt you—they didn't burn you or cut you or twist your arms, or any other of their playful

ways?" Mrs. Winter demanded; and Janet began feeling the boy's arms, breathing more quickly. The colonel only looked.

"No, they didn't do a thing. I knew they wouldn't, too," Archie assured her earnestly. "I told them if they did anything Uncle Rupert and you would make them pay."

"And you weren't frightened, away from every one, in that hideous quarter!" cried Miss Smith. "Oh, my dear!" She choked.

"Well, maybe I was a little scared. I kept thinking of a rotten yarn of Kipling's; something happened to *him*, down in the underground quarter, in just such a hot, nasty-smelling hole, I guess, as I was in. You remember, Miss Janet, about the game of cards and the Mexican stabbing a chink for cheating, and how Kipling jumped up and ran for his life—never looked around? And don't you remember that nasty bit, how he felt sure they had dealt with the greaser their own way and he'd never get up to the light again?"

"I've been remembering that story all this afternoon," answered Miss Smith, with a shudder.

"Agreeable little tale," said Aunt Rebecca dryly. "Archie, you must have had a right nasty quarter of an hour. What stopped it?"

"Why, a chink came and called the little man off, and there was a lot of talking which I couldn't hear, and the cop was swearing. I think they didn't like it. But in a minute the Chinaman—he was an awful nice little feller—he came up to me and took me out, led me all sorts of ways, not a bit like the way I came in, and got me out to the street. The other fellows were very polite; they told me that they were my friends and only wanted to find a clue to my kidnappers, and the burning holes in me was only a joke to give me an excuse to break my word under compulsion—why, *they* wouldn't hurt me for the world! I

pretended to be fooled, and said it was all right, and looked pleasant; but—I'd like to scare them the same way once, all the same."

The boy caught at his lip, which was trembling, and ended with a shaky laugh. Miss Smith clenched the fist by her side, but she dropped the arm near Archie and said in a matter-of-fact, sprightly tone:

"Archie, you really ought to go dress and wash for dinner. Excuse me for mentioning it, but you have no idea how grimy you are."

The commonplace turn of thought did its errand. Archie, who had been bracing himself anew against the horror which he remembered, dropped back into his familiar habits, and jumped up consciously. "It's the dust, motoring," he offered bashfully. "I ought to have washed before I came up. Well, that's all. We came straight here. Now may I go take a bath?"

Aunt Rebecca was fingering a curious jade locket on her neck. She watched the boy run to the open door.

"I wish you'd go into your room, Colonel," said Miss Smith, "and see nothing happens to him. It's silly, but I am expecting to see him vanish again!"

The sentence affected the colonel unpleasantly. Why need she be posing before him, as if that first disappearance had had any real fright in it? Of course, she didn't know yet (although Aunt Rebecca might have told her—she *ought* to have told her and stopped this unnecessary deceit)—she didn't know that he was on to the game; but—he didn't like it. Unconsciously, his inward criticism made his tone drier as he replied, with a little bow, that he imagined Archie was quite safe now; nevertheless, he would ask to be excused, as he had to attend to some things before dinner.

Was it his fancy that her face changed and her eyes looked wistful? It must have been. He walked stiffly away. Hardly had he entered his room and

turned his mind on the changed situation when the telephone apprised him that a gentleman who represented the Fireless Cook Stove said that he had an appointment with Colonel Winter to explain the stove. Should he be sent up?

Directly Endicott Tracy entered, smiling. "Where's the kid? I know he's back," were his first words, and he explained that he had been hunting down the kidnappers to no purpose. "Except that I learned enough to know they put up a job with the justice, all right. I got next to that game without any Machiavellian exertions. But they got away. Who is it? Any of Keatcham's gang?"

"Atkins," said the colonel concisely.

Tracy whistled and apologized. "It's a blow," he confessed. "That little wretch, he has brains to burn, and not an ounce of conscience. You know he has been mousing round at the hotels after Keatcham's mail—"

"He didn't get it?"

"No, Cary had covered that point. Cary has thought this all out very carefully, but Atkins has got on to the fact that Cary was here in this hotel with Keatcham. But he doesn't know where we come in—whether Keatcham's gang are just lying low for some game of their own or *we've* got him. At least, I don't *believe* he knows."

"You ought not to be talking so freely to me. I haven't promised you anything, you know."

"But you've got your nephew back all right. We have been on the square with *you*. Why should you butt in? I know you won't."

"I don't seem to have a fair call to," observed the colonel.

"And I think the old boy is going to give in; he has made signals of distress, to my thinking. Wanted his mail, and wanted to write, and informed Cary—he saw him for the first time to-day—that he had bigger things on deck than the Midland, and wanted to get at them. We're going to win out all right."

"Unless Atkins gets at him to-night," the colonel suggested. "You oughtn't to have come here, Gardiner. Don't go home now. Wait until later and let me rig you up in another lot of togs and give you my own motor car. Better."

Tracy was more than impressed by the proposal; he was plainly grateful. He entered with enthusiasm into the soldier's masquerade—Tracy had always had a weakness for theatricals, and some of his hasty pudding "Portraits of Unknown People We Know" had won him fame at Cambridge. Ten minutes later there sat opposite the colonel a florid-faced, mustached western commercial traveler, whose plaided tweeds, being an ill-advised venture of Haley's which the colonel had taken off his hands and found no subject of charity quite obnoxious enough to deserve them, naturally did not fit the present wearer, but suited his inane complacency of bearing, and might pass for a bad case of ready-made purchase.

"Now," said the adviser, "I'll notify Haley to have my own hired motor ready for you, and you can slip out and take it after you've had something to eat. Here's the restaurant card. Haley will be there. Leave it at the drug store on Van Ness Street—Haley will give you the number, and get home as unobtrusively as possible. You can peel off these togs in the motor, if necessary. You've your own underneath, except your coat. Wrap that in a newspaper and carry it. I don't know that Atkins has any one on guard at the hotel, but I think it more than likely he suspects some connection between our party and Keatcham's. But first tell me about Atkins. What do you know about him? It's an American name."

"America can take all the glory of him, I fancy," said Tracy. "He's been Keatcham's secretary for six years. He seems awfully mild and useful and timid. He's not a bit timid. He's full of resource. He's sidled suggestions into

Keatcham's ear, and gradually has been working to make himself absolutely necessary. I think he aimed at a partnership, but Keatcham wouldn't stand for it. I think it was in revenge that he sold out some of Keatcham's secrets. Cary got on to that, and Cary has a score of his own to settle with him. I don't know how he managed, but he showed him up, and Keatcham gave him the sack in his own cold-blooded way. I only know him casually. But my cousin Ralph Schuyler went to prep. school with him, so I got his character straight off the bat. His father was a patent medicine man from Mississippi who made a fair pile—couple of hundred thousand—which looked good to that section, you know. I don't know anything about his people, except that his father made the 'Celebrated Atkins' Ague Busters,' and that Atkins was ashamed of his people, and shook his married sisters, who came to see him, in rather a brutal fashion; but I know a thing or two about him. He was one of those bounders who curry favor with the faculty and the popular boys, and never break rules, apparently, but go off and have sly little bats by themselves. He never was popular, yet somehow he got into things. He knew where to lend money, and he was simply sickeningly clever. In math. he was a wonder. Ralph hated him. For one thing, he caught him in a dirty lie. Atkins hated him back, and contrived to prevent his being elected class president, and when he couldn't prevent Ralph making his senior society, the happy thought struck Atkins to get on the initiation committee. They had a cheery little branding game to make the fellows quite sure they belonged, you know, and he rammed his cigar stump into Ralph's arm, so that Ralph had blood poison and a narrow squeak for his life. You can see that I'm not prepossessed in the fellow's favor. He's got too vivid an imagination for me!"

"Seems so," agreed the colonel.

"I think, you know"—Tracy made an effort to be just—"I think Atkins was rather soured. Some of the fellows made fun of the Ague Busters; he had a notion that the reason it was such uphill work for him in the school was his father's trade. No doubt he did get nasty licks at first, and he's revengeful. He hasn't got on in society outside, either. This he lays to his not being a university man. You see, his father lost some of his money, and put him to work instead of in college. He was willing enough at the time. I think he wanted to get married, but afterward, when he was getting a good salary and piling up money on his tips, he began to think that he had lost more than he bargained for. Altogether, he's *soured*. Now, what he wants is to make a thundering big strike and to pull out of Wall Street, buy what he calls 'a seat on the James' and set up for a Southern gentleman. He's trying to marry a Southern girl, they say, who is kin to the Carters and the Byrds and the Lees and the Carys—why, *you* know her; she's Mrs. Winter's secretary—"

"Does—does she care for him?" The colonel suddenly felt his mouth parched. He was savagely conscious of his mounting color; but such a fiendish trick of fate! He had never dreamed of this! Well, whether she cared for him or not, the man was a brute. He shouldn't get her.

"Why, Cary vows she doesn't; that it was only a girlish bit of nonsense up in Virginia, that time he was prospecting, you know. But I don't feel so safe. She's too nice for such a cur. But you know what women are. The nicest of them seem to be awfully queer about men. There's no betting on them."

"I'm afraid not," remarked the colonel, lightly. But he put his fingers inside his collar and loosened it, as if he felt choked.

Because he had a dozen questions quarreling for precedence in his head,

he asked not one. He only inquired regarding the situation, discovering that both Mercer and Tracy were equally in the dark with himself as to Atkins' plans, Atkins' store of information, Atkins' resources. How he could have waylaid Tracy and the boy without knowing whence they came was puzzling. It was quite as puzzling, however, assuming that he did know their whereabouts, to decide why he was so keen to interrogate the boy. In fact, it was as Tracy said: "Too much like Professor Santa Anna's description of a German definition of metaphysics—'A blind man hunting in a dark room for a black cat that wasn't there.'"

"In any event, you would better keep away from *me*," was the colonel's summing-up to the situation. "I don't want to be inhospitable, but the sooner you are off and out of the hotel the safer for your speculation."

"Friends will please accept the intimation?" said Tracy, good-humoredly. "Very well; it's twenty-three for me. I'm hoping you'll see your way clear to run over as soon as the old man has surrendered. I'm going to invite him to make us a proper visit then, and see the country. I'm always for letting the conquered keep their side-arms."

He went away, smiling his flashing smile, and turned it up at the hotel as he walked out. The colonel made no sign of recognition from the window whence he observed him. Instead, he drew back quickly, frowning. It might be a mere accident that only a hand's-breadth of space from the young Harvard man was a dapper little shape in evening clothes—a man still young, with a round, black head. If so, it was an accident not to the colonel's liking.

"Damn you!" whispered Rupert Winter very softly, "*what* is your little game?"

At once he descended, having telephoned Haley to meet him in the court. When he entered and sent his glance

rapidly among the little tables, by this time filled with diners, he experienced a disagreeable surprise. It did not come from the sight of Sergeant Haley in his Sunday civilian clothes, stolidly reading the *Call*; it came from a vision of Atkins standing, bowing, animatedly talking with Janet Smith.

Instead of approaching Haley, Winter fell back and scribbled a few words on a page of his note-book while safely shielded by a great palm. The note he despatched to Haley, who promptly joined him. While they stood, talking on apparently indifferent subjects, Miss Smith passed them. Whether because he was become suspicious or because she had come upon him suddenly, she colored slightly. But she smiled as she saluted him, and spoke in her usual tranquil tone:

"You are going to dine with us, aren't you, Colonel?" said she. "I think dinner is just about to be served."

The colonel would be with them directly.

But none of his annoyance showed during the dinner, at which Millicent was in high good humor, having obtained information anent most astounding bargains in the Chinese quarter, from Mrs. Wigglesworth. Her good humor extended even to Miss Smith, who received it without enthusiasm, albeit courteously, and who readily consented to be her companion for the morning sally on the distressed Orientals, whose difficulties with the customs had reduced them to the necessity of sales at any cost. Aunt Rebecca listened with an absent smile, while Archie laughed at every feeblest joke of his uncle in a boyish interest so little like his former apathy that often Miss Smith's eyes brightened and half timidly sought the uncle's, as if calling his attention to the change. Only a few hours back, his would have brightened gratefully in answer; now he avoided her glances. Yet, somehow, his heart felt heavier when they ceased. For

his part, he was thankful to have his aunt request his company in a little promenade around the "loggia," as she termed it, overlooking the great court.

She took him aside to tell him her afternoon experience, and to ask his opinion of the enigmatical appearance of Atkins. He was strongly tempted, in return, to question her frankly about Miss Smith, to tell her of seeing the latter with Atkins only that evening; he knew that it was the sensible thing to do—but he simply could not do it! To frame his suspicions, past or present, of the woman he loved, to discuss the chances of her affection for a man loathsome unworthy of her; worse, to balance the possibilities of her turning betrayer in her turn and chancing any damage to her benefactress and her kinsman for this fellow's sake—no, it was beyond him. He had intended to discuss his aunt's part in the waylaying of Keatcham with calmness and with the deference due her, but unsparingly; he meant to show her the legal, if not moral, obliquity of her course; to point out to her the pitfalls besetting it; to warn her how hideous might be the consequences of a misstep; somehow, however, his miserable new anxiety about Miss Smith had upset his wits, and he could not rally any of the poignant phrases which he had prepared. All he was able to say was something about the rashness of the business; it was like the Filipinos, with their bows and arrows, fighting machine guns.

"Or David, with his ridiculous little sling, going against Goliath," added she. "Very well put, Bertie; only the good advice comes too late. The question now is how to get out with a whole skin; surprising as it may be, I expect to—with your help."

"Honored, I'm sure," growled Bertie.

"That is one thing I meant to ask you—I haven't, but I shall do so now. Instead of making it impossible for me to sleep to-night, as you intended, virtuous-

ly, in order to clear your conscience before you tried to pull me out of the trap I've set for myself, suppose you do me a favor, right now."

"You put it so well, you make me ashamed of my moral sense, Aunt Beckie; what is it you want?"

"Oh, nothing unbecoming a soldier and a gentleman, dear boy; just this: Cary has to have some money. I meant to give it to Stoves, but you hustled him off in such a rush that I didn't get at him. You know where he is, don't you? You haven't sent him straight back?"

"I can find him, I reckon."

"Then I'll give *you* the money, at once."

"I'll do better for you, Aunt Rebecca," said Winter. "I'll not only take Fireless the money, I'll go with him to the house. I can make a sneak from here, and Atkins is safely downstairs at this moment. He may be shadowing Fireless; if he is, perhaps I can throw him off the track."

Thus it befell that not an hour later Rupert Winter was guiding the shabby and noisy runabout a second time toward the haunted house.

"Nothing doin'," said the joyous apprentice to crime. "I called old Cary up and got a furious slating for doing it; but he said there wasn't a watchdog in sight, and the old man was fast weakening. He was going to let him into the library on parole."

"You need a guardian," growled the colonel. "Where did you telephone? *Not* in the drug store?"

"Oh, dear, no; not in such a public place; I've a shrinking nature that never did intrude its private, personal affairs on the curious world. I used the 'phone of that nice, quiet little restaurant where they gave me a lovely meal, but were so long preparing it I used up all the literature in sight, which was the *Ladies' Home Journal* and a tract on the virtues of Knox's gelatine. When I couldn't think of anything else to do I

routed out Cary. I'd smoked all my cigarettes and all my cigars but one, which I was keeping for after dinner. And Cary rowed me good and plenty. There wasn't a soul in the room."

"Has any one followed you?"

"Not a man, woman or child; not even a yellow dog. I kept looking around, too."

"It was a dreadfully risky thing to do. You don't deserve to escape, but perhaps you did. Atkins may have come to the Palace for some other purpose and never have noticed you."

"My own father wouldn't have got on to me in that dinky rig."

Winter was not so easy in his mind. But he hoped for the best, since there was nothing else for him to do. They were in sight of the house now, which loomed against the dim horizon darker, grimmer than ever. Where the upper stories were pierced with semi-circular arches, the star-sown sky shone through with an extraordinary effect of depth and mystery. All the lighter features of the architecture, carving on pediment or lintel or archivolt, delicate iron tracery of rejas, relief of arcature and colonnade; all these the dusk blurred if it did not obliterate. The great dark bulk of the house, with its massive buttresses, its pyramidal copings and receding upper stories, was the more boldly silhouetted on the violet sky; yet because of the very flatness of the picture, the very lack of shadow and projection, it seemed unsubstantial, hardly more of reality than the giant shadow that it cast upon the hillside. Electric lights wavered and bristled dazzling beams on either side the street; not a gleam, red, white or yellow, leaked through the shuttered windows of the house. In its blackness, its silence, its determined isolation, it renewed, but with a greater force, the first sinister thrill which the sight of it had given the man who came to rifle it of its secrets.

"Lonesome-looking old shanty, isn't

it?" said the Harvard boy. "Seems almost indecorous to speak out loud. Here's where we *cache* the car and make a gentle detour by aid of the shrubbery up the arroyo to the north side of the *patio*. See?"

After leaving the car, Tracy took the lead. Neither spoke. They toiled up the hill, in this part of the grounds less of the nature of a hill than of an arroyo or ravine, through which rocks had thrust their rugged sides and over which spiked, semi-tropical cacti had sprawled, and purple and white-flowered vines had made their own untended tangle. Before they reached the level the colonel was breathing hard, every breath a stab. Tracy, a famous track man who had won his H in a wonderful cross-country run, felt no distress—until he heard his companion gasp.

"Jove! But that hill's fierce," he breathed explosively. "Do you mind resting a minute?"

"Hardly,"—the colonel was just able to hold his voice steady—"I have a Filipino bullet in my leg somewhere which the X ray has never been able to account for; and I'm not exactly a mountain goat!"

"Why, of course; I'm a brute not to let you run up the drive in the machine. Not a rat watching us to-night, either; but I wanted you to see the place; and you seem so fit—"

"You oughtn't to give away your secrets to me, an outsider—"

"You're no outsider; I consider you the treasurer of the band," laughed Tracy. They had somehow come to an unexpressed but perfectly understood footing of sympathy. The colonel even let the younger man help him up the last stiff clamber of the path. He forgot his first chill as of a witness approaching a tragedy; there was a smile on his lips when the two of them passed into the *patio*. It lingered there, standing in the flower-scented gloom. It was there as Tracy stumbled to a half-remembered

push-button, wondering aloud what had become of Cary and Kito that they shouldn't have answered his whistle; it was there, still, when Tracy slipped and grumbled: "What sticky stuff has Kito spilled on this floor?" and instantly flooded the court with light. Then—he saw the black, slimy pool and the long slide of Tracy's nailed sole in it; and just to one side, almost pressing against his own foot, he saw a man in a gray suit huddled into the shape of a crooked U, with his arms limp at his side and his head of iron-gray fallen back askew. The light shone on the broad bald dome of the forehead. He had been stabbed between the shoulders, in the back; and one side of the gray coat was ugly to see.

"Good God," whispered Tracy, going white; "it's Keatcham; they've killed him! Oh, why didn't I go back before?"

CHAPTER XIII

WHOSE FEET WERE SHOD WITH SILENCE

"Get out your revolver," ordered the colonel. "Look sharp! There may be some one here."

But there was not a sign of life revealed by the search. Meanwhile, Winter was examining the body. His first thought was that Keatcham had tried to escape and had been struck down in his flight. Kito would not scruple at such a deed; nor, for that matter, Mercer. But why leave the man thus? Why not dispose of the body—unless, indeed, the assassins had been interrupted? Anyhow, what a horrid mess this murder would make of the affair; and *how* was he to keep the women out of it? All at once, in the examination which he had been making (while a dozen gruesome possibilities tumbled over each other in his mind), he stopped; he put his ear to the man's heart.

"Isn't he dead?" asked Tracy under his breath.

"No, he is not dead, but I'm afraid

he'll never find it out," returned the colonel, shrugging his shoulders. "However, any brandy handy? And get me some water!"

"I know where there is some brandy. I'll get it. There is some water in the fountain, right—*Cary!*"

"What's the matter?" demanded Cary Mercer in one of the arcade doorways of the *patio*. "What's happened? The devil! Who did this?" He strode up to the kneeling soldier.

"You are in a position to know much better than I," said the colonel, dryly. "We came this moment. We found this."

"Cary, did *you* do it?"—the young man laid his hand on Cary's shoulder; his face was ashy, but his voice rang full and clear—"if you did, I am sure you had a reason! But I want to know; we're partners in this thing to the finish."

"Thank you, boy," said Cary, gently; "that's good to hear. But I didn't hurt him, Endy. Why should I? We'd got what we wanted."

"*Who did?*" asked the colonel.

"I didn't, and Kito didn't. He went away to see his only brother, who is sick. He hasn't got back. I don't know who did it; but whoever stabbed him must have done it without warning him, for I didn't hear a sound. I was in the library."

"He's breathing a little, I think," murmured the young man, who was sipping the gray mask of a face while Winter trickled brandy drop by drop into the sagging mouth. "And—look! Somebody has tried to rob him; that's a money belt!"

The waistcoat was open and Winter could see, beneath, a money belt with buttoned pockets, which had been torn apart with such haste that one of the buttons had been wrenched off.

"They seem to have been after money," said he. "See! the belt is full of bills; there's only one pocket empty."

"Perhaps he was interrupted," explained Mercer. "Push the brandy, Colonel; he's moving his eyelids, suh!"

"We've got to do something to that hole in him first," said the colonel. "Is there any doctor—"

"I daren't send for one—"

"Tony Arnold might know one we could trust," suggested Tracy. "I can get him over the long-distance in time for the night train."

"We want somebody *now*, this minute," declared the colonel.

"There's Janet Smith," said Mercer, "my sister-in-law; she's Mrs. Winter's companion. She used to be a trained nurse and a mighty good one. *She* could be trusted."

Could she? And how the terms of his distrust had changed! He had fought against an answer in the affirmative this morning; now his heart was begging for it; he was cold with fear lest she wasn't this conspirator's confederate.

"Send for them both," said he, impassively.

"I'll call up Aunt Rebecca," said Mercer. "Isn't he reviving? No? Best not move him till we can get the wound dressed, don't you reckon, Colonel?"

But the colonel was already making a rough tourniquet out of his handkerchief and a pencil to stanch the bleeding. The others obeyed his curt directions, and it was not until the still unconscious man was disposed in a more comfortable posture on the cushions which Tracy brought that Winter sent the latter to the telephone, and then addressed Mercer. He took a sealed package from an inner pocket and tendered it, saying: "You know who sent it. Whatever happens, you're a Southern gentleman, and I look to you to see that she—they are kept out of this nasty mess, absolutely."

"Of course," returned Mercer, with a trace of irritation; "what do you take me for? Now, hadn't I better call Janet?"

"But if this were to be discovered—"

"*She* wouldn't have done anything; she is only nursing a wounded man whom she doesn't know, at my request."

"Very well," acquiesced the colonel, with a long sigh as he turned away.

He sat down, cross-legged like a Turk, on the flags, beside the wounded man. Mercer was standing, a little way off. It was to be observed that he had not touched Keatcham, nor even approached him close enough to reach him by an outstretched hand. Winter studied his face, his attitude—and suppressed the slightest of starts. Mercer had turned his arm to light another electric bulb and the action revealed some crimson spots on his cuff and a smear on his light trousers above the knee. The lamp was rather high and he was obliged to raise his arm, thus lifting the skirts of his coat, which had previously hidden the stain. He did not seem aware that his action had made any disclosure; he was busy with the light.

"That'll be better," said he. "I'll go call up Sister Janet."

How had those stains come? Mercer professed to have just entered. Vainly Winter's brain tried to labor through the crazy bewilderment of it all. Mercer spoke like an honest man—but look at his cuffs! How could any outside assassin enter that locked and guarded house?—yet, if Mercer had not lied, some one must have stolen in and struck Keatcham down without warning! Unless the Jap—but the Jap was out of the house—perhaps. And Janet Smith, what was she doing, talking to Atkins? Had she given that reptile any clue? Could he—but it was his opportunity to rescue Keatcham, not to murder him. What a confounded maze!

And what business had he, Rupert Winter, who had supposed himself to be an honorable man, who had sworn to support the constitution and the laws of the United States—what business had *he* to help lawbreakers and murderers

escape the just punishment of their deeds? He almost ground his teeth. Oh, well, there was one way out; the one was to resign his commission. He would do it, this very night, he resolved, and swore miserably at himself, at his venerable aunt who must be protected at such a sacrifice, at Atkins, at the feebly moaning wretch whom he had not ceased all this while to ply carefully with drops of brandy. "You everlasting man-eater, if you dare to die, I'll *kill* you!" he snorted. "This tangle is getting on my nerves. I'm getting dippy!"

Thereupon he went at the puzzle again. Before any answer could come to the telephone calls, a low, mournful, inhuman cry penetrated the thick walls. It was repeated thrice; on the third call Tracy ran quickly through the *patio* to a side door, barred and locked like all the entrances, released and swung it open and let in Kito. A few murmured words passed between them. The Jap uttered a startled exclamation. "But how can it be? How? No one can get in! And who shall stab him? For *why*?"

He examined the wounded man, after a gravely courteous salute to Winter, and frowned and sighed. "What did it?" said he. "Did who stabbed take it 'way? He must give *strong* pull!"

"Whoever did it," said the colonel, "must have put a knee on the man's breast and pulled a strong pull, as you say." In speaking the words, he felt a shiver, for he seemed to see that red smear above Mercer's knee.

He felt the shiver again when Mercer returned and he glanced at him; there was not a stain on his shining white cuffs; he had changed them; he had also changed his suit of clothes and his shoes. His eyes met the colonel's, and Winter fancied there was a glint of defiance in them. He made no comment, for no doubt a plausible excuse for the fresh clothes was ready. Well, he

(Winter) wouldn't ask it. Poor devil, he had had provocation. For the next half-hour they were all busy with Keatcham.

"He is better," pronounced the Jap. "He will not live, maybe, but he will talk; he can say who hult him."

"If he can only do that!" cried Mercer. "It is *infernal* to think any one can get in here and do such a thing!"

"Rotten," Tracy moaned.

The colonel said nothing.

They were all four still working over Keatcham when an electric bell pealed. Tracy started, but Mercer looked a shade relieved. "They've come," said he.

"*They?*" repeated the colonel. He scrambled to his feet and gasped.

Miss Smith was coming down the colonnade. But not Miss Smith alone; Aunt Rebecca walked beside her, serene, erect and bearing a small handbag. Miss Smith carried a larger bag, and Tracy had possessed himself of a dress-suit case.

"Certainly, Bertie," remarked his aunt in her softest tone; "I came with Janet. My generation believed in *les convenances*."

All the colonel could articulate was a feeble, "And Archie? And Millicent?"

"Haley is staying in your room with Archie. Millicent had retired; if she asks for us in the morning we shall not be up. She has an appointment with Janet, but it isn't until half-past eleven. Randall has her instructions."

"But—but—how did you get here?"

Aunt Rebecca drew herself up. "I trust now, Bertie, you will admit that I am as equal as any of you to rough it. If there is one mode of transit I abominate, it is those loathsome, unsanitary, uncivil, joggly street cars. We came as far as Elmwood in the *street cars*, then we walked. Did we want to give the number to a cabman, do you suppose? Bertie, have you such a thing as a match about you? I think Janet wants to heat

a teaspoonful of water for a strychnine hypodermic."

CHAPTER XIV

"THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WAS"

By an astonishingly early hour the next morning Mrs. Winter was awake and downstairs, where Kito and Tracy were making coffee, toasting bread and admiring the oatmeal, which had cooked, while they slept, in the Fireless Stove.

The breakfast was a cheerful one, because Miss Smith reported the patient a shade better. She looked smiling, although rather heavy-eyed. Mercer and the colonel had taken turns sitting in the adjoining room to bring her ice or hot water or to be of service outside.

The colonel had suggested calling a doctor, but Aunt Rebecca had demurred. It was she, however, who, as soon as breakfast was over, took first Mercer and Tracy, then the colonel, apart, and proposed calling up Keatcham's confidential associates on the long-distance telephone. "Strike, but hear me, nephew," she said languidly, smiling at his bewilderment. "Our only chance now is to exhaust trumps. Yesterday the game was won. Keatcham had surrendered; he had told his partners in the deal to make no fight on Tracy's election; they could get what they wanted without the Midland. He advised them to cover their shorts and get ready for a bull market—"

"How did he do all that when he had lost his private code book?"

"How would *you* do it? You would use the long-distance telephone. We caught them at Seattle, where his men had gone for the meeting. I don't understand why they needed *me* to suggest that. There the poor man was, as your Harvard stove agent calls it, rubbing about the library, trying to find 'The Fortunes of Nigel' in the edition Darley had illustrated. Of course, it wasn't there. He had lost it just before

he came to the Palace, he thought. It seems his old cipher needs a particular book—that kind. No doubt in my mind that your theory is right, and Atkins stole it, and perhaps thought he stole the key, but didn't get it. He took a memorandum of ciphers which *looked* like a key. There Keatcham was, with millions hanging on his wires, and his modern substitute for the medieval signet ring that would enforce the message quite lost. What to do? Why, there was nothing to do but get another cipher! They made up a temporary one, right in that library, yesterday afternoon."

"But how could Mercer be sure Keatcham would not play a trick on him? Did he *hear* the conversation?"

"Certainly not. He took Keatcham's word. Whatever his faults, Keatcham has always kept his word. Mercer was sure that he would keep it. He went out of the room, upstairs. He was upstairs when Keatcham was stabbed."

The colonel drew a long, difficult breath. "Then you don't believe Mercer did it?"

"I'm sure he didn't. He didn't hurt him. Why should he kill him after he had surrendered? He had nothing to gain and considerable to risk, if not to lose. *We* want that bull market."

"But *who* did, then? Atkins? But *he* is trying to rescue him."

"*Is* he? How do we know? The rescue was only our supposition. I'm only certain none of our crowd did it."

"Kito?"

"No, Kito keeps absolutely within his orders; he knew how things stood when he went away. Mercer saw him go. He couldn't get in, either; he had to signal and be let in. They were as careful as that. Now, assuming they all are innocent, isn't it the best plan to telephone to Seattle to Keatcham's next friend there?"

"He hasn't any family, has he? His wife died, and there were no children, I think."

"No, and if he ever had any brothers or sisters they died when they were little. His business associates are the only people Cary knows about. *He* is anxious to have word sent at once, because there are important things to do in Keatcham's own interest. He came to California and he has employed Cary in a big Portland cement investment. Cary has been working all the time on it for him—I beg your pardon—" for the colonel had raised his hand with a little gasp.

"Do you mean," said he, "that Mercer has been acting as Keatcham's agent, working in *his interest*, all the time he was holding him a prisoner and ready to kill him rather than let him go?"

"Why not? Cary is a man of honor. This cement deal is a perfectly fair one which will give a fair price to the present owners and make a great business proposition. There are other schemes, too, very large ones, which need the man at the wheel. Now, I have talked with Cary and Endicott Tracy, and my plan is to call up Warnebold, his next friend, the man to whom he telephoned, at Seattle. He knows Mercer has been employed by Keatcham, and knows his voice, and knows he is a trusty man (for Mercer has done some inquiries for him, and saved him, once, from buying a water-logged steel plant)—to call *him* up and—tell him the truth. We can say Mr. Keatcham was mysteriously stabbed; we can ask what is best to do. By that time we can report that we have the best medical assistance—young Arnold will get his family physician, who can be trusted. Warnebold will instruct Mercer, I reckon, to keep the fact of the assault a secret, not even mention that Mr. Keatcham is ill, and very likely he or some one else will come straight on here. Meanwhile young Arnold can open the house, hire some servants who won't talk—I can get them for him; we all say nothing of the magnate's presence. And the bull market will come, all right."

After a little reflection the colonel

agreed that the bold course would be the safest. Thus it came about, with amazing rapidity, that the haunted house was opened, that sleek, smiling Chinamen whisked brooms and cleaning-cloths at open windows, and Haley and Kito frankly told any curious inquirers who hailed them over the lawn and the flower-beds that young Mr. Arnold was coming home and going to have a house party of friends. The servants had been carefully selected by Mrs. Winter's powerful Chinese friend; they had no dread of white spooks, however they might cringe before yellow ones. Mrs. Winter and Randall left their hotel after all the appropriate ceremonies, amid the lavish bows and smiles of liberally paid bell-boys and porters. They gave out that they were to visit friends, and the colonel, who remained, was to take charge of their mail; hence, with no appearance of secrecy, the trail took to water and was lost, since the motor car which carried them was supplied by Birdsall and driven by a safe man of his own.

Regarding the detective, Rupert Winter had had what he called "a stiff think." He could not afford even the remote risk of his going, with the picturesque assortment of information which he had obtained about Casa Fuerte and Mercer, into Atkins' employ; therefore he hired him, still, himself. He made a partial but absolutely truthful statement of the case. He said frankly: "Birdsall, I'm not going to treat you fair, for I'm not going to tell you all I know, because—well, for one thing, I don't feel sure how much I do know, myself. But all I'm going to ask of you is to watch the house, day and night, without seeming to watch it. You will oblige Mr. Keatcham as well as me. There is a big game going on, but it isn't what you thought. Mr. Keatcham's best helpers are right in that house. Mercer and I and young Fireless and Arnold are doing our best to guard him, not

hurt him. Now, there is big money for you if you will watch out for us."

Birdsall reflected a moment before he answered; but he did answer, screwing up his face: "I don't like these jobs in the dark; but I like you, Colonel, and it's a go."

Keatcham's valet was next summoned from his vacation, and became, in Tracy's phrase, "a dandy sub-nurse."

The Tracys' family physician came twice a day. He was known to be visiting one of the guests who had fallen ill. Mercer sent three or four telegrams a day to Seattle and to New York, to Keatcham's associates. Warnebold himself came on to San Francisco from Seattle, and was received with every courtesy. He questioned Kito, questioned Mercer, questioned the colonel. Tracy had effaced himself, and was in Pasadena for a day or two.

The colonel was the star witness (at least this was young Arnold's verdict). His narrative was to the effect that he had gone out to see Mercer, who was a family connection; no, he was not alone; he had a young friend with him; confidentially, he would admit that the friend was Mr. Tracy's son, and, while he could not be sure, he had reason to suspect that he (young Tracy) had been conducting some delicate negotiations with Mr. Keatcham. At this point the interlocutor nodded slightly; he was making the deductions expected, and explaining to himself Keatcham's astonishing communication over the telephone. So, he was surmising shrewdly, *that* was the clue—the old man had been making some sort of a deal with Tracy through the son. Well, they were protected, thanks to Keatcham's orders. Like as not they never would know all the reasons for this side-stepping.

"I understand," he said, as one who holds a clue but has no notion of letting it slip out of his own fingers. "Then you and young Tracy got here, and you found Mr. Keatcham? How did you get

in? Did Mr. Mercer let you in? How did it happen he didn't discover Mr. Keatcham instead of you, or did you come in on the side?"

Mrs. Winter, who was in the room, had a diversion ready, but it was not needed. The colonel answered unhesitatingly, with a frank smile: "No, we came in ourselves. Young Tracy had a key."

"Oh, he *had*, had he?" returned Warnebold, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"He is a great friend of young Arnold's; they were at Harvard together—belonged to the same societies."

"Yes, I understand. Well—"

The rest of the interview was clear sailing. Mrs. Winter's presence was explained in her very own words. "Of course, I was put out a good deal at first," added the colonel, "by the women getting mixed up in it; but Miss Smith undoubtedly saved Mr. Keatcham's life. I never saw any one who seemed to think of so many things to do. Half a dozen times, that first night, he seemed to be fading away, but every time she brought him back. I was anxious to have a doctor called in, but Mercer seemed opposed to making a stir—"

"He knew his business," interjected Keatcham's confidant. "He undoubtedly had his instructions to keep Keatcham's presence here a secret."

"He *had*," said Mrs. Winter. "Besides, Miss Smith is his sister-in-law, and he knew that she could be trusted to do everything possible. And, really, it didn't look as if anything could help him. I hardly believed that he could live an hour when I saw him."

"Nor I," the colonel corroborated.

Warnebold, plainly impressed by Mrs. Winter's grand air, assured them both that he felt that everything that could be done had been done. Miss Smith was quite wonderful, and he would admit (of course, confidentially) that Mr. Keatcham did have a heart trouble. Mr.

Mercer had recalled one or two fainting fits; there was some congestion, and the doctor found a sad absence of reaction. He believed that there had been a—er—syncope of some sort before the stabbing; and Mr. Keatcham himself, although he was still too weak to talk much, had no recollection of anything except a very great faintness. Mr. Mercer's theory seemed to cover the ground.

"Except as to who did the stabbing," said the colonel.

"Has Mr. Keatcham any bitter enemies?" asked Aunt Rebecca thoughtfully.

"What man who has made a great fortune hasn't?" demanded Warnebold, with a saturnine wrinkle of the lips. "But our enemies don't stab or shoot us nowadays."

"They do out West," said the colonel, genially. "We're crude."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Entirely."

"I hope you have some one watching the house," said Warnebold, "and that he—well, he doesn't belong to the police force."

"No, he's an honest mercenary," said the colonel. "I'll introduce him to you."

"And you haven't found any method of entering the house?" fumed the financier.

"No," said Aunt Rebecca.

"Yes," said the colonel.

He laughed as they both whirled round on him. "You speak first, my dear aunt," he proposed politely. "I'll explain later."

Mrs. Winter said that a most careful examination had been made, not only by Mercer and the colonel together, but also by young Arnold. They found everything absolutely secure; all the windows were bolted, and all the cellar gratings firm and impossible to open.

"Now, you?" said Warnebold.

"I only found out to-day," apologized the colonel, "or I should have spoken of it. I got to thinking, and it occurred to

me that in a house built, as I understood from Arnold, by a very original architect, there might be some queer features, such as secret passages. With that in my mind, I induced the young gentleman to hunt up the architect, as he lives in San Francisco. He not only showed us some very pretty secret passages about the house, but one that led into it. Shall I show it to you?"

On their instantly expressed desire to see the hidden way, the colonel led them to the *patio*. He walked to the engaged column which once before had interested him; he pressed a concealed spring under the boldly carved five-pointed flower; instantly the entire side of the column swang as a door might swing. As they peered into the dusky space below, the colonel, who had put down his arm, pressed an electric button, and the white light flooded the shaft, revealing an ingenious ladder of cleats fitted into steel uprights. "Here," said the colonel, "is a secret way from the *patio* to the cellar. The cellar extends a little beyond the *patio*, and there is a way down from the yard to the cellar—I can show you if you like."

"No, thank you," replied Warnebold, who was a man of full habit and older than the colonel; "I will take *your* personal experience instead."

"Then if you will go out into the yard with me I will show you where a charming pergola ends in a vine-wreathed sun-dial of stone that you may tug at and not move; but press your foot on a certain stone, the whole dial swings round on a concealed turntable, such as they have in *garages*, you know. You will have no difficulty in finding the right stone, because an inscription runs round the dial: *Mas vale tarde que nunca*,* and the stone is directly opposite *nunca*. When you have moved away your dial you will see a gently inclining tunnel, high enough for a man to walk without stooping, wide enough for two,

*Better late than never.

and much better ventilated than the New York subway. That tunnel leads to a secret door opening directly into the cellar, so skilfully contrived that it *looks* like an air-shaft. This door is only a few feet from the shaft to the *patio*. We have found a bolt and put it on this entrance; but there wasn't any before, nor did any one in the house know of the secret passage."

The colonel went on to say that on questioning the architect he averred that he had never mentioned the secret passage to his knowledge—except that very recently, only a few days before, at a dinner, he had barely alluded to it, and one of the gentlemen present, an Easterner, had asked him where he got a man to make such a contrivance—it must take skill. He had mentioned the name of the workman. The colonel had hunted up the artisan mentioned, only to find that he had left town to take a job somewhere, no one seemed to know where. Of course, he had inquired of everybody. The name of the Easterner was Atkins.

"Atkins!" cried Warnebold at this turn of the narrative. "Keatcham's secretary? Why, he's the boldest and slyest scoundrel in the United States! He started a leak in Keatcham's office that made *him* a couple of hundred thousands and lost *us* a million, and might have lost us more if Mercer hadn't got on to him. Keatcham wouldn't believe he had been done to the real extent he was, at first—you know the old man hates to own to any one's getting the better of him; it's the one streak of vanity I've ever been able to discover in him. Otherwise he's cold and keen as a razor on a frosty morning. He was convinced enough, however, to discharge Atkins. The next news I had he was trying to send him to the pen. Gave us instructions how to get the evidence. No allusion to his past confidence in the fellow; simply the orders—as if we knew all the preliminaries. Wonderful man, Mr. Keatcham, Colonel Winter."

"Very," agreed the colonel dryly.

By this time the warrior and the man of finance were on easy terms. Warnebold remained three days. Before he left the patient had been pronounced out of danger, and had revived enough to give some succinct business directions.

Mercer had been sent to look out for the cement deal, and Keatcham appeared a little relieved and brighter when he was told that Mercer was on his way. "He will put it through, if it can be put," he had said weakly to Warnebold. "He's moderately smart and perfectly honest." Such words, Warnebold explained later to Mrs. Winter, coming from Keatcham, might be regarded almost as extravagant commendation. "Your cousin's fortune is made," he pronounced solemnly. "He can get Atkins' place, I make no doubt."

Mrs. Winter thought that Mercer was a very valuable man.

Only on the day of his departure did Warnebold, in young Arnold's language, "loosen up" enough to tell Arnold and the colonel a vital incident. The night of the attack a telegram was sent to Warnebold in Keatcham's confidential cipher, directing the campaign against Tracy to be pushed hard, ordering the dumping of some big blocks of stock on the market, and arranging for their dummy purchasers. The naming of Atkins as the man in charge was plausible enough, presuming there had been no knowledge of the break in his relations with Keatcham. The message was couched in Keatcham's characteristic crisp phraseology. But for the receiver's knowledge of the break, and but for the previous long-distance conversation, it had reached its mark. The associate of Keatcham was puzzled. The hands were the hands of Esau, but the voice was the voice of Jacob. There had been a hurried consultation by wire with Chicago, into which the second long-distance telephone broke like a thunder-clap. It decided Warnebold to keep to

his instructions and disregard the cipher dispatch.

"And didn't you send any answer?" the colonel asked.

"Oh, certainly. We had an address given: the Palace Hotel, Mr. John G. Makers. We wired Mr. Makers—in cipher: 'Dispatch received. Will attend to it.' I signed. And I wired to the manager of the hotel to notice the man who took the dispatch. It wasn't a man; it was a lady."

"A lady?"

"Yes. She had an order for Mr. Makers' telegrams. Mr. Makers gave the order. Mr. Makers himself only stopped one night and went away in the morning, and nobody seemed to remember him particularly; he was a nondescript sort of party."

"But the lady?" The colonel's mouth felt dry.

"The lady? She was tall, fine figure, well dressed, dark hair, the telegraph girl thought, but she didn't pay any special attention. She had a very pleasant, musical voice."

"That doesn't seem to be very definite," remarked the colonel, with a crooked smile.

It didn't look like a clue to Warnebold, either; but he was convinced of one thing, namely: that it would pay to watch the ex-secretary.

"And," chuckled he, "there's a cheerful side to the affair. Atkins is loaded to the guards with short contracts, and the Midland is booming. If the rise continues he can't cover without losing about all he has. By the way, we got another wire later in the day, demanding what we were about, what it all meant that we hadn't obeyed instructions. Same address for answer. This time we thought we had laid a nice trap. But you can't reckon on a hotel. Somehow, before we got warning, Mr. Makers had telephoned for his dispatch and got it."

"Where did he telephone from?"

"From his room in the Palace."

"I thought he had given up his room."

"He had. But—somebody telephoned for the telegraph office from somewhere in the hotel, and got Mr. Makers' wire. You can get pretty much everything except a moderate bill out of a hotel."

"I see," said the colonel, and immediately in his heart compared himself to the immortal "blind man," for his wits appeared to him to be tramping round futilely in a maze, no nearer the exit than when the tramp began.

That night, after Warnebold had departed, leaving most effusive thanks and expressions of confidence, Winter was standing at his window, absently looking at the garden faintly colored by the moonlight, while his mind was plying back and forth between half a dozen contradictions.

He went over the night of the attack on Keatcham; he summoned every look, every motion of Janet Smith; in one phase of feeling he cudged himself for a wooden fool who had been absolutely brutal to a defenseless woman who trusted him. He hated himself for the way he would not see her when she looked toward him. No wonder, at last, she stiffened, and now she absolutely avoided him. But in a swift revulsion against his own softness he was instantly laying on the blows as lustily because of his incredible, pig-headed credulity. How absolutely simple the thing was! She *cared* for this scoundrel of an Atkins, who had first betrayed his employer and then tried to murder him. Very likely they had been half engaged down there in Virginia, and he had crawled out of his engagement. It would be quite like the cur! Later he found that just such a distinguished, charming woman, who had family and friends, was what he wanted. It would be easy enough for him to warm up his old passion, curse him! Then he had met her and run in a bunch of plausible lies that had convinced her that he had been a regular angel in plain clothes; hadn't done a thing to Cary or

to her; Keatcham was the fiend incarnate. Winter could just picture him whining to the girl, putting his life in her hands, and all that rot, and making all kinds of a tool of her—why, the whole hand was on the board! So she was ready to throw them all overboard to save Atkins from getting his feet wet. That was why she looked so pale and haggard of a morning sometimes, in spite of that ready smile of hers. That was why her eyes were so wistful. She wasn't a false woman, and she sickened of her squalid part. She loved Aunt Rebecca and Archie—all the same, she would turn them both down for him; while as to Rupert Winter, late of the United States army, a worn-out, lame, elderly idiot who had flung away the profession he loved and every chance of a future career in order to have his hands free to keep her out of danger—where were there words blistering enough for such puppy-dog folly! At this point in his jealous imaginings the pain in him goaded him into motion; he began furiously pacing the room, although his lame leg, which he had been using remorselessly all day, was sending jabs and twists of agony through him. But after a little he halted again before the casement window.

"You hot-headed Southerner!" he upbraided himself. "Don't get up in the air without any real proof!"

Almost in the flitting of the words through his brain he saw her. The white gown which was her constant wear in the sick-room defined her figure clearly against a clump of Japan plum trees. Their purplish-red foliage rustled, and an unseen fountain beyond made a delicate tinkle of water splashing a marble basin. Her face was hidden; only the moonlight gently drew the oval of her cheek. She was standing still, except that one foot was groping back and forth, as if trying to find something. But as he looked, his face growing tender, she knelt on the sod and pulled

something out of the ground. This something she seemed to dust off with her handkerchief—he could not see the object, but he could see the flutter of the handkerchief—and when she rose the white linen partially hid the thing in her hand. Only partially, because, when she passed around the terrace wall the glow from an electric lantern in an arch fell full upon her and burnished a long, thin blade of steel.

He looked down on her from his unlighted chamber, and suddenly she looked up, straight at the windows of the room where she thought he was sleeping, and smiled a dim, amused, weary, tender smile. Then she sped by, erect and light of foot, and the deep shadow of the great gateway took her. All he could see was the moonlight on the bluish green lawn and the white electric light on the gleaming rubber trees and dusty palms.

He sat down. He clasped his hands over his knee. He whistled softly a little Spanish air. He laughed very gently. "My dear little girl," said he, "I am going to marry you. You may be swindled into helping a dozen murderers, but I am going to marry you!"

CHAPTER XV

THE REAL EDWIN KEATCHAM

One Sunday, after Mrs. Melville Winter and Archie came to Casa Fuerte, Mr. Keatcham sent for the colonel. There was nothing unusual in such a summons. From the beginning of his illness he had shown a curious, inexpressive desire for the soldier's company. He would have him sit in the room, although too weak to talk to him, supposing he wished to talk, which was not at all sure. "I—like—to—see—him just—sitting there," he faltered to his nurse. "Can't he—read—or play solitaire—like—the old lady?"

At the very first Keatcham's mind wandered; he used to shrink from imaginary people who were in the room; he

would try to talk to them, distressing himself painfully, for he was so weak that his nurses turned his head on the pillow; he would feebly motion them away. It did not take Winter's imagination long to piece out the explanation of these apparitions. They were specters of the characters in those dramas of ruthless conquest which Mercer had culled out of newspaper "stories" and affidavits and court reports, and forced upon Keatcham's attention. Miss Smith helped him to the solution, although her own ignorance of Mercer's method was puzzling. "How did he ever know old Mrs. Ferris?" she said. "He called her Ferris, and he talks about her funny dress—she always did wear a queer little basque and full skirt after all the world went into blouses—but how did *he* ever come across her? They had a place on the James that had been in the family a hundred years, and had to lose it on account of the Tidewater, and Nelson Ferris blew his brains out."

"Don't you know how?" asked the colonel; "well, I'll tell you my guess some time. Who is the girl who seems to make him throw a fit so often?"

"I'm not sure; I imagine it is poor Mabel Ray; there were two of them, sisters; they made money out of their Tidewater stock and went to New York to visit some kin; and they got scared when the stock fell and the dividends stopped; and they sold out at a great loss. They never did come back; they had persuaded all their kin to invest; and the stopping of the dividends made it difficult for some of the poor ones—Mabel said she couldn't face her old aunts. She went on the stage in New York. She was very pretty; she wasn't very strong. *Anyway*: you can imagine the end of the story. I saw her in the park last winter, when Mrs. Winter was in New York; she turned her face away—poor Mabel!"

Through Janet Smith's knowledge of her dead sister's neighbors, Winter got

a dozen pitiful records of the wreckage of the Tidewater. "Mighty interesting reading," he thought grimly, "but hardly likely to make the man responsible for them stuck on himself!" Then he would look at the drawn face on the pillow and listen to the babblings of the boy who had had no childhood; and the frown would melt off his brow. He did not always talk to his mother when his mind wandered; several times he addressed an invisible presence as "Helen" and "Dear," with an accent of tenderness very strange on those inflexible lips. When he talked to this phantasm he was never angry or distressed; his turgid scowl cleared; the austere lines chiseling his cheeks and brow faded; he looked years younger. But for the most part it was to no unreal creature that he turned, but to Colonel Rupert Winter. He would address him with punctilious civility; but as one who was under some condition to assist him, saying, for instance: "Colonel Winter, I must beg you not to let those persons in the room again. They annoy me. But you needn't let Mercer know that. Please attend to it yourself; and get them away! Miss Smith says you will. Explain to them when I get up I will investigate their claims. I'm too sick now!"

Conscious and free from fever, he was barely able to articulate, but when these delirious fancies possessed him he could talk rapidly, in a good voice. Very soon it was clear that he was calmer for the colonel's presence. Hence, the latter got into the habit of sitting in the room. He would request imaginary ruined and desperate beings to leave Keatcham in peace; he would gravely rise and close the door on their departure. He never was surprised nor at a loss; and his dramatic nerve never failed. Later, as the visions faded, a moody reserve wrapped the sick man. He lay motionless, evidently absorbed in thought. In one way he was what doctors call a very good patient. He obeyed all directions; he

was not restless. But neither was he ever cheerful. Every day he asked for his pulse record and his temperature and his respiration. After a consultation with the doctor, Miss Smith gave them to him. "It is against the rules," grumbled the doctor; "but I suppose each patient has to make his own rules." On the same theory he permitted the colonel's visits.

Therefore, with no surprise, Winter received and obeyed the summons. Keatcham greeted him with his usual stiff courtesy. "The doctor says I can have the—papers—will you pick out—the—one—day after I was stabbed."

Miss Smith indicated a pile on a little table, placed ready at hand. "I kept them for him," she said.

"Read about—the Midland," commanded the faint, indomitable voice.

"Want the election and the newspaper sentiments?" asked the colonel; he gave it, conscious all the while of Janet Smith's compassionate, perplexed, sorrowful eyes.

"Don't skip," Keatcham managed to articulate after a pause.

The colonel gave him a keen glance: "Want it straight, without a chaser?"

Keatcham closed his eyes and nodded.

The colonel read about the virtually unanimous election of Tracy; the astonishment of the outsiders among the supposed anti-Tracy element; the composed and impenetrable front of the men closest to Keatcham; the reticence and amiability of Tracy himself, in whose mien there could be detected no trace either of hostility or of added cordiality toward the men who had been expected "to drag his bleeding pride in the dust"; finally of the response of the stock market in a phenomenal rise of Midland.

Keatcham listened with his undecipherable mask of attention; there was not so much as the flicker of an eyelid or the twitch of a muscle. All he said was: "Now read if there is anything about the endowment of the new fellowships in

some medical schools for experimental research."

"Who gives the endowment?"

"Anonymous. 'In memory of Maria Warren Keatcham and Helen Bradford Keatcham.' Find anything?"

The colonel found a great deal. The paper was full of this munificent gift, amounting to many millions of dollars.

The next time that he saw the financier, although only a few days had elapsed, he was much stronger; he was able to breathe comfortably; he spoke with ease, in his ordinary voice; in fine, he looked his old self again, merely thinner and paler. Hardly was the colonel seated than he said, without preface—Keatcham never made approaches to his subjects, regarding conversational road-making as waste of brains for a busy man: "Colonel, Miss Smith hasn't got time to be my nurse and secretary both. I won't have one sent from New York. Will you help her out?"

The colonel's lips twitched; he was thinking that were Miss Smith working for Atkins she couldn't have a better chance to make a killing. "But I'll bet my life she isn't," he added. "She may be trying to save his life, but she isn't playing his game!"

He said aloud: "I will, Mr. Keatcham, if you will let me do it as part of the obligation of the situation and there is no bally-rot about compensation."

"Very well," said Keatcham. "You might begin on the morning mail. Let me sort them first." He merely glanced at the inscriptions on the envelopes, opening and taking out one, which he read rather carelessly, frowning a little before he placed it to one side.

A number of the letters concerned the endowments of the experimental chairs at the universities. Keatcham's attention was not lightened by any ray of pleasure. Once he said: "That fellow has caught my idea," and once: "That's right," but there was no animation in his

voice, no interest in his pallid face. Stealing a furtive scrutiny of it, now and then, Rupert Winter was impressed with its mystical likeness to that of Cary Mercer. There was no physical similarity of color or feature; it was a likeness of the spirit rather than the flesh. The colonel's eyes flashed. "I have it!" he exclaimed within; "I have it; they are fanatics, both of them; Keatcham's a fanatic of finance, and Mercer is a fanatic of another sort; but fanatics they both are, ready to go any lengths for their principles or their ambitions or their revenge! *J'ai trouve le mot de cette énigme*, as Aunt Beckie would say—I wonder what she'll say to this psychological splurge of mine."

"The business hour is up." It was Miss Smith, entering with a bowl on a white-covered tray. "Your biscuit and milk, Mr. Keatcham. Didn't you have it when you were a boy?"

"I did, Miss Janet," and Keatcham actually smiled. "I used to think crackers and milk the nicest thing in the world."

"That is because you never tasted corn pone and milk; but you are going to."

"When *you* make it for me. I'm glad you're such a good cook. It's one of your ways I like. My mother was a very good cook. When my father didn't strike pay dirt, my mother would open her bakery and make pies for the miners. She could make bread with potato yeast or salt emptins. She used to make more money than my father. Sometimes, when we children were low in clothes, and dad owed a bigger lot of money than usual, we had a laundry at our house, as well as a bakery. Yet, in spite of all the work, my mother found time to teach all of us; and she knew how to teach, too, for she was principal of a school when my father married her. She was a New Englander; so was he; but they went West. We're forty-niners. I saw the place where our little cloth-and-board shack used to stand. After the

big fire, you know; it burned us all up; we had saved a good deal, and my mother had a nice bakery. She worked too hard; it killed her. Work, and struggle, and losing the children."

"They died?" said Miss Smith.

"Diphtheria. They didn't know anything about the disease then. We all had it, and my little sister and both my brothers died. But I'm tough; I lived. My mother fell into what they called a decline. I was making a little money then. I was sixteen. But I couldn't keep her from working. Perhaps it made no difference; but it did make a difference her not having the—the right kind of food. Nobody knew anything about consumption then. I used to go out in the morning and be afraid I'd find her dead when I got back. One night I did." He stopped abruptly, crimsoning up to his eyes. "I don't know why I'm telling you all this."

"I call that tough." As the colonel blurted out the words, he was conscious of a sense of repetition. When had he said those very same words before? To whom? Of all people in the world, to Cary Mercer! "Mighty tough," murmured he softly.

"Yes," said Keatcham, "it was." He did not say anything more. Neither did the colonel. Keatcham obediently ate his milk and biscuit, and very shortly the colonel took his leave.

The next morning, after an uneventful hour of sorting, reading and answering letters for Miss Smith to copy on the traveling typewriter, Keatcham gave his new secretary a sharp sensation. He ordered, in his quiet but peremptory fashion: "Now, put that trash away. Sit down. Tell me all you know of Cary Mercer."

The colonel asked him if he wanted everything.

"Everything. Straight. Without a chaser," snapped Keatcham.

The colonel gave it to him. He began with his own acquaintance; he told about

Phil Mercer; he did not slur a detail, neither did he underscore one; Keatcham got the uncolored facts. He heard them impassively, making only one comment: "A great deal of damage would be saved in this world if youngsters could be shut up until they had sense enough not to fool with firearms." When Winter came to Mercer's own exposition of his motives and his design if successful in his raid on the kings of the market, Keatcham grunted. At the end he breathed a noiseless jet of a sigh. "You don't think Mercer is at all—" he tapped the side of his head.

"No more than you are."

"Or you?"

"Oh, well," the colonel jested, "we all have a prejudice in favor of our own sanity. What I meant was that Mercer is a bit of a fanatic; his hard luck has—well, prejudiced him—" Keatcham's cold, firm lips straightened into his peculiar smile, which was rather of perception than of humor. One might say of him—Aunt Rebecca Winter did say of him—that he saw the incongruous, which makes for humor, but he never enjoyed it. Possibly it was only another factor in his contempt of mankind.

"Colonel," said he, "do you think Wall Street is a den of thieves?"

"I do," said the colonel promptly. "I should like to take a machine gun or two and clean you all out."


"You think we are thieves and liars and murderers and despots?"

"All of that," said the colonel placidly, "also fools."

"You certainly don't mince your words."

"You don't want me to. What use would my opinion be in a one-thousandth attenuation? You're no homeopath; and whatever else you may be, you're no coward."

"Yet you think I surrendered to Mercer? You think I did it because I was afraid he would kill me? I suppose he would have killed me if I hadn't, eh?"



Janet Smith

Drawing by E. M. Aabe

"He can speak for himself about that; he seems—well, an earnest sort of man. But I don't think you gave in because you were afraid, if that is what you mean. You are no more afraid than *he* was! You wanted to live, probably; you had big things on hand. The Midland was only a trump in the game; you could win the odd trick with something else; you let the Midland go."

"Pretty close"—Keatcham really smiled—"but there is a good deal more to it. I was shut up with the results of my—my work. He did it very cleverly. He had some sort of way of switching off the lights from the outside. I never saw a face or heard a voice. I would have to sit there in the dark after he thought I had read enough to occupy my mind. It—was unpleasant. Perhaps you suppose that brought me round to his way of thinking?"

The colonel meditated. "I'll tell you honestly," he said, after a pause. "I was of that opinion, or something of the kind, until I talked your case over with my aunt—"

"The old dame is not a fool. What did she say?"

"She said no, he didn't convert you; but he convinced you how other people looked at your methods. You couldn't get round the fact that a majority of your countrymen think your type of financier is worse than smallpox, and more contagious."

"Oh, she put it that way, did she? I wish she would write some prospectuses for me. Well, you think she was nearer right than you?"

"I think *you* do; I myself think it was a little of both. You've got a heart and a conscience originally white, though they have got pretty well tanned out in the weather. You didn't want to be sorry for those people, but you are. They have bothered you a lot; but it has bothered you more to think that, instead of going down to the ages as a colossal benefactor and empire builder, you were hung up

on the hook as a colossal scoundrel. Most of you high financiers haven't the sense to see where you're at, and where you *will* be if the people get thoroughly aroused; you are building bigger balloons when it ought to be you for the cyclone cellar. But you are different. You can see ahead. I give you credit for seeing."

"Have you ever considered," said Keatcham slowly, "that in spite of the iniquitous greed of the men you are condemning, in spite of their oppression of the people, the prosperity of the country is unparalleled? How do you explain it?"

"Crops," said the colonel. "The crops were too big for you."

"You might give *us* a little credit. Your aunt does. She was here to-day; she is a manufacturer, and she comprehended that the whole methods of business can not be revolutionized without somebody getting hurt. Yet, on the whole, the change might be immensely advantageous. Now, why, in a nutshell, do *you* condemn us?"

"You're after the opinion of the average man, are you?"

"I suppose so—the high average."

The colonel crossed his legs and uncrossed them again; he looked straight into the other's eyes, his own narrowed with thought. "I'll tell you," said he. "I don't know much about the Street or high finance or industrial development. I'm a plain soldier. I'm not a manufacturer, and I'm not a speculator. I understand perfectly that you can't have great changes without somebody getting hurt in the shuffle. It is beyond me to decide whether the new industrial arrangements, with the stock jobber on top instead of the manufacturer, will make for better or for worse—but I know this: it is against the fundamental law to do evil that good may come. And you fellows in Wall Street, when, to get rich quick, you lie about stocks to let you buy cheap, and then lie another way to sell dear;

when you make a panic out of whole cloth, as you did in 1903, because, having made about all you can out of things going up, you want to make all you can out of them going down; when you play football with great railway properties and insurance properties because you are as willing to rob the dead as the living; when you do all that, and when your imitators, who haven't so much brains or so much decency as you, when *they* buy up legislatures and city councils, and *their* imitators run the Black Hand business and hold people up who have money and are not strong enough, they think, to hunt them down—why, not being a philosopher, but just a plain soldier, I call it bad, *rotten* bad. What's more, I can tell you the American people won't stand for it."

"You think the people can help themselves?"

"I know they can. You fellows are big, but you won't last over night if the American people get really aroused. And they are stirring in their sleep and kicking off the bed clothes."

"Yet *you* ought to belong to the conservatives."

"I do. That's why the situation is dangerous. You are an old San Franciscan; you ought to remember how conservative was that celebrated Vigilance Committee. It is when the long-suffering, pusillanimous conservative element gets fighting mad that something is doing."

"Maybe," muttered Keatcham thoughtfully. "I believe we can manage for you better than you can for yourselves; but when the brakes are broken, good driving can't stop the machine; all the chauffeur can do is to keep in the middle of the road. I like to be beaten as little as any of them; but I'm not a fool. Winter, you are used to accomplishing things; what is your notion of the secret?"

"Knowing when to stop exhausting trumps, I reckon—but you don't play cards."

"It is the same old game, whatever you play," said the railway king. He did not pursue the discussion; his questions, Winter had found, invariably had a purpose, and that purpose was never argument. He lay back on the big leather cushions of the lounge, his long, lean fingers drumming on the table beside him, and an odd smile playing about the corners of his mouth. His next speech dived into new waters. He said: "Have those men from New York got Atkins yet?"

"They couldn't find him," answered the colonel. "I have been having him shadowed, though, on my own idea. I take it *you* have proof of your matter."

"Plenty," said Keatcham. "I was going to send him to the pen in self-defense. You say they can't find him?"

"*Seems* to have gone to Japan—"

"Seems? What do you mean?"

"I am not sure. He was booked for a steamer, and a man under his name did actually sail on the boat."

"Hmn! He's right here in San Francisco. Read that note."

Winter read the note, written on Palace Hotel note paper in a sharp, scrawling Italian hand. The contents were sufficiently startling:

"Dear frend Hoping this find you well. Why do you disregard a true Warning? We did write you afore once for say you give that money or we shal be unfortunately compel to kill you quick. No? You laff God knows we got have that twenty five thousan dol. Yes. And now because of such great expence it is fifty thousan you shall pay. We did not mean kill you dead only show you for sure there is no place so secret you can Hide no place so strong can defend you. Be Warn! You come with \$50000.00 in \$100 bills You go or send to the Red Hat; ask for Louis. Say to Louis For the Black Hand. Louis will say For The Black Hand. You follow him. No harm will come to you. You

will be forgive all heretobefores. Elseways you must die April 15-20 *This is sure*. You have felt our dagger the other is worse!

"Your well wishing Fren,
"The Black Hand."

"Sounds like Atkins pretending to be a dago," said the colonel dryly. "I could do better myself."

"Very likely," said Keatcham.

"Does he mean business? What's he after?"

"To get me out of the way. He knows he isn't safe until I'm dead. Then he hasn't been cleaned out, but he has lost a lot of money in this Midland business. The cipher he has is of no good to him there, or in the other things which unluckily he knows about. With me dead and the cipher in his hands, he could have made millions; even without the cipher, if he knows I'm dead before the rest of the world, he ought to make at least a half million. I think you will find that he has put everything he has on the chance. I told you he was slick and unstable. What do you think he will do? Straight, with no chaser, as you say."

"Well, straight, with no chaser, I should say a bomb was the meanest trick in sight; so, naturally, he will choose a bomb."

"I agree with you. You say the house is patrolled?"

"The whole place. But we'll put on a bigger force. I'll see Birdsall at once. Atkins would have to hire his explosive talent, wouldn't he?"

"Oh, he knows plenty of the underworld rascals; and besides, for a fellow of his habits there is a big chance for loot. Mrs. Millicent Winter tells me that your aunt has valuable jewels with her. It is not wise to underrate him, or bombs either; we must get the women and those boys out of the house."

"But how? You are not really acquainted with my aunt, Mrs. Rebecca Winter, I take it."

"You think she wouldn't go if there was any chance of danger?"

"You couldn't fire her unless out of a cannon; but she would help get Archie away. Mrs. Melville and Miss Smith—"

"Well—ur—Miss Smith, I am afraid, will not be easy to manage. You see, she knows—"

"Knows? Did you *tell* her?"

"Well, not exactly. As the children say, it told itself. There has been a kind of an attempt already. A box came, marked from a man I know in New York, properly labeled with express company's labels. Miss Smith opened it; I could see her, because she was in the bathroom, with the door open. There was another box inside, wrapped in white tissue paper, very neatly. She examined that box with singular care, and then she drew some water in the lavatory basin; she half opened the box and put the whole thing under water in the basin; then I thought it was time for *me*, and asked her if it was a bomb. Do you know, that girl had sense enough not to try to deceive me? She saw I had seen every move that she had made. She said merely that it was safe under water. It was an ingenious little affair, which had an electrical arrangement for touching off a spark when the lid of the box would be lifted."

"Ah, yes. Thoughtful little plan to amuse an invalid by letting him open the box himself, to see the nice surprise from New York. Very neat, indeed. What did you do with the box?"

"Nothing, so far. It only came about an hour ago."

"Do you reckon some of the Black Hands are out on the street rubbering to see if there are any signs of anything?"

"Perhaps; you might let Birdsall keep a watch for anything like that. But they hear, somehow; there is a leak somewhere in our establishment. It is not your aunt; she can hold her tongue as well as use it; the boy, Archie, does not know anything to tell—"

"He wouldn't tell it if he did," interrupted the colonel; and very concisely, but with evident pride, gave Archie's experience in the Chinese quarter.

Keatcham's comment took the listener's breath away, so far afield was it, and so unlike his experience of the man. It was: "Winter, a son like that would be a good deal of a comfort, wouldn't he?"

"Poor little chap!" said Winter, "he hasn't any father to be proud of him—father and mother both dead."

Keatcham eyed Winter thoughtfully a moment, then he said: "You've been married and lost children; your aunt says so. That must be hard. But—did you ever read that poem of James Whitcomb Riley's, sent to his friend whose child was dead? It's true, what he says; they were better off than he 'who had no child to die.'"

Rupert, who was looking away from the speaker with the instinctive embarrassment of a man who surprises the deeper feelings of another, could see out of the window the lovely April garden and Janet Smith amid the almond blossoms. Only her shining black head and her white shoulders and bodice rose above the pink clusters. She looked up and nodded, seeing him; her face was a little pale, but she was smiling.

"I don't know," he said. "It's hard enough either way for a man."

"I never lost any children"—Keatcham's tone was dry still, but it had not quite the former desiccated quality—"but I was married, for a little while. If it's as bad to lose your children as it is to lose the hope of having them, it—must be hard. You lost your wife, too?"

"Yes," said Rupert Winter.

At this moment he became conscious that Keatcham was avoiding his gaze in the very manner of his avoiding Keatcham's a moment ago, and it gave him a bewildering sensation.

"I wanted to marry my wife for seven years before we were married," Keatch-

am continued, in that carefully monotonous voice. "She was the daughter of the superintendent of the mine where I was working. I was only eighteen when I first saw her; she was twenty-five when we were married. She used to give me lessons; she was educated and accomplished. She did more than is easy telling for me. Of course, her parents were opposed at first, because they looked higher for her, but she brought them round by her patience and her sweetness and her faith in me. Six months after we were married she had an accident which left her a helpless invalid in a wheeled chair, at the best; at the worst, suffering—you've known what it is to see anybody whom you care for in a horrible pain, and trying not to show it when you come near?"

"I have," said Winter. "Merry hell, isn't it?"

"I have seen that expression," said Keatcham. "I never recognized its peculiar appropriateness before. Yes, it is *that*. Yet, Winter, those two years were the happiest of my whole life. She said—the last night she was with me—she said they were the happiest of hers." The same flush which once before, when he had seemed moved, had crept up to his temples, burned his hollow cheeks. He was holding the edge of the table with the tips of his fingers, and the blood settled about the nails with the pressure of his grip. There was an intense moment, during which Winter vainly struggled to think of something to say, and looked more of his sympathy than he was aware. Then: "Cary Mercer needn't think *he* has had all the hard times in the world!" said Keatcham, in his usual toneless voice, relaxing his hold and leaning back on his pillows. The color ebbed away gradually from his face.

"I don't wonder you didn't marry again," said Winter.

"You would not wonder if you had known Helen. She always understood.

Of course, now, at sixty-one, I could buy a pretty, innocent young girl, who would do as her parents bade her, and cry her eyes out before the wedding; or a handsome and brilliant society woman with plenty of matrimonial experience. I don't *want* them! I should have to explain myself to them; I don't know how to explain myself; you see I can't half do it—"

"I reckon I understand a little."

"I guess you do. You are different, too. Well, let's get down to business. Think up some way of leading the women away, and get your sleuths after Atkins. It is we get him or he gets us."

The amateur secretary assented and made ready to go, for the valet was at the door, ready to relieve him; but opposite Keatcham he paused a second, made a pretense of hunting for his hat, picked it up in his left hand, and held out the right hand, saying: "Well, take care of yourself."

Keatcham nodded; he shook the hand with a good, firm pressure. "Much obliged, Winter," said he.

"Well," meditated the soldier, as he went his way, "I never *did* think to take that financial buccaneer by the hand; but—it wasn't the buccaneer; it was the real Edwin Keatcham."

[TO BE CONCLUDED]

THE BEAUX

BY WITTER BYNNER

Here goes the dandy down the street,
As fine a fellow as you'll meet,
And cocks his hat!
But whither leads a dapper tread?
My poor old father, long since dead,
Was good at that.

My mother took my father's plea;
And soon presented him with me—
And then he died;
And here am I, waistcoat and all,
The image of my father's fall,
As of his pride.

Grandames, who watched through darkening blind
The neatest fellow they could find
With stick and spat,
Now see this newer dandy stare,
With that unconquerable air,
And cock his hat!

OUR OWN TIMES

A SHAVIAN VIEW OF SAVING—THE MIKADO RENEWS ITS YOUTH—WOMEN AND AUTOMOBILES—THE UNIONS IN A JUST CAUSE—STATE LAWS AND FEDERAL COURTS—A THEATER FOR HIGH THINKING—IBSEN TO BE PLAYED IN NORWEGIAN—THE PERSECUTION OF MRS. EDDY—AS TO TARIFF REVISION—WHAT MANUFACTURERS THINK—AND THE AMIABLE TAFT—THE DEATH OF AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS

"THE good bishop," says George Bernard Shaw, "who recommends thrift to the poor of the East End, commits a crime. The slum dweller who saves a single farthing acts selfishly." It is hard to answer this peculiarly Shavian argument. The sailor on a raft who secretes food for his own use while his fellows starve is execrated for his cruelty and treason to humanity. There is less of the paradox in Mr. Shaw's statement than we are expected to look for in the utterances of the author of "Mrs. Warren's Profession." The whole subject of the influence of thrift and temperance upon the economic status of the wage-worker is one that will bear examination on the part of those who preach the philosophy of Poor Richard. Of course, there can not be two opinions upon the moral necessity and benefit to every man, rich or poor, of good habits. Economically, however, the sober and frugal worker is successful only as he excels his fellows in these respects. Wages are fixed by the average standard of living. It is as impossible, under our system of production and distribution, for the average man to save, as for the average horse to win the race, or the average candidate to be elected. Should all the wage-earners of the world awake to-morrow morning with all their bad habits sloughed off, and possessed of a passion for saving, the competition of the labor market would at once bid wages down so as to cover no more than the smaller demands of the new standard of living. This is what gives the wage-earner a chill of fear at the intrusion into the industrial field of a race with a different standard, like the Japanese or Chinese. It is obvious that this condition is in no way inherently necessary. These earners produce more than they take, and are stripped of all but their living by one form or another of monopoly. Correct this, and the philosophy of Poor Richard becomes all Franklin thought it—but in an era of equality, who would care to hoard?

THE recent revival of "The Mikado" brings back associations to those who have felt the delight of that musical classic. It seems possible that the light of its magical joyousness will never grow cold, that the charm of its songs will never cease to bewitch, as long as the race remains buoyant. And it seems reasonable to say that this is so on account of its adaptability for expansion with regard to the growth of ideas. Like the constitution, it changes as the minds of the people change. Old words take modern meanings; old songs are revised to meet new varieties of taste. A generation has seen it standing high on the rock of creative strength, below which are the wrecks of such as "The Ameer," "Dreazmland" and "Wang." But *Katisha* will grow no older—and *Yum Yum* still hints of the flavor of youth as cherry blossoms breathe out the odor of a season. The list of *Ko Ko's* "society offenders" is ever being revised, allowing none such to escape—even though barricaded behind the bulwarks of smug Standard Oil.

THE New Era Woman's Club, of Pittsburgh, having an abundance of civic pride, and being impelled to set its moral force against some of the influences that have made its city rank high among the servitors of Mammon, has, in its campaign of criticism, brought a heavy indictment against the women. It says that it is the women and girls of Pittsburgh who are responsible for the unwise and general purchase of automobiles by men who can not afford them. Homes are mortgaged, heavy debt incurred, the future endangered by the prodigality and recklessness of the automobile-mad women. It is certain that many forms of extravagance are to be laid at the door of American women, but really ought they to bear the onus of this particular folly? It is significant that a number of editorial writers in the country think not.

Men like automobiles for various reasons other than for the mere sport to be had in their use. In times long gone by the man on the horse was the aristocrat—the chevalier. Later it was the man with the coach and six who lorded it, and who felt his own importance. Now it is the man with the automobile who sees other men stand aside. So, decade by decade, the *comédie humaine* marches by with pageants. In jinrikishas or palanquins, east and west, yesterday and today, on elephant back or camel back, astride a stallion or behind the wheel of a touring car, man makes for himself a right of way, and, consciously or unconsciously, likes to have the populace skurrying before him. A strange quality, is it not? Century after century man repeats his follies and vanities, commits his extravagances and pays the price of them!

SAIID Mr. Haywood on his return to Denver: "The outcome of my trial proves that when the unions are united they are invincible." It proves nothing of the sort. It proves merely that when the unions are united they can contribute a large defense fund, and that when a union man is entitled to an acquittal he is likely to get it. This is more a tribute to the fairness of our criminal procedure than anything else. Mr. Haywood was acquitted not because the unions were united back of him, but because the jury was not convinced of his guilt. The unions may well draw a moral from this view of the case. Haywood went before twelve average American citizens, and because they were with him he went free of the dreadful fate that threatened him. The jurymen were not union men. The unions, no matter how

well united they may be, will really be strong only as long as they can command the sympathy of the public—the jury. In other words, the unions will be invincible only as they are both united and in the right. Mr. Haywood's particular union has lost its cause in many places because it allowed itself to adopt methods which placed it in the wrong, and alienated the jury. It won the eight-hour fight in Colorado twice, and was denied the fruits of victory by the corrupt practices of the employers. Had it kept itself in the right, even as against an adversary persistently in the wrong, its status in Colorado would have been far better than it now is, even though it had not won. Mr. Haywood's utterance might far better read that when the unions are united in a cause which is plainly just, they are invincible. One needs to be an optimist to believe even this, but it is a nearer approach to truth.

A GREAT many people are disturbed by the suspension of state laws by federal courts. It looks like real government by injunction when state officers are prohibited from arresting men who by state laws are criminals. Still, the thing may be correct. It is rather a pity that in the two instances in which this has recently been done, the judges—Judge Pritchard and Judge McPherson—were recognized as having been lawyers with railway affiliations before their appointment to the federal bench. Both of them were what Governor Comer, of Alabama, would call "railway environed" men. Judge McPherson has held up the Missouri statute, except for a brief trial "to discover if the rate is compensatory"—with the railways in charge of the test. Judge Pritchard com-

JEROME TRAVERS
Amateur Golf Champion of the United States

Portrait by Marcou, New York

RICHARD MANSFIELD

1887-1907

MANSFIELD IN *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*

The late Richard Mansfield in two of the roles which brought him fame at the cost of nervous breakdown. The great actor was taken to the Adirondacks early in August for rest and recuperation, and died at his home in New London, Connecticut, on August 30

MANSFIELD IN *IVAN THE TERRIBLE*

promised with the governor of North Carolina by allowing the law to go into effect pending appeal. These gentlemen occupy their high positions for life. The whole question of their partiality, as well as of their legal ability, was passed upon before they were appointed—for their appointments were irrevocable. Yet they, and most of the federal judges appointed since the emergence of the railways into power, were "railway envired" men. The federal bench is recruited in large measure from the offices of counsel for the great corporations. This is not as it should be. If state statutes are to be embalmed in federal injunctions, the writs ought not to be signed by former attorneys of the complaining railways, or by men to whom the railway service is a pensioning ground for sons and relatives. The whole matter of the constitution of the federal courts may be unsettled unless these great places are guarded against every breath of suspicion.

IN Chicago a theater was recently opened which will be operated and owned by a religious organization. This is significant of two things at least—that the immense opportunity of the stage as a means of real teaching is no longer to be entirely neglected by organized Christianity (which began English theatricals in the Miracle Plays and Moralities). It means more than this. The theater is to be operated along commercial lines, calling upon the regular theatrical profession for its "talent." This implies a faith that there now exists a body of dramatic literature fit, as John Wesley would say, for used to the glory of God. In this same season comes Elizabeth Robins and her London success, the play "Votes for Women," which she frankly calls "a dramatic tract in three acts," and which has drawn London audiences to their feet in applause for its human interest—though an argument for woman suffrage. It looks as if, though the gallery may still hold its

breath, as "the villain still pursues her" he must follow her into fields of morals, religion, politics and whatever may be nearest the hearts of the people. He must, if the theater fulfils the serious purposes of a serious people. A dramatization of a stock-watering scheme or the benching of a baseball idol ought to be popular in America.

IBSEN is to be played in this country next season by a company of leading actors from the National Theater of Norway, who will present the master's plays in their original tongue. At least five of Ibsen's plays will be produced—"The Master Builder," "Hedda Gabler," "A Doll's House," "Ghosts" and "Rosmerholm." And it is possible that "An Enemy of the People" and "Pillars of Society" also will be given, especially in Norwegian-American localities. Madame Juul-Dybwad, who is considered the best and most intellectual interpreter of the Ibsen rôles living, will play the feminine lead. Harald Stormoen, who has achieved artistic triumphs at the National Theater, will be her support. Five other actors, each selected for his ability, will complete the company. The tour will begin late in October, Gustave Thalberg managing the enterprise.

MARY Baker G. Eddy, the most conspicuous and initiatory religious leader of the age—the late Alexander Dowie not excepted—has submitted to the final test of competency, and has been adjudged sane and capable. Her son and her granddaughter have withdrawn the suit which they, ostensibly, had brought against her, although the general impression is that they acted at the instigation of very powerful persons who felt profoundly irritated at the growth of Christian Science, which seemed to them no more than a contagious madness. Now that

the suit is withdrawn, it may not be out of place to remark that it hardly seems worth while in these days to persecute an old woman, or even a young one, for belief in the absolute power of God. Religious views are blessings to which we are all entitled, and as we may enjoy the doctrine of original sin or eternal damnation without being suspected of insanity, it would seem as if perfect confidence in the power of the Creator, and a more or less honest metaphysical attempt to explain the mysteries of sin and suffering, ought not to arouse such violent irritation as they have. It is really amusing, when one comes to think of it, that any attempt to make man happier and better should have so infuriated him, or that the theory that the words of Christ were to be taken literally should have so disturbed Christendom.

IT is given out semi-officially that there will be no revision of the tariff until after the next presidential election. This means that things will stand as they are until 1909, at least. Those who desire to see the now outgrown Dingley schedules revised in consonance with the needs of to-day will have to possess their souls in patience for at least two years more. Two years ago there seemed a chance of immediate improvement when President Roosevelt spoke so firmly on the subject, but some occult political pressure was brought to bear on him and he ceased suddenly from his demands. Even now there is no direct or authoritative assurance that congress will, in 1909, set itself to the task of revision. The half-promise comes from a senator—Hopkins of Illinois—who is allied with partizan politicians

rather than with the real friends of the people, and what he says on the subject is suspiciously like pre-election soft-soap.

It is exceedingly trite to say that the need for tariff revision is urgent. Proof to this

JUDGE JETER CONNELLY PRITCHARD

Whose federal injunction checks the operation of the North Carolina two-cent passenger fare act, until it shall have been proved legal.

effect is offered by merchants and trade bodies from all parts of the country. The "progressives" of both parties in and out of congress favor it, and so does the enlightened and independent portion of the press. Any well-informed congressman who does not wear party blinders knows that a great many of the present schedules work an absolute wrong to the consumer; that they give to certain oppressing corporations undue and unfair advantages; and that some of these corporations, under cover of these schedules, are charging the home consumer more for their goods than they charge the purchaser abroad.

That such tariff inequalities should be eliminated as soon as possible seems perfectly obvious, yet each time an attempt is made to do the people justice, up from behind the corporation breastworks, as Thurman once said of Blaine, springs Speaker Cannon, musket in hand, to defend them.

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

Recently elected Senator from Mississippi over Governor Vardaman, Senator Williams relinquishes his position as leader of the Democratic forces in the House of Representatives

AN attack soon to be made on congress in behalf of tariff revision has at its head a man of interesting personality. This is Mr. Herbert E. Miles, of Racine, Wisconsin, the president of the National Association of Implement and Vehicle Makers. As chairman of the tariff and reciprocity committee of the National Association of Manufacturers—an organization representing almost fifteen bil-

lions of capital—Mr. Miles is working for the establishment of a permanent commission on tariff and reciprocity—a tribunal to act as the adjuster in the constantly changing conditions of trade. It is to hold recommendatory powers, and pass its suggestions up to congress and the president.

Mr. Miles' determination is to take the tariff out of politics, and to do away forever with the old manner of revision—the obsolete system of pulling and hauling, by which the whole commercial body is disturbed and injured. A commission of sensible, deliberate Americans, capable of divorcing themselves from theories and of acquainting themselves with facts, is what he hopes to see.

"We should," Mr. Miles says, "be able to save the farmers of America almost four million dollars a year on agricultural implements. We can do this by making congress realize the improprieties of the present schedule. There are experts in the government

employ who will give us true figures; indeed, the figures are there now, but they must be properly presented. What was right a while ago is not right now, and as it is to be hoped that we are growing morally as well as commercially, let us make it, our national business, right for to-day. We believe implicitly in protection to American industries and to American labor in its enjoyment of a high

that the adjustments can be made without danger. The members of our organization are overwhelmingly in favor of a tariff commission. This means sacrifice upon the part of many of them, but it is a just sacrifice, and in the end everybody will be benefited. • We desire this tariff commission to have semi-judicial powers, as, for example, to

H. E. MILES

President of National Association of Agricultural Implement and Vehicle Manufacturers, and chairman of the Tariff and Reciprocity Committee of the National Association of Manufacturers

wage scale. Our crusade is not against protection. We wish a revision of existing schedules. At present our schedules are not protective, but grossly discriminative. They make the wall so high that the home consumer can not reach over it, compelling him to pay very high prices to a few producers, where he sees those same producers go through the wall out to the foreigner, happy in making that foreigner prices twenty to thirty per cent. below the prices charged the home consumer. We find many schedules, some of them upon the prime necessities of life, returning the government no revenue of consequence, and yet, under the claims of the protective theory, bearing a tariff schedule—not merely equal to the difference in the cost of production here and abroad, with all reasonable contingencies allowed for—but decidedly in excess of the total wage cost of production in this country. This is one way in which the 'swollen fortunes' become daily more swollen; it is a tax from which not the government, nor yet the wage-earner, but the manufacturer profits. Now is the time for revision, while the country is so prosperous

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, SECRETARY OF WAR

Who sailed for the Philippines on September 12th

summon witnesses. This commission should be obligated to investigate thoroughly and scientifically the various schedules, and from time to time submit its conclusions in the form of recommendations to congress and the president."

SECRETARY Taft's position on the tariff sought to please everybody. He is for tariff revision, but only when the whole Re-

publican party shall come to agree with him. This assures the safety of the Dingley schedules, and should please the tariff stand-patters right down to the ground. On the other hand, Taft believes that a protective tariff should be only just high enough to cover the difference in the cost of production here and abroad. The most careful thinkers, from Blaine to Henry George, have agreed that high wages do not add to cost of production, and that our labor-cost in manufacturing is no higher than abroad, owing to our more efficient labor. Inasmuch as the cost of raw material and transportation are as low here as anywhere in the world, it follows that there is no excess of cost of production here over that in foreign lands. This places the genial secretary squarely in the ranks of the free-traders.

THAT the passing of Augustus St. Gaudens has evoked such well-nigh universal sorrow and regret is a source of real sat-

isfaction to all those who believe in America's growing appreciation of the highest and noblest in art. At a time when so much praise seems to be given to the merely clever man, it is encouraging to observe a feeling of personal loss in the death of one who never even conceived, much less produced, a mediocre work of art. It is no inconsiderable mark of the scope of an artist's genius that his work imposes itself not only on the admiration and critical judgment of the elect, but also, and without making itself banal, on the tyro in art. It is a fact that nobody, however unable to tell why he feels so, can view any of St. Gaudens' statues without an instinctive feeling of being in the presence of a very great artistic achievement. The Farragut statue in New York, which, when it appeared, in the early eighties, showed this country for the first time the real scope and meaning of sculpture; the Shaw memorial in Boston, the Lincoln in Chicago, the Sherman, the Mourner (or Grief, as it is some-

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HON. JOHN H. BANKHEAD

Recently elected Senator from Alabama, after being defeated for Representative by Captain Hobson

Photograph copyright, 1907, by Covell, Birmingham

HON JOSEPH F. JOHNSTON

Who, with ex-Congressman Bankhead, has been chosen to succeed the late Senators Morgan and Pettus

**"GRIEF," THE MEMORIAL BY ST. GAUDENS IN THE
ROCK CREEK CEMETERY, WASHINGTON**

times called) in Washington, the Puritan in Springfield—all these glorious figures are loved, not by the artists alone, of whom they are alike the envy and the pride, but by the uncritical man in the street, of whom they are the personal possession. They are the work of a man who achieved not the technically excellent alone, but that which expresses the thought and the hope and the feeling of the time and the race. Truly, and in the best sense, St. Gaudens belongs to all of us.

What serenity, what power, what thought in the shaping of his figures! How perfectly he reveals the inmost character of his subjects, producing not merely a perfect copy of form and feature, which is sculpture's least achievement, but interpreting, making them live, expressing in the man the type, the caste, the creed! Those patient, faithful negroes marching at young Shaw's side! That cloaked Puritan, with his Bible! his steadfast eye!

One wishes that the great sculptor had left us some examples of the nude, a bit of bared humanity, not only because ultimately the sculptor's power is judged—technically—by his modeling of the nude, but because the nude is the best medium through which he can show his power to grasp and express an abstract, universal thought. His Diana, the beautiful, fleeting creature poised on the tower of the Madison Square Garden, hardly suffices. Had he been spared, he would have accomplished much greater things than this.

But we must be content. What he has given us—the Stevenson medallion, the portrait statues, the Mourner—are surely an achievement of their kind lofty enough. He has raised the standard of American sculpture as no man before him. He has left a tradition, he has set an example by which the younger men—like his pupil Macmonnies, for instance—are going to profit to the advantage of all of us.

THE BENEFIT OF DOUBT

By RUTH HUNTOON

There's a subtle fascination in the things that are not known:

The mysteries we may not understand.

And we very seldom manage to "Let well enough alone."

We lose our chance by "calling" Fortune's hand.

It isn't that so much depends upon the net result,

Or that we really care so much about it:

It's simple curiosity that leads us to exult

In finding out—It's pleasanter to doubt it.

A dream may be as tempting as "the sparkle in the cup";

But you can not eat your cake and keep it, too.

And when you taste, you always run the risk of waking up.

Investigation spoils your chance for you.

For whether, when you test the thing, you find it isn't so,

Or just that your idea was wrong about it:

It's too late when it's over with to wish you didn't know.

You dodge the disappointment when you doubt it.

When a maiden poses, pensive, as to attitude and ease,

With a captivating curve or two betrayed;

And a tantalizing twinkle tempting you to what you please,

There is danger in the contradiction made.

You strike a safer medium to rest the matter so.

You'd like to know the truth, but do without it.

You're not "for keeps," and yet you'd hate to have her tell you "No."

The nicest thing to do, then, is to doubt it.

In a little tilt of talents between a man and you,

Fight shy of anything that would impel

A settled understanding. You can see the game clear through

And enjoy the situation just as well.

There's little left of interest if you drop the question mark.

It's all so common when we know about it.

The pleasure of conjecture is Enjoyment's vital spark—

The spicy possibility to doubt it.

THE NOVEMBER

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
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HER LAUGHING EYES

THE READER

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THE TWIN CITIES OF THUNDER BAY

PIONEERS IN THE ACTUAL OPERATION OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

By J. O. CURWOOD

I see municipal ownership flourishing as it flourishes nowhere else on the American continent, I traveled the length of the great lakes, from the foot of Michigan to the head of Superior. My journey's end brought me to the Twin Cities of Thunder Bay, in the province of Ontario, the Dominion of Canada. From the deck of my ship I watched the two little cities, destined to be the doorways of Greater Canada, slowly outline themselves against the dense wilderness behind them. Mentally I compared this great harbor of Thunder Bay to the Bay of Naples; I looked forward to the time when the development of Canada's vast and fertile west would make it the finest harbor in the world; and for the time had forgot what had brought me there.

But the object of my first visit was soon thrust upon me in a most unexpected and astonishing way. I had been told that in these Twin Cities, with an aggregate population of more than

thirty thousand, municipal ownership had reached its greatest development on the American continent, that in them I would find its strength and its weaknesses, that away up here on the edge of the vast northern wilderness two unanimous populations were threshing out the question of "city-owned cities" in a way unparalleled in American history. I had thought, however, that I would have to hunt out municipal ownership, that municipal ownership would not hunt out me. I was mistaken. I landed at a dock midway between the two cities. Half mile above was the electric line running between Fort William and Port Arthur. I walked through a piece of "bush," where a moose had been shot the preceding autumn, boarded a car, and received my first surprise in my investigation of municipal ownership. A policeman came to collect my fare! At the end of the car a placard stated in good black type that all motormen and conductors were officers of the law, that they were entrusted with power to make arrests, and that the city was responsible for their actions!

"Are these such wicked towns that your cars have to be run by special deputies?" I asked the conductor, as I shoved a nickel through the slot of a

VICTORIA AVENUE, FORT WILLIAM, IN 1897

The foot of the avenue terminated in a wilderness broken only by Indian trails

coffee-pot-shaped money receiver which he held out to me.

The young man smiled upon me courteously. "These cars are run by the city," he explained. "Everything is run by the city."

Here he interrupted himself to hurry to the back of the car, which was slowing down. An instant later I saw him run to the side of the road and pick up two or three parcels. No other person could I see. When he came back I asked him to explain.

"Occasionally people leave parcels that way for us to take downtown," he said. "When we have time, and see them, we do it. Why doesn't somebody steal them?" I detected surprise in his voice as he repeated my question. "Well, they don't."

This was getting acquainted with municipal ownership quickly and to the point. I soon discovered that my experi-

ence on that short ride had brought me into surprisingly close touch with two of the most interesting concomitants of municipal ownership in Port Arthur and Fort William—morality in general and honesty in particular. Within a few days after this I was asking myself this question: "Does municipal ownership work for morality and honesty, or must morality and honesty already exist before municipal ownership can become an established institution in any city?" I will show a little later how I found all these working hand in hand in Fort William and Port Arthur.

It is first necessary to show how these places stand in the ranking of Canadian cities. Because of the obscurity of their location, with Lake Superior on one side and an unbroken wilderness on the other, they are practically unknown in the United States, except by vessel owners and shippers. During the past three

years each of these cities has jumped from a population of six thousand to fifteen thousand, an increase which establishes their claim to being the most rapidly growing towns in the world. This phenomenal growth has been achieved under an absolute régime of municipal ownership. To-day, with one exception, there is not a franchise in either city that is not owned by the citizens themselves. This one exception is the Bell telephone franchise. The wires and poles of this company still remain in the streets, but they are regarded by the people as practically worthless. In the two cities I was told that only one telephone out of eight is a Bell, and these few remain as relics of a great municipal triumph over a big corporation. And soon, it is predicted, these wires and poles will go, for in the not distant future an ordinance will be passed compelling all wires to be laid underground. The Bell corporation, see-

ing only a profitless future, will hardly go to the great expense of changing its lines. Thus, say the people of Port Arthur and Fort William, the only outside franchise in the two cities will permanently disappear.

The citizens of Fort William own their electric light and telephone systems, their waterworks, and even a municipal theater and a city dance hall.

Port Arthur owns the electric railway of both towns, its electric light and telephone systems, its waterworks, and fifteen hundred acres of valuable land fringing the bay, which means about one-half acre for every taxpayer in the city.

The most valuable asset of the Twin Cities is their water-power. At the Kakabeka Falls, twenty-two miles away, Fort William is at present securing about forty thousand horse-power, and, if necessary, can develop power sufficient

VICTORIA AVENUE, FORT WILLIAM, AS IT IS TO-DAY

Few cities can show the remarkable growth, achieved in ten years, evidenced in these two pictures

to supply a city as large as Chicago. Just outside the city limits, at an eighty-foot fall in the Current River, Port Arthur has built one of the most modern power houses in Canada. Here power for all time to come will be generated.

These few facts give an idea of what has been achieved under municipal ownership in the Twin Cities of Thunder Bay. And what have been the results? For years Fort William and Port Arthur have been working out one of the great problems of the century, and their efforts have passed unnoticed. They have been revealing a heretofore unsuspected virtue of municipal ownership—a virtue that means more than anything else in the uplifting of the people of a city or a nation. In the United States we have asked: Will it pay—this municipal ownership? Will it pay—in dollars and cents?

In Port Arthur and Fort William it has gone beyond this matter of paying in revenue. It has "paid" in other ways. Only one who comes from a politically rotten city of the States, with its graft and dishonesty, "exposures" and "investigations," can realize just how much it has paid. Even the people of the Twin Cities fail to appreciate what they have achieved. They own their cities, and

they feel toward them much as one who owns his own home. Deficiencies are exaggerated, defects magnified. They aspire to the mechanical perfection of a metropolis, and because they fall short they are not satisfied, which speaks well for the ambition with which municipal ownership inspires its people. Were they and their cities suddenly dropped down in Illinois, Indiana or Ohio, a thousand objects of comparison would awaken them to an appreciation of what they have done.

They have killed municipal politics, and in doing this they have smothered municipal graft and dishonesty. There are no party lines in Port Arthur or Fort William. This is a matter of pride with the people of the Twin Cities. When a municipal office is to be filled, the terms Liberal and Conservative are forgotten; the papers of the town omit them from their columns; if a voter says, "I shall support So-and-So because he is a Liberal," he is scathingly rebuked. A candidate, by calling for support along party lines, destroys the last vestige of hope he may have had for election. Because of municipal ownership it has become an honor to be elected to office. With politics out, it has become a public demonstration of the city's confidence in

A GROUP OF THE PATRONS OF AN ITALIAN BANK
IN FORT WILLIAM

CUMBERLAND STREET, THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE OF PORT ARTHUR

one's honesty and integrity, and the fortunate candidates, almost without exception, work to achieve the greater confidence and gratitude of their townspeople. There are no emoluments for aldermen or mayors, the honor of election being sufficient compensation. Mayor Clavet, the present head of affairs in Port Arthur, is more than a millionaire, yet to his little city of fifteen thousand people he probably devotes more time than do the mayors of Chicago and New York to the interests of millions.

With the leveling of party politics, municipal ownership in Port Arthur and Fort William has brought about another condition of great interest. Any taxpayer, no matter what his station in life, may run for office, and the poorest laborer that works in the streets, if he pays a single cent in taxes, need have no difficulty in securing a nomination. All that is required of him is to appear on a certain date, announce his candidacy, and

be "supported" by one other city voter, who may be his brother, his father, or merely a friendly neighbor. I found a beautiful defense of this method wherever I inquired. "Is not every man entitled to be the head of his own house?" I was asked. "Is not one citizen as much an owner as any other citizen in a municipally owned town? Why, then, should he not have the privilege of 'ruling his own house,' or at least of expressing his willingness and desire so to do?"

On the day of the election the names of all the candidates for aldermen, for instance, appear on a single slip of paper. No party lines distinguish them. Each nominee is there solely on the strength of his own record and reputation. There may be a list of twenty, or fifty, or a hundred names. Last year there were twenty-five. From this list the voter may choose eight names. In other words, he has a voice in the choos-

THE CHIPPEWA INDIAN MISSION ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF FORT WILLIAM

Hundreds of acres are under cultivation. The Indian graveyard, seen in the left middle distance, shows the influence of the French Catholic missionaries

ing of *every alderman in town*. No one undesirable section like "De Fift" or "De Ate" can combine its vote against his interests. He is one of the owners of the city; he is as much interested in one part of it as another, and the influence of his vote is felt in every quarter. The vote for mayor and other officials is made in the same way.

When I understood these things I began to see why graft is a word that has not entered into the municipal vocabulary of Port Arthur and Fort William. Dishonesty in the legislation of these places, I soon found, means not only political ruin, but social and business bankruptcy as well. To have served the city wisely is a standing advertisement for the business or professional man; to have served it unwisely is "misjudgment," perhaps excusable; but to have served it wrongly is a monument that will stand to one's

A. L. RUSSELL

An enthusiast for municipal ownership, who in his thirty years' residence in Port Arthur has been concerned in all its progress. A member of the first Council at the city's incorporation in 1884

THE KAKABEKA FALLS

This cataract, with a drop of one hundred and sixty-seven feet, exceeding that of the American Fall at Niagara, furnishes power to Fort William; it could easily supply a city as large as Chicago

discredit for a generation. It is too unpleasant to mention names, but these things have been proved in the Twin Cities of Thunder Bay. I began to wonder how this unanimous interest in the running of municipal affairs could help but uplift the moral tone of both towns. From my acquaintance with them I believe the people of Port Arthur and Fort William have failed to give municipal ownership due credit for this. But they should. It is worth more to them than any mere lowering of taxes. It is an object-lesson for young manhood and young womanhood, something new and bright and encouraging for children to grow up with. The newspapers of Fort William and Port Arthur are "municipal ownership papers," and are the preachers of integrity and honest ambition to the upcoming generation. Their columns bear no lurid tales of municipal

W. P. COOKE

Commissioner of the street-railway, electric light and telephone systems. Alderman for sixteen successive terms, and an indefatigable worker for municipal ownership

roguery. Money has to buy them. Such a speaker speaks well for the motto of the town.

During my investigation I talked with the mayors, aldermen and other public officials of the Twin Cities. I discussed social and civic matters with many prominent citizens, engaged in much friendly and profitable conversation with laboring people, and found everywhere a loyal championing of municipal ownership. But I also found dissatisfaction. Is there a danger of going a step too far? The Twin Cities are now answering this question in the affirmative. Port Arthur and Fort William are learning that honesty and enthusiasm alone can not make a success of municipal ownership. Skill and experience must be included, if the "city-owned city" measures its progress by the condition of its treasury. The Twin cities have gone a step too far, and they realize it. The menace has come to a head not in fraud or neglect, but in mismanagement. In their desire absolutely to govern their own properties the people have made errors that

are being made very costly. They have a splendid citizenry to undertake works of which they have absolutely no technical knowledge. The man has counted in their choice, not his ability in a special line.

The water, light and telephone commissioners, for instance, have undertaken technical duties for which experts should have been employed. In the words of a Fort William citizen, "A great corporation would not think of placing a country doctor at the head of an electrical plant." This, in substance, describes the trouble which at the time of my arrival was creating considerable dissension in the Twin Cities.

Because of the unanimity of the people and the honesty of their desires, it will be comparatively easy to straighten affairs out, but to larger cities this development in municipal ownership presents a new and important problem. Political factions govern the affairs of our large cities, and will in all probability continue to govern them. In the case of municipal ownership, the heads of the various city departments would

GEORGE HODDER

Chairman of the street-railway, electric lighting and telephone commissions. A resident of Port Arthur for twenty-five years

J. L. MATHEWS

Under whose mayoralty in Port Arthur the Bell telephone franchise was voted down and the system replaced by that of the municipality

naturally be chosen by the reigning power for their influence rather than capability, just as in Fort William and Port Arthur they have been selected because of honorable records. While the Twin Cities, with small populations and

or south. Under municipal ownership in Fort William and Port Arthur I have seen walks constructed on a foot and a half foundation of broken rock. I have seen municipally owned buildings that would do credit to St. Paul, Indianapolis

A PORT ARTHUR GRAIN ELEVATOR—THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD
It has a capacity of seven million bushels, and is operated by the Canadian Northern Railway

with every voter anxious for the welfare of his town, can and will overcome the present crisis, what would the same situation develop among the selfish and divided factions of such cities as Detroit, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Chicago or St. Louis?

This latter is a question the people of Thunder Bay are not troubling themselves about. As their cities grow, municipal ownership, they believe, will prove more profitable in every way. And this is true. The municipal ownership idea was planted when the cities were mere villages; it has developed with the rising generation of children; it has become almost hereditary. The new citizen is practically compelled to champion municipal ownership because of popular opinion. He would accept it as a good thing anyway, if he came from the east

or Milwaukee. I have seen public works created for the wear of half a century instead of a decade. And still the people of the Twin Cities complain, insisting that they have not done enough, that their telephone and street-car systems are far from perfect, and that mismanagement is threatening public affairs. I have seen worse street-car service in a city of fifty thousand.

One day I visited the municipal theater in the city hall at Fort William, one of the few of its kind in America. As we were about to enter, my guide, a prominent citizen, said to me in an apologetic tone:

"This is only a makeshift, you know. Some day we will have a real theater."

A makeshift! I had become accustomed to surprises by this time, and withheld my astonishment. The make-

shift will seat six hundred people. It is modern in every way, with the exception that its handsome chairs did not contain cushions. Incidentally, this municipal ownership theater pays to the property owners of Fort William six per cent. on the investment. It might be made to pay fifteen, but the people of Fort William are not in the business for money. As a six per cent. investment it can be made to give the people of the Twin Cities more pleasure than it could as a fifteen per cent. investment. It was built to be rented at such a low rate that reputable companies might be induced to travel to isolated Fort William, and it has succeeded. In this theater I saw again the possibilities for moral good that lie in municipal ownership, for every performance is under the censorship of the city itself. There are no selfish motives prompting private investors to sacrifice decency for full houses. It happened that at the time Fort William's handsome city hall was built there was not a good dance hall in the town, and no private capital in sight to give promise of

its erection. Consequently the municipal ownership fathers added a splendid ball room to the plans of the city hall.

"It's better to have a good moral place here than to have your sons and daughters running about to indiscriminate dances," said a Fort William citizen. This is but another illustration of what municipal ownership may be made to do for its people.

There are many Twin City residents who say that the day is coming when Port Arthur and Fort William will be taxless towns, and there are others whose expectations go even further.

"The time will be," said one to me, "when, instead of going to the treasurer's office to pay taxes, we will call once or twice each year to collect dividends!"

Imagine such a state of affairs! And yet, is it beyond possibility? Is the great corporation run at a loss? Does it not pay its stockholders, in most instances liberally, while at the same time dispensing enormous sums in salaries? Why, then, should not a municipally owned city pay dividends?

THE HOSPITAL CONDUCTED BY THE CITY OF FORT WILLIAM

Doctors' bills and attendance charges at this institution are included in the patients' city taxes

FORT WILLIAM'S EIGHTY-FIVE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR CITY HALL

The right wing contains the municipal theater, the left the municipal dance hall

Take Port Arthur's electric railway, for instance. It is nine miles in length, every inch owned by the citizens. In 1893 the gross receipts were \$7,642.63. During the next ten years the receipts were \$156,347.66, and the expenditures \$139,947.17, showing a net profit for the city of \$16,400.49, or practically a *dividend* of \$3 for every man, woman and child in Port Arthur at that time!

But that year of 1903 marked only the beginning of the street railway's history as a "dividend payer." The story of its success as a municipal property is graphically told in the following figures. In 1904 the gross income was \$37,323.05, the expenditures \$27,022.49, leaving a profit to Port Arthur's citizens of \$10,300.56. The next year saw a profit of \$10,845.88. In 1906 there was a tremendous increase, the gross receipts for that year being \$69,003.15, and the expenditures \$47,651.70, showing a profit of \$21,351.45. The 1907 receipts, based on estimates, will be about \$82,000, and the expenditures \$50,000, which will mean a profit of \$32,000!

In other words, the net profit of Port Arthur's street railway during the last four years equals *one-fifth of the total cost of the road*. From its beginning it has netted the city a total profit of \$90,898.38. If this profit from the street railway alone were to be distributed in dividends among Port Arthur's taxpayers this year, each would receive about thirty dollars! The railway will earn nearly ten dollars for every taxpayer in Port Arthur during 1907, estimating the number of these taxpayers at three thousand. And this earning is but a suggestion of what is to come. Already the street-railway franchise is valued at a million dollars. What will it be worth when the combined population of the Twin Cities is a hundred thousand?

There was a time when Port Arthur and Fort William begged for some one to buy their franchises. In those days the pioneers of Thunder Bay were not thinking of municipal ownership. No outside investor would risk a cent in these wilderness towns. It was then that they were forced into doing for them-

selves. Now there are corporations that would pay liberally for franchises, but there is none for sale at any price. I doubt if two million or even five million dollars would induce Port Arthur's citizens to part with their nine-mile railway.

Because of this determination to keep what they possess, they have had to fight against all sorts of sharp games and misrepresentations. At first big corporations, foreseeing the day when Port Arthur and Fort William would be two of Canada's greatest cities, attempted to lure their citizens by bread and honey methods. These failing, they began a guerrilla warfare on municipal ownership. They fought it at every turn and by every available means, even going to the extent of paying for newspaper "write-ups" describing the faults and failures of municipal ownership in general and in the Twin Cities in particular.

So bitter did the struggle become during the Bell telephone fight that Fort William issued a pamphlet to every citizen, setting forth the injustice that was being done and the unfair methods that were being resorted to in order to turn popular opinion. The slightest error in municipal judgment, the smallest mistake made under the municipal ownership régime, was heralded far and wide, even in paid advertisements. Joshua Dyke, ex-mayor of one of the Twin Cities, summed up the whole situation in a nutshell when he said: "Some months ago an elevator in the city of Fort William, filled with grain, slipped from its foundation and slid into the river, causing an enormous loss to the owners. If a like accident had occurred under municipal ownership, our enemies would have advertised us from pole to pole as incompetents, demagogues and squanderers of public money."



THE HUGE PIPES WHICH TAP THE ENORMOUS STRENGTH OF THE KAKABEKA FALLS AND
THE POWER-HOUSE WHICH FURNISHES ELECTRICAL POWER TO FORT WILLIAM

TWENTIETH CENTURY METHODS IN THE PRIMEVAL WILDERNESS

The wires which carry the electrical power through twenty-one miles of unbroken pine woods lying between Kakabeka Falls and Fort William

The corporation "pirates" seized on the telephone systems of the two cities as particular objects of attack. They have selected these because they are the weakest of the municipally owned properties of Port Arthur and Fort William. They have, as one citizen says, "literally torn the systems into shreds in their search for weak points," and these weak points, when discovered, have been magnified and offered as proofs of the utter failure of municipal ownership. It was my fortune to interview a friend of the corporations before I had tested the telephone service for myself. The "utter lack" of efficiency was so graphically described that when I was ready to use the service myself I was prepared for almost anything. At the time the company was just emerging from the confusion of enlargement. I had personally seen the almost chaotic condition of things in the telephone building, watched the operators

working amid noise and debris, and was ready to excuse much. Again I was agreeably surprised. Even under these discouraging conditions the service was equal to any I know of in cities of similar size.

Telephone tolls in Canada are quite high, ranging from \$50 to \$100 a year for business houses, and from \$30 to \$50 for residences, but, much to the chagrin of corporation interests, municipal ownership in the Twin Cities has cut these figures down astonishingly. The citizen of Port Arthur and Fort William pays only \$12 a year for his residence telephone, and \$24 a year for his commercial service, while all the time his telephone is *actually earning money for him*. During 1903 the profit to the city of Fort William through the operation of its own telephone system was \$576.02; in 1904 it was \$1,071.90; in 1905, \$1,676.82, and in 1906, \$776.57, a total

profit for the four years of \$3,525.29. During this same period the Port Arthur telephone system earned \$5,239.72. Thus through their street-railway and telephone systems alone the fifteen thousand people of Port Arthur have profited to the extent of \$96,138.10 during the past four years. A direct benefit has followed in the cutting down of the city's taxes by *six mills on the dollar*.


It seems to me that I have shown pretty conclusively in the preceding figures how from a financial point of view municipal ownership is paying in the Twin Cities of Thunder Bay; but to me there are other and equally interesting ways in which this same municipal ownership is proving profitable to the people. As I have said before, the value of municipal ownership can not be measured in dollars and cents alone. Does the tenant of a rented house take as much interest in the property as his neighbor who owns the place he lives in? Assuredly not. I believe the same may be said of cities. When the people of Port Arthur undertake a municipal work, they are perfecting or accomplishing something for *themselves*. It is to their direct and personal interest that the work should last and give the best possible service. It is chiefly because of this interest that Fort William is at present expending \$350,000 in developing a gravity system of water supply, which in less than a year will bring water from Loch Lomond, on McKay Mountain. Fort William will then possess one of the finest as well as one of the cheapest water systems in America.

In a strikingly interesting way municipal ownership will play its part in the future greatness of Port Arthur. Exclusive of property set aside for park use, this city owns fifteen hundred acres

of valuable land along Thunder Bay, which is being reserved for a special purpose. The day is not far away, argue the municipal ownership fathers, when new and great industries will be looking toward Port Arthur. That will mean the immediate "booming" of property by private individuals. Available sites will suffer a sudden rise in value, and capital and industry will refuse to come.

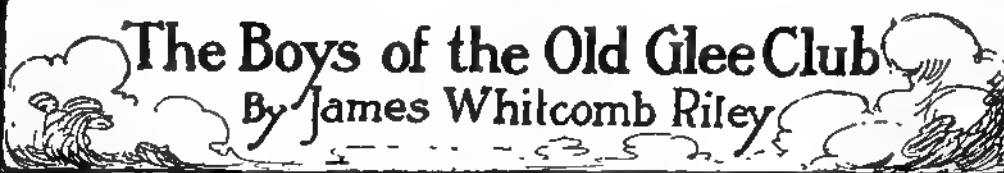
But municipal ownership has already called "check." Port Arthur holds the game in her own hands. These fifteen hundred acres of land are not reserved as an investment; their value rests in their attractiveness to new activities. The man who brings a factory to this town faces no hold-up game. He may choose his site, and purchase it at a very low valuation—after having given satisfactory evidence of the honesty of his intentions. In this way Port Arthur has safeguarded herself against the unearned increment, and has given another illustration of the enormous influence that municipal ownership may wield for the general welfare of a community.

This same deep personal interest of the inhabitants is seen in the construction of school and other public buildings. Even to the small boy the Twin Cities pay municipal attention. The water of Superior is always chilling cold along the forty-ninth degree. It is too cold for swimming, and what would life be to the small boy without his swimming-hole? But back in the wilderness where the water runs warmer, a river that empties into Thunder Bay has its source. This water the city fathers are penning up just behind the beach line for the use of the rising generation. Is it any wonder that from the very start these Twin City youngsters develop confidence in and respect for the place in which they live?



The Boys of the Old Glee Club


By James Whitcomb Riley



OU-folks rickollect, I know—
 'Tain't so *very* long ago—
 Th' Old Glee Club—was got up here
 'Bout first term Grant tuk the Cheer
 Fer President, four year—and then
 Riz—and tuk the thing again!

Politics was runnin' high,
 And the *Soldiers* mighty nigh
 Swep' the Country—'bout on par
 With their rickord through the War.
 Glee Club, mainly, Soldiers, too—
 Most the Boys had wore the blue,—
 So their singin' had the swing—
 Kindo'-sorto' Shiloh-ring,
 Don't you know, 'at kindo' got
 Clean *inside* a man and shot
 Telegrams o' joy dee-vine
 Up and down his mortal spine!

est *boys* then, all young—
 ively as they sung!
 ain't young anymore—
 nes 'at's gone before
 youth back, glad and free
 as they used to be!)
 run's old friends all 'low
 as lively now,
 o' music, too,
 d Glee Club was new!



And *John Blake*, you mind, 'at had
 The near-sightedness so bad,
 When he sung by note, the rest
 Read 'em fer him, er he *guessed*
 How they run—and *sung* 'em, too,
 Clair and sweet as honey-dew!
Harry Adams 's here—and he's
 Jellyin' ever' man he sees
 'At complains o' gittin' gray
 Er a-*agein'* anyway.
 Harry he jes *thrives* on fun—
 "Troubles?" he says,—*"Nary one!"*—
 Got gran'-childern I can play
 And keep young with, night and day!"

Then there's *Ossy Weaver*—he's
Kickin', lively as you please,—
'N' *Dearie Macy*.—Called 'em then
"The Cherubs." Sung "We are two Me
O' th' Olden Time." Well! their duets
Was jest sweet as violets!
And *Dan Ransdell*—he's still here—
Not jest in the *town*, but near
Enough, you bet, to allus come
Prompt' on time to vote at home!
Dan he's be'n in Washington
Sence he went with Harrison.
And *John Slauson*—(boys called John
"Sloppy Weather.")—he went on
Once to Washington; and Dan
Intertained him:—Ever' man,

From the President, to all
Other big-guns Dan could haul
In posish 'ud have to shake
Hands with John fer old times' sake.
And to hear *John*, when he got
Home again, w'y, you'd a-caught
His own sperit and dry fun
And mischief-y-ousness 'at run
Through his talk of all he see:—
"Ruther pokey there, fer me,"
John says,—*"though, of course, I met
Mostly jest the Cabinet
Members; and the President
He'd drop round: and then we went
Incogg fer a quiet walk—
Er sometimes jest set and talk
'Bout old times back here—and how
All you-boys was doin' now,
And Old Glee Club songs; and then
He'd say, 'f he could, once again,
Jest hear us—'once more,' says he,—
'I'd shed Washington, D. C.,
And jest fall in ranks with you
And march home, a-singin', too!"*

And *Bob Geiger*—*Now* lives down
At Atlanty,—but this town
'S got Bob's heart—a permanent
And time-honored resident.
Then there's *Mahlon Butler*—still
Lookin' like he allus will!
"How you feelin'?" s'I, last time
I see Mahlon: 'N' he says, "I'm
'Feelin'?" says, "so peert and gay
'F I's hitched up I'd run away!"

Drawing by Will Vawter

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EVER' MAN . . . 'UD HAVE TO SHAKE
HANDS WITH JOHN FER OLD TIMES' SAKE

He says, "Course I'm *bold* a bit,
 But not 'nough to *brag* on it
 Like *Dave Wallace* does," he says,
 "With his *two* shamefacedness!"
 (Dave jest laughs and lifts his "dice"
 At the joke, and blushes—twice.)
 And *Ed. Thompson*, he's gone on—
 They's a whole quartette 'at's gone—
 Yes, a whole quartette, and *more*,
 Has crossed on the Other Shore. . . .
Sabold and *Doc Wood'ard's* gone—
 'N' *Ward*; and—last,—*Will Tarkington*.—
 Ward 'at made an Irish bull
 Aetchully jest beautiful!—
 " 'Big-nose Ben,' " says Ward, "I s'pose,
 Makes an eyesore of his nose!"

And *Will Tarkington*—Ef he
 Ever had an *enemy*,
 The Good Bein's plans has be'n
 Tampered with!—because all men,
 Women and childern—ever' one—
 Loved to love Will Tarkington!

The last time I heerd 'em all
 Was at Tomilsonian Hall,
 As I rickollect—and *know*,—
 Must be'n fifteen year' ago!—
 Big Mass Meetin'—*thousands* here. . . .
 Old Dick Thompson in the Cheer
 On the stage—and three er four
Other "Silver-Tongues" er more! . . .
 Mind Ben Harrison.—Clean, rich,
 Ringin' voice—" 'bout concert-pitch,"
 Tarkington *he* called it, and
 Said its music 'clipsed the band
 And Glee Club both rolled in one! . . .
 ('Course you all knowed *Harrison*!)
 Yes, and Old Flag, streamin' clean
 From the high arch 'bove the scene
 And each side the Speaker's stand.—
 And a *Brass*, and *Sheepskin* Band,
 ('Twixt the speeches 'at was made)
 'At cut loose and banged and played—
 S'pose, to have the *noise* all through
 So's th' crowd could listen to
 Some *real* music!—Then Th' Old Glee
 Club marched out to victory!—
My! to *hear* 'em!—From old "Red-
 White-and-Blue," to "Uncle Ned"!—
 At their very level-best! . . .

From "The Sword of Bunker Hill,"
To "Billy Magee-Magaw"!—And—still
The more they sung, the more, you know,
The crowd jest *wouldn't* let 'em go!—
Till they reached the final notch
O' glory with old "Larboard Watch!" . . .
Well! *that* song's a song my soul
Jest swings off in, past control!—
Allus did and allus will
Lift me clair of earthly ill
And interrogance and doubt
O' what the good Lord's workin' out
Anyway er anyhow! . . .
Shet my eyes and hear it *now!*—
Till, at night, that ship and sea
And wet waves jest wallers me
Into that same sad yet glad
Certainty *the Sailor* had
When waked to his watch and ward
By th' lone whisper of the Lord—
Heerd high 'bove the hoarsest roar
O' any storm on sea er shore!
.

Time's be'n clockin' on, you know!
 Sabold, who was first to go,
 Died back East, in ninety-three,
 At his old home, Albany:
 Ward was next to leave us—Died
 New York . . . How we've laughed and cried
 Both together at them two
 Friends and comards tried and true!—
 Ner they wasn't, when they died,
 Parted long—'most side-by-side
 They went singin', you might say,
 Till their voices died away
 Kindo' into a duet
 O' silence they're rehearsin' yet.

Old Glee Club's be'n meetin' less
 And less frequenter, I guess,
 Sence so many's had to go—
 And the rest all miss 'em so!
 Still they's calls they' got to make,
 Fer old reputation's sake,
 So to speak; but, 'course, they all
 Can't jest answer *ever* call—
 Ceptin' Christmas-times, er when
 Charity calls on 'em then;
 And—not *chargin'* anything—
 W'y, the Boys 's jest *got* to sing!

Campaign work, and jubilees
 To wake up the primaries;
 Loyal Legions—G. A. R.'s—
 Big Reunions—Stripes-and-Stars
 Fer School-houses ever'where—
 And Church-doin's, here and there—
 And Me-morial Meetin's, when
 Our War-Gov'ner lives again!
 Yes, and Decoration Days—
 Martial music—prayers and praise
 Fer the Boys 'at marched away
 So's *we'd* have a place to stay! . . .
 Little childern, 'mongst the flowers,
 Learnin' 'bout this Land of Ours,
 And the price these Soldiers paid,
 Gethered in their last parade . . .
 O that sweetest, saddest sound!—
 "Tenting on the old Campground." . . .
 The Old Glee Club—singin' so
 Quaverin'-like and soft and low,
 Ever' listener in the crowd
 Sings in *whispers*—but, *out 'loud*,
 Sings as ef he didn't keer—
 Not fer *nothin'*! . . . Ketch me here
 Whilse I'm honest, and I'll say
God's way is the only way! . . .
 So I' allus felt, i jing!
 Ever' time the Boys 'ud sing

'Bout "A Thousand Years, my Own
 Columbia!"—er "The Joys we've Known"—
 "Hear dem Bells"—er "Hi-lo, Hail!"—
 I have felt God must prevail—
 Jest like ever' boy 'at's gone
 Of 'em all, whilse he was on
 Deck here with us, seemed to be
 Livin', laughin' proof, to *me*,
 Of Eternal Life—No more
Will than *them all*, gone before!
 Can't I—many-a-time—jest see
 Them *all*, like they *used* to be!—
 Tarkington, fer instance, clean
 Outside o' the man you *seen*,
 Singin'—till not only you
Heerd his voice but *felt* it, too,
 In back of the bench you set
 In—And 'most can feel it yet!
 Yes, and Will's the last o' five
 Now that's dead—yet still *alive*,
 True as Holy Writ's own word
 Has be'n spoke and man has heerd!

Them was left when Will went on
 Has met once sence he was gone—
 Met jest once—but not to sing
 Ner to practice anything.—
 Facts is, they jest didn't know
 Why they *was* a-meetin' so;—
 But *John Brush* he had it done
 And invited ever' one
 Of 'em he could find, to call
 At his office, Music Hall,
 Four o'clock—one Saturd'y
 Afternoon.—And this was three
 Er four weeks, mind, sence the day
 We had laid poor Will away.
 Mahlon Butler he come past
 My shop, and I dropped my last
 And went with him, wonder'n', too,
 What new *joke* Brush had in view;—
 But, when all got there, and one-
 By-one was give' a seat, and none
 O' Brush's twinkles seemed in sight,
 'N' he looked *bix* all right, all right,—
 We saw—when he'd locked the door—
 What *some* of us, years before,
 Had seen, and long sence fergot—
 (*Seen* but not *heerd*, like as not.)—
 How Brush, once when Admiral Brown
 'S back here in his old home-town
 And flags ever'wheres!—and Old
 Glee Club tellin' George to "Hold
 The Fort!" and "We" would "make 'em flee
 By land and sea," etcetery,—

How Brush had got the Boys to sing
 A song in that-there very thing
 Was on the table there to-day—
 Some kind o' 'phone, you know.—But *say!*
 When John touched it off, and we
 Heerd it singin'—No-sir-ee!—
Not the machine a-singin'—No,—
 Th' *Old Glee Club* o' long ago! . . .
 There was *Sabold's* voice again—
 'N' *Ward's*;—and, sweet as summer-rain,
 With glad boy-laughture's trills and runs,
Ed. Thompson's voice and *Tarkington's*! . . .
 And *ah*, to *hear* them, through the storm
 Of joy that swayed each listener's form—
 Seeming to call, with hail and cheer,
 From Heaven's high seas down to us here:—
*"But who can speak the joy he feels
 While o'er the foam his vessel reels,
 And his tired eyelids slumbering fall,
 He rouses at the welcome call
 Of 'Larboard Watch, Ahoy!'"*
And O
 To *hear* them—same as long ago—
 The listeners whispered, still as death,
 With trembling lips and broken breath,
 As with one voice—and eyes all wet,—
 "God!—God!—Thank God, they're singing yet!"

promise to turn the searchlight, in Part Two, on a very different class of transactions. I am going to tell you how certain centers of activity, known as bucketshops, conduct their so-called business.

A few unscrupulous men get together and form a pool; that is, they combine capital and pool their interests, then they establish a home office in New York City, close enough to the New York Stock Exchange to conduct their "business" advantageously. A name is adopted, real or assumed, either a firm or a corporate title, and they apparently do a small, conservative, high-grade business. In point of fact, that part of their business which is open to the public is but a blind to the real purpose for which the organization was formed. Next they establish branches in various cities where they think the water is deep enough to float their boat, which might well be called a "submarine." Each branch office is connected with the home office by a private telegraph wire. These wires command a rental per annum,

added cost of an operator at each end thereof, the telegraph wire is cheaper and safer than a telephone, for the former will "leak" only on being maliciously tapped, whereas the latter may leak by being innocently crossed. These branch offices of the parent concern are understood by the uninitiated to be genuine branches of a legitimate brokerage house having stock exchange connections, and the public understands "connections" to mean membership. Of course, no such organization is, if the New York Stock Exchange knows it, a member of that body. Instances have been known where members of the exchange have engaged in such a business, but as soon as it was found out they were quickly brought to book. These branch offices are fitted up to meet the demands of their patrons. Without knowing that the doors open upon a crooked proposition, and presuming that he is entering an office where legitimate business is being transacted, the customer finds at his disposal conveniences equal to those in any first-class brokerage office, inclusive

of the bulletin board, on which all transactions thus far recorded for the day are plainly displayed.

These bucketshops will take on deposit, as a margin for the purchase of stocks, any amount from a dollar up, and it is perhaps due to the fact that they are so willing to take small amounts that so many of the unwary are caught.

Let us suppose that a man on a small salary gets together a hundred or two dollars, and, having in mind the fact that some friend of his has done well in "Wall Street," makes up his mind to take a little "flyer" for himself. Were he to enter an office where business is legitimately conducted, his proposition to put up a margin of, say, two hundred dollars would not be entertained, for it would only mean safeguarding the broker against a decline of two per cent. on the purchase of one hundred shares of stock, eliminating all question of commissions or interest. He finds these peo-

ple very accommodating; he imagines that they are really doing him a great favor in accepting so small an account as his; whereas, in point of fact, that is just what they are looking for. Probably ignorant of stocks or their values, entering the office either as a stranger or through the influence of some "friend," he is made to feel perfectly at home and assured that any transaction he cares to make will be cheerfully attended to. A conversation between investor and manager ensues, somewhat as follows:

"I thought I would take a little flyer on the market."

"Well, the market is very active to-day; plenty of chances to make money."

"What would you recommend?"

"Oh, I don't know; there are so many good things, it is as easy as taking a dead mouse from a blind kitten to pick up the money that is lying around these days."

THE 'BOARD-BOY' HAS TO BE ALERT AND RAPID, FOR CHANGES IN STOCK QUOTATIONS OCCUR EVERY MOMENT

"Well, to tell you the truth, I don't know much about this business, you will have to give me a few points."

"Oh, that's easy; it won't take you long to learn. How much money do you want to put up?"

"How much must I put up?"

"Well, that is up to you. Of course, the more you put up the more you can make." (Note that there is no reference to "the more you can lose.")

"Well, now, if you were in my place, what would you do?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sugar has been pretty active to-day. It is quiet just at the moment, and the activity seems to have shifted to Reading, but Sugar is bound to be active again this afternoon. It is up three points from last night's close."

"Well, perhaps I had better wait until to-morrow and it will get back where it closed last night."

"Now, my friend, you will never make any money that way. The market is here every day. Price has got nothing to do with it. What you want to do is to go with the swim and not try to buck the tide." (Looking at the board.) "Ah, I see St. Paul is getting active again; up half a point; looks as though that ten-point move they have been talking about is starting in."

"Would you advise me to buy St. Paul?"

"St. Paul is a good stock. They tell me that they have got a big rise mapped out for it. I've got a lot of it laid away. How much money do you want to put up?"

"I've only got a couple of hundred with me."

"Well, let's see. I was going to suggest a stock that I heard about last night, but I am really not dead sure just when they are going to start the move. Suppose you look over the board for a little while and make up your mind what to do."

Whereupon the prospective speculator drops into an easy chair, falls into conversation with the next chair occupant, who, eliminating all the stories of the losses he has made, for no man likes to

"PLENTY OF CHANCES TO MAKE MONEY"

advertise his failures, tells how he picked up a good round sum the day before in Erie; how a friend of his told him that Erie was good for a thirty-point rise before such and such a date, and how, in his judgment, they were just holding it back so as to accumulate more stock before they let it go up. As a result the manager is called and our friend "buys" one hundred shares of Erie, and deposits his two hundred dollars as a two-point margin. Yes, he buys it, but he does not buy it on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, nor do they. He buys it of the bucketshop. They keep him waiting a few minutes while, as he thinks, they telegraph the order to New York, then he is advised that they have bought for him one hundred shares of Erie at a price. They haven't bought a share of stock for him. They have telegraphed to headquarters, but they did not telegraph to buy one hundred shares of Erie. They simply telegraphed that they, the branch office, had sold one hundred shares of Erie, and headquarters makes note of it, quantity, price and the amount of margin. They have "bucketed" his order—and, gambling on the fact that the public is more

often wrong than right, they calmly await results.

Now, mind you, this same sort of thing is going on in fifty, sixty, or perhaps a hundred and fifty or sixty different "branch offices" of this octopus. The "lambs" who have invested think that they are owners, on a margin, of shares of this, that or the other stock, but they really do not own any interest in these stocks whatever. The proprietors of the bucketshop, keeping very close and accurate account of what is taking place in all their branch offices, find that they themselves have sold to the gullible public a certain number of shares of this, that or the other stock at certain prices on certain margins. For example, they find that they have sold to their various customers, let us say, an amount aggregating five thousand shares

FRANKLIN EVERHARD

Of "The Mining Securities and Investments Corporation,"
a most notorious bucketshop

of a certain stock at an average price of say fifty, on an average margin, say, of two per cent. Now that means, without having to go very far into the matter to see it straight, that if the stock in question declines to forty-eight every one of those customers who has put up only a two per cent. margin will lose his two per cent. It is, therefore, the object of the proprietors of the bucketshop to force that stock to sell at forty-eight, for on the "official quotation" of "forty-eight" every one of these investors will be wiped out. Of course, there are those among the number who, when the stock gets near forty-eight, will put up another two or more points' margin to protect it further, but the rank and file of them have no more money to put up. How do these bucketshop people help force the stock down to forty-eight? They send for their trusted man (not a member of the New York Stock Exchange) and tell him they want to make this stock touch "forty-eight." He has a personal account in several offices, and as he is looked upon by various members of the New York Stock Exchange as a "good trader," he has no difficulty in arranging his plans.

Let us assume that the last official quotation is forty-nine and three-quarters. He goes to a member of the exchange and asks him what he thinks of the stock, etc.—"how it looks." The broker, anxious for business, goes upon the floor of the exchange and comes back to his cus-

NERVOUSLY WATCHING THE "QUOTATIONS" IN A
BUCKETSHOP FOR WOMEN CUSTOMERS

SAMUEL J. HUMPHREYS

Associated with Henry Seelig in the Norfolk & Western
Railway swindle

tomer with the information that the last sale was forty-nine and three-quarters; a broker is offering two hundred shares at that price; another broker is bidding forty-nine and three-eighths for one hundred, and he does not see any demand better than forty-nine and three-eighths; nor is much offered—it is dull; whereupon the manipulator sends word to another broker to bid forty-nine and one-half for a hundred shares, and

gives an order to the first broker to sell a hundred shares at forty-nine and one-half or better; this is quickly done, and the official quotation is made at that price, although really nothing has been done; it is a "washed sale." Thus he continues until he forces the stock down to forty-eight. Does not he get caught and lose some real stock in doing it? Why, certainly. But what does the loss of a few thousand dollars amount to compared with the thousands and thousands of dollars net profit gained by the home office of the bucketshop through having "wiped out" the margins of perhaps a thousand little fellows over the country who had pinned their faith on the fact that the stock would rise before it fell? It has, "unfortunately," sold at forty-eight.

Now, the idea must not be gained from what has been said that the moment an outsider puts up a hundred or two dollars in a bucketshop that they imme-

diately "gun" for this money and make him lose it. Not at all. That would mean a fresh crop of what they call "suckers" for every day's work. Oh, no. It is distinctly to their interest to see that he first makes money. This means that he will not only continue to trade, but that he will tell his friends about his success and bring them in. They try to see to it, however, that he does not draw his profits out; they flatter him, they tell him what a keen judge he is of the market; how he is on the road to making a fortune; they influence him to allow his two hundred dollars to remain where it is, together with what it has apparently earned, until it piles up, and as it increases they influence him to "pyramid," that is, to add to his speculative line or his "investments" by further transactions either in the same or some

other stock. They see to it that his interest in the market becomes larger and larger, meanwhile simply weaving around him the web of greater strength, so that when the time comes for the grand entry of "the spider" the feast

will be one worth considering. But no one expects the victim to consider.

May he not draw his money out if he wants to? Certainly; there is no law against that, but there isn't one man in a hundred who will, if he is being flattered and promised additional winnings. The public is naturally a *buyer* of stocks, but the customer does not expect to see the actual certificates of stock which he is supposed to have purchased, for the reason that he has bought on a margin, and, of course, must allow the certificates to remain in the hands of his "broker." The consequence is that the bucketshop runs no risk whatever, unless it is "called upon to deliver" to the customer the stocks which he supposes he has bought. The effect of the so-called buying of these various customers throughout the country has no effect on

the market, for it has remained entirely on the books of the bucketshop, simply a matter of bookkeeping. It is therefore to the interest of the bucketshop to see that from time to time customers are "shaken out," and that they lose at

THE CROWD OF BROKERS IN BROAD STREET'S FAMOUS
"CURB MARKET"

The Stock Exchange Building is on the left, just beyond the shadow thrown across the street by the Broad Exchange Building

least a part of their "paper profits." That is why the bucketshops prosper most in an active market, because in the rapid fluctuations they are able to catch their customers and rob them of their apparent profits. On the so-called real old-fashioned bull market, that is, when the stocks are steadily advancing in price from day to day with trifling reaction or none, the bucketshop is automatically put out of business. For, as it has been said, the natural trend of the public is to buy, and therefore failures are frequent among the bucketshop fraternity if the market is very strong and does not suffer from reactions; it is, however, quite possible for the bucketshop proprietors to produce reactions sufficient in nature to wipe out their customers, even on a bull market, and the excuse which they give, their reason for the decline in the face of apparent great strength, is that the market is being "manipulated by a Wall Street clique," whereas, in point of fact, Wall Street knows nothing whatever about the transactions.

The bucketshop is, therefore, almost entirely on the "short" side of the market, for while professional gamblers are willing to take the risk of being short, the public, or "lambs," know nothing about the short side of the market, and can not be readily made to understand how they can possibly "invest" their money through the sale of something which they do not own. The whole argument of appeal to them is along the line of buying something. The "rumor mill" comes into play as a very important adjunct to the bucketshop. Nothing is easier, if headquarters finds itself "short" of five or ten thousand shares of a given stock than to circulate a "rumor" as to a "shortage of earnings," or an "increase of bonds," or some other disastrous and not widely-known condition. We all know that rumor flies like prairie fire, and what matter is it if it proves to be unfounded? It is almost impossible

FOUR PORTRAITS FROM THE ROGUES' GALLERY

Charles A. Moore, sentenced to Sing Sing in 1906 for seven years for fraudulent transactions with bogus Long Island Railroad bonds. He poses as "Colonel C. F. Colmy" and as "General Chester," and at prison complains of the lack of his "hawth" and valet

Lewis G. Tewkesbury, who until recent years conducted a string of bucketshops very openly, including several for women. His name no longer appears, but he is the backer of several still running

Henry Seelig, alias Harry Simons, alias Seligman, bucketshop swindler, has served a term in a London prison. He is wanted by the police of both New York and Chicago

Albert R. Goelin, wanted by the police on a dozen counts, three being charges of grand larceny. He conducted one bucketshop in New York under the name of "Bernard Uhren & Company," and another as "Detart & Company"; and is now hiding in Europe

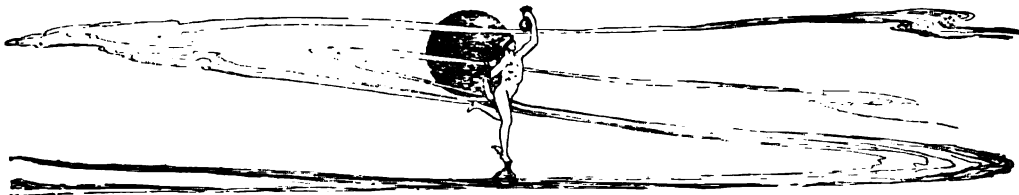
to trace it to its original source. Suppose the stock does break three or four points, and then the rumor is proved to be untrue, the stock will bound right back to the original quotation; but what has happened in the meantime? The "table takes the money," and in this case literally "the table." It has been laid, as upon the green cloth at Monte Carlo; the wheel has made its turn and stopped; the marble has not fallen into the space the number of which you hold; out sweeps the arm of the "invisible *croupier*," and the savings perhaps of years are swept into the coffers of the bucketshop.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," say you. "Whose concern is it if men and boys will gamble in a small way through bucketshops? They are losing their own money; let 'em lose it." That is just the point. Are they losing their own money, or are they losing money which should go to the purchase of food, money which should buy clothing and shoes for themselves or for their wives and children? Is it their money, or is it only theirs in trust? A young man who has the handling of money is confronted by a stock loss; what an easy thing it is to "tap the till" for a hundred or two just over night, and to put it back "to-morrow." He has received word from the "branch office of Messrs. A., B. & C.," the bucketshop, that they will have to have some more margin on his transaction. They are "very sorry, but there is a little slump in New York; no doubt everything will be all right to-morrow. It's only one of those slumps which are followed by a rising market." How easy to take from the safe a package of bills held in reserve, and substitute for it a

package which "looks just like it," but which contains nothing but newspapers. That package has been lying there to his positive knowledge for two or three years; surely it will not be required to-day nor to-morrow; the "boss" has forgotten that it is there; it is just a nest-egg in case he needs a little ready cash. Yes, not only will he put it up with his "broker," but he will average his purchase by "doubling his line—pyramiding," buying an equal amount with the added margin which he will put up. That will help him more quickly to put back into the package the money which belongs in it.

Does it ever happen as he hopes it will? I do not know of a single instance. I could write a book on the other side, of the wrecks which line the shores of Wall Street and other streets as well. Fine ships in their day, responding to every puff of the favoring breeze, but now wrecks, friendless, homeless, ostracized, victims to the "greed for gold"!

In conclusion, let me say to those of you who would speculate: If you must speculate, beware of the bucketshop. A fair chance within the walls of that institution is impossible. While extending the right hand, in apparent good fellowship, they will knife you with the left. Stick to your legitimate pursuit, whatever it may be; when you save your money invest it legitimately, and if the time comes that you have money you can "afford to lose," buy what you will. Do not "sell it short." But unless you are prepared to lose only the money, and not your self-respect, and unless conditions are such that the loss will in no sense reflect upon another, keep out of "the Street."



A SHARER IN BATTLE

By PERRY HAMILTON

THERE had been a time when the young lady, who was peering into the cool depths of the water company's pipe trench, was plain Sue Johnson. The time was not long since and belonged to that period of the young lady's development when she was occupied almost exclusively in securing an education, social and otherwise, at the Colored High School. Then she knew her mother as Sarah Johnson, wife of Ol' Bill Johnson, sidewalk ornament and local ne'er-do-weel of Shantytown, an unmapped suburb of a bigger, if not more stirring, city. Later, however, Ol' Bill Johnson died, and as the loss was more than covered by the insurance, it aided the blossoming of Sarah Johnson, dressmaker, into Madame Johnson, Modiste. Simultaneously, Sue became Susanne.

She looked Susanne, as she leaned gingerly on the uneven edge of the board sheeting and idly watched the progress of the water company's latest ditch, cut in the white asphalt pavement of Avenue L to make a secure resting place for the great, shining, black lengths of cast-iron pipe that lay heaped and tumbled behind her. Her gown—for it was not a mere dress—was a speaking testimonial to the skill of Madame Johnson. It was gay but not gaudy, and of a taste in general architecture calculated to accentuate rather than to compete with the natural charms of the wearer. These were of face as well as of figure: her complexion was modestly unextreme, being brown, with a touch of pink showing through the cheeks; her eyes were large and bovine, and there was a sharp contrast of white teeth with red lips. In her manner was the insolence of becoming clothing, and her carriage was at once fascinating to regard and grateful to recall.

Susanne's rather small foot pushed some sand through a crack in the sheeting; it trickled down on the back of an overall-clad figure, quietly shoveling gravel together into a pile at the bottom of the ditch. He raised his head and looked up, slowly accustoming his eyes to the new focus.

"Why, Mr. Gibbs, I beg your pardon—I didn't know it was you!" The person addressed as Mr. Gibbs rested on his shovel and regarded the speaker with a puzzled expression of semi-embarrassment. Such politeness was uncommon in the ditch. "Don't you remember me?" continued the girl; "Susanne Johnson; we used to go to school together."

His teeth gleamed white in a smile.

"Of co'se, of co'se—Ah 'membe' you all pe'fec'ly—" He paused, at loss for further subject of conversation. Susanne came to his rescue.

"What is this?" she asked, with studied assumption of interest. "Who are you working for?"

The digger rose to the line. "This hyeah," he explained, waving his hand at a distant spot where stood two derricks and many men—"this hyeah 's a ditch fo' a thi'ty-six-inch feed pipe fo' the Wate' Comp'ny—comes f'om the rese'voir."

"Have you been working for the company long, Mr. Gibbs?" Susanne's eyes were already wandering, and her question was perfunctory. But the man in the ditch was ignorant of any defection of interest.

"Eve' sence pa's been laid off. Ah done tuk his place," he added. There was a pause. "Does yo' all live 'roun' hyeah?" he asked.

Susanne perceived an opportunity to terminate the interview.

"Why, yes—up at the corner of Wren Street. You'll have to stop by and talk

to me, some time." She nodded and smiled graciously, dusting her fingers the while. "Good afte'noon," she said, nodding again. In a moment the man in the ditch could see only the blue sky above him. He stood, leaning on his shovel for a while, silent. Then he recommenced piling the gravel into a growing heap. As he did so, he sang, softly—a wordless, minor song that repeated and varied in time with his exertions.

It was thus that Pete Gibbs came to stop by Madame Johnson's to lean over the fence for a few moments of chat about the old school days, on that evening and subsequent evenings. It was thus, too, that one Sunday night he called in formal splendor—and thereafter for many Sundays. Meanwhile, length after length of the thirty-six-inch feed pipe in Avenue L was laid and the scars in the pavement healed after them.

The gate of Madame Johnson's front yard clicked behind Pete Gibbs as he sauntered up the walk to find Susanne on the porch. They had come to a certain familiarity in the weeks of Sunday calls, and Pete seated himself on the steps with a "Hello, Sue," of greeting. They talked for a while of the ditch in Avenue L, now six blocks from Madame Johnson's house; then of Effie Dunn, who had run away with a great, black, "So'th'n nigge' f'om Alabama."

"She was a good-looking girl," said Susanne, "and went to High School when I did. She was a fool—could 'a' had a lot o' men."

"Mebbe she loved 'im," ventured Pete, timidly.

"That black man!" exclaimed the brown Susanne, with unmistakable italics.

Pete reflected silently. He was rather dark himself. Susanne was aware of her indiscretion, and her continuance was conciliatory.

"But love is a peculiar thing. Maybe she did love him." She sighed senti-

mentally, and glanced from under her long lashes.

Pete's thoughts took a new turn. The coquetry of the tone quickened something dormant in him. He forgot Effie Dunn and her "So'th'n nigge'"; he forgot that he had been talking lightly, and that he had fallen silent without evident reason; a strange unquiet grew in him. He seemed to be thinking, yet there was no definite idea in his mind, no conception, even, around which to wind thought. He wished to speak, but found nothing to say; he frowned, became conscious, then suddenly, obeying an emerging impulse, he looked up at Susanne. She was arrayed in one of Madame Johnson's latest creations—all fluffs and laces, from where Pete sat. She seemed to him very fragile and for that reason the more desirable. He shifted his position and gazed at her critically. He had been vaguely attracted to her; more particularly, he was vain in wanting to be known to know her. Previously, he had understood that she was beyond his social plane. Now a more human and fundamental instinct was realized in him. A bit of ankle was near him; his eyes caught that, and suddenly the dress meant nothing to him; he saw the round curve of her figure and the soft smoothness of her skin. He wanted her—he knew that he wanted her.

He shifted his position again to look away. The thread of their former conversation returned to him, new-colored by this possessing idea. He tried to speak, wet his lips, then brought out the inconsequent words with an effort that broke the first, so that he must repeat it.

"Ef"—he cleared his throat—"ef she loved 'im, his bein' a black man would n' 'a' made no diffe'nce." He half asked the question.

"No," admitted Sue, still penitent; "no, I s'pose not." She looked across the street at the ramshackle frame barns and tumble-down houses that faced her; but she saw other things—no court of

love or field of chivalry, no chronicled achievement in battle or siege whose glorious prize she could wear, as symbol of the prowess that had won it in her name. Her race had been robbed of that romance. Her people had grown too rapidly, and she, like them, sought in the symbol the ultimate goal, regardless of its significance. Her visions were not of great power, but of, to her, great splendor; the achievements of which she sat dreaming vaguely of themselves held no meaning to her—it was the reputation, the pre-eminence, the pride and seeming of distinction that she desired, in no definite way as yet, but greatly, because of the taste of it that had come with the clothes she wore and with the mere being Susanne, the daughter of Madame Johnson, Modiste.

It was of this that Sue was thinking, not of the sordid, dusty aspect of the street in the little circle of its electric light. She was no longer Sue of the conciliatory sentimentality of a short time before, but Susanne—the Susanne of the day when she had found Pete digging in the ditch—a Susanne with blood quickened by the thought of future pomp and finery, intoxicated with an appreciation of herself. Pete had grown uneasy in the silence. At first the sudden clear understanding of what had before been unrealized absorbed him; his imagination ran faster than he could form or guide it, or even record distinctly the visions that it presented to him. Then the silence grew irksome; the fire died away, and fear and unquiet lay in the ashes of it. He glanced furtively at the girl, but this time he saw only the elaborate gown. What did she want—what could he offer her? In a blind sort of way he puzzled over this, as he looked at her, disturbed, questioning. So it came that when she spoke at last, they were thinking of much the same thing, and he understood, partly, what she meant to express.

"No," repeated Susanne, reflectively,

"it wouldn't make no difference—if I loved him." The personal element had been born in the train of thought that still held her. She continued slowly, fumblingly, as if trying to put into words what had been definite enough to grasp. "But if I loved him, he must do something big—big—" she italicized with her hands. "He's got to make me a livin' like I'm used to—I don't care for the money—not much, that is—but he's got to work at something 'at 'll make people know he's somebody an' doin' something, so's I'll be glad I'm his wife—and proud—" She stopped, leaning forward with glistening eyes. She was not looking at Pete; she was not speaking to him. What she said came from herself for herself. But Pete heard.

He regarded her wonderingly. He had always been half afraid of her—now he was both afraid and mystified. But he felt that he had never wanted her so much. He would have spoken, so strong was the desire, but she sank back in her chair and tapped the veranda with her foot, impatient of the limitations of her speech. Through the focus of his own thoughts, Pete saw the gesture and did not understand. It seemed to him that she must be impatient with him. He felt bewildered, indignant, as one who has been snatched back from stepping off a cliff without knowing exactly why. Mechanically, he gathered up his hat and a tiny bamboo stick that he carried on his excursions into the fashionable world.

"Ah reckon Ah 'd better go," he said.

Susanne had not returned from her dreamland.

"Good night, Pete," she said, perfunctorily, extending her hand. He did not see it; he was poking his stick among the bushes beside the steps.

"Good night," he said, and turned down the path.

When he had gone, Susanne, rocking back and forth in the heavy shadow of the veranda, regretted his departure

more keenly than she knew. Things unsaid, unshaped even, flitted through the constant thought from which she had spoken. She tried to grasp them, to put them into words, but the absence of some one to whom she could endeavor to say a part of all that filled her mind devitalized the effort. She found herself wishing that Pete had not gone so quickly; she recognized that to no one else had she ever spoken so frankly; she wondered if he had understood. Then, suddenly, it came to her that his going was his reply to her brief plea. She cast back to what she had said, searching it critically. No; she would not have retracted a word of it; she was too glad to have definitized it in her own mind by the saying, and vaguely glad, also, that it lay as a bond between herself and some one else; less consciously, she was content that it should be Pete to whom she had come to be so linked.

Yet she was sorry that he did not understand—sorry that he had gone and that he, who alone knew, had seemed to judge himself incapable of fulfilling her requirements. In the days that followed she thought much of this, in a desultory way; unconsciously, her standard modified itself. How and toward what she could not have said; as yet she was ignorant of his standard of a man.

II

When the yellow wagon drove down Avenue L the next day, the foreman of the ditch-diggers descried it from afar.

"Every chil'!" he called, making a trumpet of his hands. "Yaller wagon!"

Every man, from water-boy to Bud Warren, the head caulker, tumbled out of the hole and crowded about the wheels of the pay-wagon. In due time, Pete's envelope was poked out to him by the inspector. For the first time in his life he was strangely dissatisfied with its contents. It was full pay for a

full week's work, yet Pete weighed the nine dollars mentally with the cost of the dress which Susanne had worn the previous evening, and the envelope was found wanting. He returned to the ditch and swung his pick by the relentless force of habit; he was thinking. But none of his thoughts brought him nearer to the big things that Susanne had demanded; more money he could see, perhaps, in time; but the big things, of which Susanne Johnson, daughter of Madame Johnson, Modiste, should be proud—Pete regarded the ditch behind his almost completed section; it was not remarkable, with its smooth, sloping walls and "bottom" six feet six inches from the street level. There was a sameness and an inconsequence to the labor that he could not deny.

The yellow wagon had rolled on, but left the inspector standing in the gutter at one end of Pete's section in belligerent conversation with a property-owner whose shop abutted on the sidewalk. Pete could hear what was being said without difficulty, but he followed it at first only subconsciously. The dispute, he gathered, was in regard to the placing of a hydrant. The inspector was listening indifferently.

"Look here, Jim," said the speaker; "that's all right an' I've got no kick comin' against you. You've been square enough an' all that, an' I don't want to hurt you any—"

"You can't."

"Well, that may be so, too, an' then again it mayn't, but I give you fair warnin', orders or no orders, that there fire plug don't go in front of my door." He nodded, impressively. "Now, y' hear me," he added, as if for further emphasis; "I tell you, I'll fight it—I'll fight it till all the lawyers is dead. I ain't a member of the City Council for nothin'. If you set that plug there, I'll make it cost you more than the plug 'll bring you in a hundred years." The speaker grew heated, but the inspector

was undisturbed. He stuck a toothpick between his teeth and then, removing it, regarded the quill as if it were the sole object of rational interest in the world. His calmness seemed to excite the other the more. He took out his handkerchief and passed it around the sweat-band of his hat, as he continued.

"And as for that there man that sets up in that office of yours and tells me he'll do as he pleases about settin' these here fire-plugs—well, I'll show him!" The inspector stood up quite straight and regarded the speaker hostilely, curiously, out of the corners of his eyes. The latter was oblivious, however, to any change in his hearer. "He don't talk like a man, he don't—he talks like God Almighty, that's what he does," he continued; "but I know damn' well and you know damn' well that he's skinnin' the city on these here fire-plugs and 's been doin' it for years. He's a skunk with a crooked tail, that's what he is, an' I'll tell him so—"

"Hold on, Jack! That'll be about enough. I've known you a long while, Jack," said the inspector, mildly, but there was a force in the hesitating utterance of his words that gave the other pause, "an' I'll take a lot off you, because I know you don't mean it. But lay off the Old Man, Jack—I won't stand for that."

"Talk sense, Jim; do you s'pose he's in the business for his health? What's he get, that's what I want to know—what's in it for him?"

"Look here, Jack, the'e's some people in this world that ain't like you and don't have to have their arms greased to the shoulder before they do the right thing. You want to know what's in it for the Old Man? Well, I'll tell you. I've been with him goin' on twenty year', and I know. He's a white man, Jack—a whiter man than there ever was in that City Council of yours, you talk so big about. He works all day and half the night; he gets down in the ditch and sees

that things are right and then goes back to the office and fights a lot of bully-raggin' blackmailers, like your friend, Joe Miller, to keep 'em from cheatin' the people of this here city out of what they've got a right to expect. He knows every joint in this pipe and the name of every man that's been on the pay-roll for a month; he can caulk a joint as well as old Bud Warren there; he can save the city a dollar while you're a-robbin' it of a hundred, and he does."

"Well, what's in it for him—that's what I want to know—what's in it for him?"

"What's in it for him? Is he rich, Jack? Did you ever see that old, black alpaca coat he wears around every day and Sunday? Did you ever see that little house he lives in, 'way out on the West Side? Well, you know it ain't the money. But I'll tell you what it is: he's got one ambition, an' it's to give the people water an' good water an' lots of it. He don't care about you or your City Council—he's workin' for the people. That's what we're all doing—every man of us, black or white—fighting the dirt here, like these boys in the ditch—fighting the dry spells an' the floods an' the fires—yes, an' the City Council, too, by God! You see that boy, there? Well, his father, Ben Gibbs, was diggin' in the trench when I come here. When he got caught by the dirt, down in Hagedorn Street, an' got his legs mashed, what did he do? Tell his boy to keep out of the ditch—get him a safer job? No, sir! He sent him back here to fight the dirt in his place an' work for the people of this city, the same as the Old Man. Don't say a word, Jack; I ain't through yet. If I told that boy to dig down to hell, he'd dig. He'd know the Old Man was behind it an' it was all right. Well, it's the same with me. If the Old Man told me to put that fire-plug in your front parlor, I'd put it there, Jack Bond, an' you could go an' be damned. That's all. That's all! I

don't want to hear another word. I've said more'n I ought to, but I ain't sorry. No; I ain't sorry.

"Tear down that cellar wall, boy—we're goin' to put a fire-plug there."

The inspector spat out the toothpick he had been chewing. He thrust his hands deep in his pockets and walked the length of the ditch, kicking bits of concrete out of his way. Mr. Jack Bond, of the City Council, stood open-mouthed, watching the retiring figure. He replaced his hat and stepped back to the sidewalk.

"Now, who'd 'ave thought that Jim was such a sentimental fool," he said aloud, to his self-respect. As if the argument had come to a triumphant close only with that remark, he shrugged his shoulders and walked briskly down the street.

Pete Gibbs had heard. No word had escaped him, and, at the command, he had stuck his pick into the retreating Mr. Bond's cellar wall, as though it were no more than a part of the asphalt pavement of the street. His thought seemed suspended. He was trying to grasp the purport of what he had heard and to apply it to his own need. Fighting the dirt and the floods and the dry spells and the fires—for the people of the city! He recalled the night when they had brought his father home from the hospital—when the Old Man, President and General Manager of the Water Company, had called at the house to ask after Ben Gibbs, ditch-digger in the street gang; he remembered his own slow admittance into the unorganized fraternity of those who worked for the company, year in and year out—an acceptance granted the more readily for his father's sake, yet reluctantly withal: They were not union men—the Water Company could keep no hours; it worked at the city's need. Pete's shoulders heaved at the pick, but his mind pried at sterner things. Great blocks of the wall, loosened by his pick,

lay at his feet. He lifted them out and flung them on the sidewalk, beside the curb-stones and gutter-bricks that had already been removed. Fighting the dirt and the dry spells! A mortared fragment of nine bricks toppled on the edge of the breach, for a skilful twist to send it stumbling. Working for the people—every man of us! He braced his feet against the wall and threw his weight on the pick-handle. A great ragged section of the masonry heaved and tottered. Every man of us—black or white! Pete spat on his hands, for a closer grip; the fragment creaked and groaned and came thundering, with a cloud of dry lime in the air, like the smoke of a gun. Fighting the fires—they, too, were fighting the fires, these men of the Water Company. Pete dragged his patched shirt-sleeves across his forehead. It was no small work, this!

The spirit of the labor came to him with a growing knowledge of its meaning. His pick swung true, and with the force of his arms and shoulders behind it. With each stroke, his breath came in an audible, spasmodic gasp; the sweat trickled off his hands and wet the pick-handle; he sang softly to himself, a line between each blow, the air in minor key, with varied repetitions:

"Hit's a-gittin' mighty cloudy—

Heugh!

Hit's a-gittin' mighty cloudy—

Heugh!

Hit's a-gittin' mighty cloudy—

Heugh!

But hit ain't a-gwine to rain.

Heugh!—Heugh!

A-gwine to rain—

Heugh!"

Mr. Jack Bond turned the corner below with a brass-buttoned policeman in tow. He swung up the street, with determination in his stride. The blue-coat, laughing with the city councilman, was stowing a large cigar in his

pocket. They paused beside Pete's section. The officer of the law spoke.

"Here, boy, what you doin' there—stop tearin' down this man's wall."

"Hit's a-gittin' mighty cloudy—"

sang Pete, reflectively.

"Don't you hear me, nigger?"

"Yes, sah!

But hit ain't a-gwine to rain."

"Well, why don't you stop? Eh? Take that pick out o' there, I tell you! What you doin'?"

"Ah's workin' fo' the Wate' Comp'ny, boss. Ah's got mah o'de's—you'll have to see the Cap." Pete was inwardly trembling, but the pick swung sure and the wall tumbled with undiminished regularity. There was a *sotto voce* consultation on the sidewalk; then a retreat. Pete mopped his face again. A great work! Sue did not know—he had not known; but he knew now.

"Hit's a-gettin' mighty cloudy—

Heugh!

But hit ain't a-gwine to rain!"

He could hear the regular click of the caulkers' hammers and the creaking of the derrick. Behind him, others were sheeting their sections—fighting the dirt. The last brick of the wall fell into the ditch. He flung it on the sidewalk with its fellows and took up the shovel. He caught sight of the wafer boy at the turn of the street, bearing down, bucket in hand.

"Boy! Boy!" he called.

That night was a strange one for Pete. He trudged home from the ditch, swinging his dinner box, in a peculiar state of exaltation. He turned out of his way to pass the house of Madame Johnson, Modiste; but Susanne was not in evidence. Once at home, he changed

his clothes and ate his supper like a stranger in his own house. The carelessness of its keeping and the unambitious atmosphere of the place were foreign to his mood. Without a word to his father, he went for a walk. Again he passed the house of Madame Johnson. Susanne was within, at the piano. He stopped a moment to listen. The fear of her and of her love of luxury returned to him; the fear that he might not be able to explain to her what he had come to know plunged him into disquiet and set him walking again. He came to the deserted ditch with its jewelry of red lanterns and its mysterious, ungainly outline, stretching like a sleeping serpent down the street into the twilight. He stood for a while gazing into the "hole." The gaping mouth of the last pipe-length lay open to a pile of sand that had slid from under the sheeting. That must be cleaned out, he reflected. Had there been no sheeting and a man beneath the pipe, caulking, when the sand began to run . . . Pete straightened his shoulders and the exultation returned. Mr. Winterbottom, the night watchman, was coming toward him. He had been long in the service of the company and was as formal and circumspect in the discharge of his duties as if he were a public official.

"Good evening, Mr. Gibbs," he remarked. "How's yore pa?"

"'Bout as usual, sah," said Pete, gravely. Then: "Big pipe, ain't hit?"

Mr. Winterbottom paused and looked over the boards.

"Yes; a big pipe. I tell you, it's a fine system of mains the Old Man is gettin' down these days—a fine system. Got to keep up with the times, an' this here pipe ain't none too big. Takes a lot to feed this city water, now don't it? I remember—"

He wandered off into pointless reminiscence that Pete did not hear. He felt himself part of this task of feeding the city water; its bigness half frightened

him. Two large men could be comfortable in the mouth of the pipe below him—and this was one of many such. He walked on, came to the spot where he had torn down the wall, stopped and regarded it curiously. A red lantern marked the pile of brick on the sidewalk. It was undisturbed, as he had left it.

"Whe' yo' been, Pete?" asked his father, when the boy returned.

"Lookin' at the ditch, pa."

"How's the wo'k gittin' 'long? Layin' them big feed pipe, now?"

"Yes. Mighty big pipe, them."

"Ah reckon. Hit's great wo'k, boy—great wo'k! Some day yo' all 'll know hit."

"Ah think Ah know hit now, pa."

The old man regarded his son curiously and moved his useless legs, conscious of them for the moment, with this mention of the work.

"He'p me to bed, boy. Hit's gettin' late—an' Ah'm an ol' man." Pete stooped to receive the other's weight on his shoulders. "Hit's great wo'k an' Ah ain't sorry the dirt done beat me. Ah done mah share. Yo' all 'll do yo' sha'e, too—hit's great wo'k!"

The old man stumbled into a rear room and his son deposited him gently on the bed. There were no further words. Pete closed the door behind him and mounted to his own bedroom. He was tired, but there was that in the weariness that was also strength.

The morning found Pete in the ditch, inspecting the sides of his section while the remainder of the men still gossiped at the tool-wagon. He was not alone. One of the older laborers was cleaning out the pile of sand that Pete had noticed the night before. The street boss hurried up with a cheery "Good morning, boys!" and crossed the plank from the sidewalk, above Pete's head.

"Now, Bud," said the street boss, "get all the caulkers and let's get this pipe covered. Want to get the plug in here before there's trouble." He pointed to

the hole Pete had cut in Mr. Bond's cellar wall.

"Yes, sir," said Bud. He seemed to understand perfectly; no further directions were necessary. He gathered up a box of caulking tools and hoisted it to his shoulder. "Where's Wash Potter?" he inquired, looking about among the men.

"Lent him to Mellin's repair gang," said the street boss. "Get you another helper, Bud. He won't come back—you know Mellin."

"Yes, sir," said Bud, again. He walked to the edge of the ditch. Pete had thrown out the last shovelful of gravel from his section. The men were just starting to work. "Miste' Gibbs, git y' a jacket an' a kit out'n the box an' come help me."

Pete's heart went faster, but he said: "Yes, sir," very quietly. He could have asked nothing better. Already he was accepted as of the fraternity of those who worked for the Water Company; now he was a preferred creditor among these, a caulker's helper, a member of the "pipe gang," under the immediate supervision of the street boss; his was a privilege and a responsibility. He scrambled light-heartedly out of the ditch and ran to the tool-wagon for a kit. Following Bud Warren, he walked back along the trench he had helped to dig, to the end of the pipe. There was nothing of the extravagant expressed delight at his promotion that there might have been some days before. He felt as one who moves nearer the battle line from among his comrades. The exaltation was within himself, but none the less real. Already he understood that, in whatever capacity, he was part of a great machinery. The significance of his advancement was personal; it was a larger opportunity for him; it would be easier to explain to Susanne.

He went about his new work silently. The caulkers were busy men; there was little banter among them. He was ad-

dressed as Mr. Gibbs and he spoke to his chief as Mr. Warren. The latter was patient with his new helper and by noon only one of Pete's fingers had been mashed by the heavy caulking-hammer, with which he drove the hot lead back into the joints of the great, belled pipe.

That evening Pete passed the house of Madame Johnson. His clothes were dirt-begrimed from crawling under the pipe, but he was unconscious of this until he approached the fence. He could see Susanne on the porch, and his pace slackened. Suddenly he felt that he had nothing to say to her—that she would not understand; and at the same time there came the knowledge that his clothing and his hands were dirty and that she was new-dressed, clean and well-kept. He hurried by the gate.

"Good evenin', Pete," called Susanne.

"Good evenin'." Pete lifted his battered cap, conscious of his every movement. Susanne followed him with her eyes. She did not notice his clothing. It did not occur to her that it was out of his way to pass her house. She knew only that he had hurried by without pausing, and she was piqued. There was no reasoning in her attitude.

"All right for you, Mister Gibbs!" she said to herself.

The next Sunday, when Pete called, a very light-colored person of flowery speech and flowerier attire was already occupying his customary seat on the steps of the veranda. Susanne was radiant. She arose to introduce the two, but Pete cut the formality short with a curt "Hello, Rufe."

"Ah've already had the pleasuah of Mr. Gibbs' 'quaintance," gushed the light-colored person, in a very superior manner. "What, may Ah ask, is y' all doin' these days, Mr. Gibbs?" he continued, as they were seated.

"Ah 'am wo'kin' fo' th' Wate' Comp'ny," Pete replied, quietly. It was not what he would have said to Susanne,

had they been alone. When he had come, he had intended to tell her things that seemed ill-defined and evasive now; he was confused and outraged by the presence of this comparative stranger, but he could not have explained the feeling, even to himself.

"Mr. Parkins is doin' a vaudeville turn at the Globe," vouchsafed Susanne.

"Ya-as, ya-as," drawled Mr. Parkins. "Yo' 'xaggerate, Miss Johnson, ef yo' 'll pa'don me—nothin' much, y' know. Jest a song *an'* a dance. R'lly nothin' 't all."

Pete thought the last very likely and said so. Susanne sniggered.

"Don't y' find this hyeah manual labo' ve'y onpleasant, Mr. Gibbs?" asked Mr. Parkins, unsuppressed. "So di'ty *an'* common; don't y' think so, Miss Johnson?" Miss Johnson refused to commit herself, but Pete was in the breach at once.

"No," he said. "Hit's this a-way: these hyeah people 've got to have wate'—all these people." He swung his arm wide to sweep in the city lying about them. "Somebody's got to git hit fo' 'em—somebody's got to plan th' system, somebody's got to git th' money, somebody's got to dig th' wells *an'* run the ingines *an'* somebody's got to lay the pipe. Hit's all got to be done, *an'* none of hit ain't common. Ah he'p lay th' pipe; hit's mah sha're of th' wo'k." He paused just a moment. "Ah ain't 'shamed ov it," he ended. He felt as one who has played his trump before his turn; what he had said was only a part of all he had been turning over and over in his mind for a week, and he knew that it was the smallest, the most prosaic part.

No answer to it, however, was obvious to Mr. Parkins; he had the air of being vastly bored.

"Ah dessay," he commented. Susanne remained silent, glancing from one to the other. Pete did not look at her; he felt only that he had not done his cause

justice. Mr. Parkins raised his eyes to meet Susanne's and smiled engagingly. "Ah dessay," he repeated. The smile accomplished what words, perhaps, would have failed to do. Susanne smiled.

"When you goin' to give me tickets to the Globe, Mr. Parkins?" she asked.

"When yo'll let me bring 'em to y', Miss Johnson."

Susanne giggled.

"Oh, any time—I'm 'most always home, 'specially Sundays." Pete's sullen indifference had given way to resentment. Mr. Parkins had arisen. He extended a yellow-gloved hand to Susanne.

"Ah'll have t' be goin' 'long, Miss Johnson—yo'll 'scuse me, Mr. Gibbs? *Good* evenin'!" He bowed elaborately and sauntered down the walk, a thin bamboo cane under one arm. At the gate he stopped to light a cigarette.

There was silence on the porch. Pete was sulking and Susanne was thinking of what she should wear to the Globe to see Mr. Parkins do his celebrated "song *an'* dance." But Pete had come to do a definite thing and it did not matter to him that the time was inopportune or that he no longer knew quite how to do it. He felt only that the burden must be lifted from his mind, whether it came home to hers or not. He cleared his throat.

"Sue—" he began.

"H'm?" Sue rocked back and forth in her chair with the effulgent vision of the late Mr. Parkins yet in her eye.

"Sue, yo' 'member what you said 'bout—'bout doin' big things—" He did not complete the remark; he waited.

Sue did remember; it had been no less in her mind than in his since that day, more uncertain of application, perhaps, but present always as her idea of what should constitute big things modified. Just now an impulse, wholly unaccountable to her will, bade her deny the recollection. She hesitated a second, then leaned forward and looked at Pete.

"I don't know—I don't know what y' mean, Pete."

Perhaps Pete should have understood, but he did not. The enthusiasm of pleading his cause left him, utterly. Now, he only desired to say his speech and be done.

"Well; hit don' make no diffe'nce—maybe yo'll 'membe' some time. Ah've been thinkin' 'bout hit. Look hyeah, Sue—d' y' think what Rufe Pa'kins 's doin' is big wo'k, like you said then?"

She belied her last statement by the answer to the question.

"He's prominent, Pete—everybody knows him, an' he makes a lot o' money." Pete shifted his seat slightly and looked at her curiously.

"Putts hit all on his back like th' laziest no 'count nigge' on the Levee," he said. "Sue, look hyeah. Rufe does his song an' dance an' makes a lot o' people laugh—then they go 'way an' fe'git 'bout 'im. Ef he'd die to-night, nobody'd 'membe' him a week, 'ceptin' them he owes money to. He'd be gone an' his wo'k 'd be gone—ain't hit bette' t' do somethin' 'at 'll las', even ef y' only do a little pa't ov hit? Ain't hit big to be a pa't ov a big thing, Sue?"

"I don't know—I don't think I understand." She felt, rather than knew, what he meant, but it was perhaps true that she did not understand it. To him so little encouragement would have been fire for enthusiasm that her lack of receptivity had an antagonistic effect. He no longer even desired to make his idea clear to her; he wanted only to voice it, as for himself.

"Th' othe' day we took up a pipe that 'd been laid thi'ty yea's. Bud Warren he'ped t' lay that pipe an' he knowed what all the dead taps was fo' an' whe'e the fittin's was. The' hain't nobody else knows that, Sue—the Old Man called 'im ove' to the office an' asked 'im 'bout hit. All these hyeah streets is chock full o' pipes—Bud knows 'bout 'em; he's had a hand in layin' 'most all of 'em.

Wheneve' an'body says anythin' 'bout Wate' Comp'ny pipes, hit means Bud Warren. That's his wo'k—hit don' die with 'im; people don' fe'git 'im. Hit's big wo'k, Sue—the men, *they* know—" He hesitated for a moment. The thing that meant most to him, the thing that was uppermost in his mind, he had not said. He recalled the speech of Jim Donoghue, the inspector, about fighting the dirt and the floods and the City Council; he tried to frame it in words to say it, now; but he could not. He caught a glimpse of Sue out of the tail of his eye; she was looking at her own high-heeled slippers and the lace edge of her skirt. He could not have told what he felt, but in his heart he feared that she would never understand; and that by which understanding had come to him was too sacred that he run the risk. He made the appeal, with the instinct of his race, to catch the lust for outward appearances; he had spoken of the reputation and the recognition accorded the work; of its new meaning to him and of his new-found place in it he had said nothing—and what he had said meant nothing to Susanne. There had been no appeal to the woman; there was nothing of Mrs. Bud Warren in the picture—no word of her share in the work. That reputation and position among the men might come to a man in such work, she half felt was true. But for the woman she could see nothing. In a half-hearted way she tried to discern Mrs. Warren behind the figure that Pete had drawn of her husband, but she lacked the necessary idealizing imagination. The failure left her unplaced in the picture Pete had conjured up of his life; she was impatient with this, and sought to prick the whole bubble, vindictively.

"I know, Pete; but anybody can do that work—and 'tain't everybody can git a turn at the Globe."

Pete had expected no understanding, and he was not surprised. Also, there

was a certain justice in her remark that precluded a reply. He felt that his message was delivered; his own mind was full of it, grown concrete as it had by the voicing of it. He could conceive of no reason for remaining.

"All right," he said. "Ah reckon Ah'd bette' go." He slid off the porch and stood up, gazing out across the street at the unpainted barn, with its loose boards and sun-curved shingles. "Good night, Sue." He did not turn to look at her. She did not speak, but watched him out of the gate. There was no swagger in his walk, she noted; he moved as a man, master of himself, unconscious, strong, unpretentious. An unreasoning contempt for the elaborate dress and carriage of Mr. Rufe Parkins came to her, not as a conscious contrast, but seemingly arisen out of nothing. She arose and went into the house hurriedly, banging the screen door. Susanne Johnson was not at peace with herself.

III

The next morning found Pete early at work. He had spent a restless night, walking for the most part, exalting his conception of his work to exclude all lesser considerations. Of these, for the time being at least, he considered Susanne one. At dawn he began the chores about the house; splitting wood, building the kitchen fire, carrying water for his mother's ubiquitous washing. He sang as he worked, a new song to him—the song of the pipe-gang, as they rolled the huge lengths of pipe along wooden skids to the ditch-side, where derrick chains gripped them and swung them into their narrow bed, one by one:

Ah seen mah gal las' Sunday night—

Roll 'im along!

He' eyes we'e bright, he' teeth we'e white—

Roll 'im along!

She says to me, she say': "Black man—
Roll 'im along!
 Ah'll try t' stan' y', ef Ah can"—
Roll 'im 'long, boys!
Roll 'im along!

After breakfast he hurried to his work, still moving in the atmosphere of his new exaltation; he was dominated, possessed by it, as his people have been wont to be driven by the fervor of single ideas; to him it was almost the nebula of a religion. He found the other men gathered in little knots, discussing, subduedly, unbridled rumors concerning the death of Old Ben Pryor, night watchman at the company's reservoir. The street boss was interrogating Bud Warren; the pipe-gang crowded about to hear the details.

"He's been with the Company a long while," the street boss was saying, as if the subject of their remarks were still alive.

"Yes, sir; I knowed 'im twenty-five yea's ago—me an' him an' Eph Andrews was mos'ly all th' lab'e's the Wate' Comp'ny had them days. Eph was killed at No'the'n Street Bridge—an' now Ben's gone, too." He seemed to shiver slightly, as if the violent deaths of his former companions contained a menace for him.

"Was he workin' when he fell in?" asked the street boss. A few among the surrounding laborers understood the significance of the question; Bud Warren also understood it.

"No, sir," he said, quietly. "He wa'n't wo'kin—he was a-comin' home."

"Poor old Ben!" said the street boss. He turned away. "All right, boys!" he called; and the men shouldered their picks and shovels and scattered along the ditch.

Pete was thinking of what he had heard. He did not understand the last question and its answer. He thought of it as he crawled under the pipe he was caulking, and when he emerged again,

grimy and sweating, he asked Bud Warren.

"Whut diffe'nce do' hit make ef Ben Pryor wa'n't wo'kin' when he was drowned?"

Bud Warren evinced no surprise at the question; he answered it simply.

"His wife don' git no pension," he said.

"Ain't he got no chillun?" asked Pete.

"One boy—he's in the Pen." There was a pause. "Hand me that heavy hamme', Mr. Gibbs. Thanks."

"Won't th' Comp'ny do nothin', Mr. Warren?" persisted Pete.

"They'll pay fo' the funeral, mos' likely. That's a big he'p," added the head caulker. "Couldn't 'spect 'em to do no mo'e. He mout 've been run ove' by a street ca' jes' as likely as fallin' in the rese'voir. Hit wa'n't thei' fault."

Pete was deep in thought. This also was part of the glory—and part of the risk. He was glad of it; now his work only seemed to grow the bigger with each additional hardship. Fighting the dirt and the floods and the dry spells—and the fires! Fighting death, Pete thought, as he brought his hammer down on the head of the caulking tool, held unwavering in the scarred hands of Bud Warren.

At noon hour he saw Bud in consultation with the time-keeper; during the afternoon the latter made a canvass of the men in the ditch, neither asking nor expecting contributions—merely offering the opportunity. Some promised, some did not; Pete's name went down for half a dollar. Only the street boss, the time-keeper and Bud Warren gave more.

As the shadows grew long and the hot, dusty afternoon drew to a close, the yellow wagon rolled up, and Jim Donoghue, the inspector, called the names from the pay-roll with much banter and familiar comment. Some one touched Pete's elbow as he stood on the outskirts of the crowd, waiting his num-

ber; he turned to find Susanne beside him. He was disconcerted and embarrassed, but not displeased. She, herself, was not wholly at her ease. She could not have told what bade her come—perhaps the fear that she had offended Pete, perhaps an inkling that she was losing her grip on him, that the bond of intimacy her frankness had made was after all not a bond but a barrier. Embarrassed, she felt the necessity for justifying her presence.

"I was jus' passin' an' stopped to say how d' y'," she explained. "Pay-day?" She smiled.

"Yes," said Pete. "Hit don' come none too of'en—Here!" he called to his number, and pushed forward to get his envelope.

"How's your old man, Pete?" asked the inspector, kindly. He never missed the question, and always Pete was grateful for it.

"He's p'tty feeble, Miste' Jim," answered Pete, thrusting the envelope into his pocket, unopened. He found his way back to Susanne, but Bud Warren followed him, the list of subscribers in his hand.

"Scuse, Miste' Gibbs," he said. "Good afte'noon, Miss Johnson." He had known Susanne when she was yet Sue, and her finery did not disguise her to his eyes. Pete was searching for the envelope, flustered and disconcerted. Bud Warren broke the silence to explain. "Hit's a c'llection we're makin' fo' Mis' Pryor, Ben Pryor's wife. Ben was drowned in the rese'voir yis-te'day mo'nin'. He wo'ked fo' the Comp'ny a good many yea's," he added.

A wave of quick sympathy swung Sue out of herself. She fumbled awkwardly for her purse. So stern, so sudden, so intimate an association with death was terrifying to her. She strove to lessen the instinctive repulsion by doing something, as it were almost by the way of propitiation.

"Oh! Let me—let me—" she stam-

mered, her fingers trembling at the fastenings of her pocket-book.

"No, ma'm—thank you jes' the same," said Bud Warren, gently. "This hyeah's ouah wo'k—he was one of us, an' we all 'll take ca'e of his wife. She ain't beggin' an' we ain't beggin' fo' he'. Hit's ouah right t' do this hyeah, Miss Sue—she knows hit an' she'll take whut we all give he', an' when hit's gone, the'e's always mo' whe'e hit come f'om—in the envelopes ov these hyeah men that wo'ked with Ben Pryor fo' the Wate' Comp'ny all thei' lives." He took the fifty cents that Pete extracted from his envelope and handed to him. "That's th'ee hou's ha'd wo'k in the hot sun, Miss Sue. Pete neve' knowed Ben Pryor, but Pete wo'ks fo' the Wate' Comp'ny, an' he knows what hit means." Bud Warren, feeling that he had made the reason of his refusal clear to Susanne, moved on his way, the list in his hand. The street boss called to the men sharply. They crossed the street in groups, talking, opening their envelopes, counting their money.

"Ah've got t' go, Sue," said Pete, and left her standing alone, poking the point of a gaudy parasol in the dust. Her thoughts came rapidly—so rapidly that she could scarcely fix them to definiteness. Somehow, she felt that the picture of this life, that Pete had tried to make for her, was here completed. He had said nothing of the woman's part in the work—perhaps he had not known it; she saw it now, in part, and it was not what she had dreamed for herself. Yet it was not little work. Pete had said that the men knew. Yes; the men knew—they would know—not his part alone, but hers also. It was no longer an impersonal matter to her; she was thinking without reserve of her future with him, part of his work. There was need for no idealizing imagination; she had seen—and she understood.

Unconsciously, she had turned into Wren Street, and now she paused before

she proceeded. A new question came to her, suddenly. She wondered if Pete would return. The fear that he would think that she considered only her clothes and her comfort, that he would shut her out of his work, that he would share it with no one, or with some one else—the fear grew with an understanding that reached beyond the more superficial things. She did not question that she would understand always—she was not unsure of herself, but of him. Quickly she faced about and began to retrace her steps, hurrying, almost running. At Avenue L she could see that the men were still working, and she felt her heart jump. She hurried to the ditch, where Pete had disappeared; Bud Warren was on the opposite side of the street, testing the lengths of pipe, tapping them on either end with a hammer and bending to listen for the burr of a crack. Susanne leaned over the sheeting and called. She saw Pete alone, his head under the joint of a pipe.

"Pete! Pete!" she called.

He drew himself out slowly, and re-

garded her with blinking eyes. Face to face with her opportunity, she scarcely knew what to say. She began hastily:

"Pete—I think I didn't understand what you told me last night—I think I didn't know. Will—will you come to-night an'—an' tell me—again?"

She did not wait a reply; she had seen an answer in the light of his eyes. Gathering her skirts and her parasol in full hands, she fled down the street and turned the corner.

Pete remained half-crouched under the pipe, staring at the tops of the trees across the way, which a moment before he had not seen for the vision that intervened. He raised himself out of the bell-hole and gazed up and down the ditch like one who has been dreaming. Below, he saw the water-boy lowering his bucket over the sheeting to an outstretched arm. A great need came to Pete to shout, to make a noise. He grasped his caulking-hammer with both hands and beat a tattoo on the big pipe before him.

"Boy! *Boy!* Boy!" he called.

AN ITALIAN BEGGAR

By RICHARD BURTON

Ho, little girl the road beside,
That winds along by the vineyards gay;
All you want is our coin, I know,
And you thrust your roses under our noses,
Hoping to conquer our scruples so.
What I *should* do is to answer: "No;
Beggars should always be denied."

What I *do* is to throw to you
All my change—for my heart beats young,
This is Italy, skies are blue,
All about me I hear a tongue
Made for song—and your eyes are bright,
Dusk your hair, and your face a-light
And lovely—bless me, what money pays
For this land of lands and this day of days!

The Man in Black

By
HENRY · L · KINER

The door slowly opened, and a human head appeared in the opening. The head was crowned with a pair of intense black eyes, and fringed with thick masses of black hair.

Landor, proprietor of the Square Deal café, removed the toothpick from his teeth and stared at the head. Then he transferred his gaze to Colonel Fay, enthroned, as usual, at the writing desk near the entrance-end of the bar. Colonel Fay was non-committal. He shocked up his red hair, flushed his red face, and batted his red eyes at Landor, but left him adrift.

The stranger, seeming to have reassured himself, stepped within, removed his sombrero-like hat, and whisked the rain from it.

"Wet evening," he smiled, glancing first at Landor and then at Colonel Fay. Some subtle sense of antagonism caused both men to avert their eyes. Unabashed, the stranger continued to whisk the March rain from his black garments, smiling reminiscentially.

"It brings to mind," he again sought the unresponsive eyes of the two men, who watched him furtively in the glaring gaslight, "the rollicking little poem

which I was accustomed to recite in my schoolboy days. I fitted a kind of tune to it, in fact, and sang it, also.

"'It rains,' cries the schoolboy. 'Hurrah!' and his shout
Is echoed through parlor and hall,
While quick as the wing of a swallow
he's out,
And his schoolmates respond to his call."

"That ain't quoted correctly," growled Landor. The stranger's assumption of literary skill was, somehow, distasteful to Landor.

"What's wrong with it?" The newcomer regarded Landor with unfailing good humor.

"Why, the very first go-off," snarled Landor. "The poem says 'It snows.'"

"I merely adapted the verses to the weather," said the stranger, suavely. "But it is odd what a porridge of errors some people do make of the English tongue." Here he gave his long black coat a more than ordinary flip, to shed the water, and a huge roll of bank-bills fell to the floor. As he stooped to pick up the money, he kept repeating "It rains," "It snows," "It rains," "It snows," as if he found the repetition grotesquely amusing.

STILL SMILING, THE MAN IN BLACK LEANED FAR OVER THE BAR

The size of the roll was not lost on Landor nor on Colonel Fay, while "Bud" Filer, tout and card-sharp, who had emerged from his customary booth at the far end of the long room, just in time to see the stranger's "wad," murmured something about its being big enough to choke a cow.

"It rains! It snows!" The man in black stood stripping a string from the roll: "And I've been admonished for not quoting correctly! I, an honor man at Harvard; now head of the English department at the Grafter Preparatory School. When the principal paid me off the other day, retaining me for another year, he called me Master of the Tongue. And here I am subjected to criticism by a saloon-keeper with a hash annex! Oh, this is rich! This is indeed rich!"

"Look here," struck in Landor, angrily, "I don't know who you are, and don't care; but you misquoted that poem, and I—"

"To err is human. We all do it," said

the man in black, straightening out the bills, which he had laid carelessly on the counter. "'It rains' and 'It snows' are short sentences, but I'll wager that there's not a man in the room who can repeat them after me correctly, with the addition of another sentence of two words."

Landor's keen eyes searched the impassive face of the stranger.

"Do you take this for a feeble-minded institute?" flashed the now exasperated proprietor.

"There it goes again!" The man's tone was patronizingly compassionate. "This good man means to ask if I mistake this beanery, but he says 'take' for 'mistake.' No, no, *he* could never say three little sentences correctly."

Maddened, Landor walked behind the counter, straight to the safe, and brought forth a stack of bank-notes.

"It's a case of the other fellow's game," cautioned Colonel Fay, in a whisper.

"Game, nothing!" fired Landor. "It's

no game. If I can't repeat three two-word sentences after they're plainly pronounced, then it's me for the simple-house. I'm going to skin him. He has rooms to let." Landor spoke in a low growl, tapping his forehead with a fat forefinger.

"I'd like some of that, friend," said Filer quietly.

"Plenty for all while it lasts." The stranger, fingering his money, watched Filer questioningly. Filer made it five hundred. It was promptly covered.

"Let us understand this, now," muttered Landor from behind the bar, as he faced the stranger. "This man"—he turned to Filer and the colonel—"is to pronounce three sentences in plain English; two of these sentences are to be 'It rains,' 'it snows.' Like these, the third sentence is to be of two short words. If I repeat after him these three sentences, I win. If I don't pronounce them the first trial, I lose. As Colonel Fay is not betting, I'll suggest him as judge and stakeholder. Are these the terms," addressing the stranger, "and is the judge agreeable to you?"

"It is all understood, and your selection of referee—you should have said referee, not judge—is entirely satisfactory."

The man watched Landor's hands with a humorous gleam in his eyes, as if he knew of Landor's baleful glare. The hands having angrily counted off a thousand dollars, the stranger took up his roll, and stripped off a like sum. The money was then all turned over to the tender though uncertain mercies of Colonel Fay.

Landor, still facing the stranger across the bar, heard him
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hard
face

for a supreme effort. The stranger, smilingly confident, leaned over the bar, getting his face as close as might be to Landor's. Filer hardly breathed.

"It rains."

The tones of the stranger were melodious and distinct.

"It rains."

Watchfully apprehensive, Landor breathed hard, though he pronounced the words correctly. There was a nigger in the fence, somewhere; but when and how would he jump? Landor, deep down where he lived, wished himself well out of it.

"It snows!"

Still smiling, the man in black leaned far over the bar, and looked with expectant triumph straight into the blinking eyes of Landor.

"It snows," the latter repeated.

"Missed it!"

The stranger glanced about exultingly, as though the game was over.

"I did not miss it!" Landor whirled toward the colonel, his hands opened, and wide with appeal.

The stranger laughed and moved toward Fay, who held the money in full view.

"Referee, the money is mine," he chuckled. "This good man repeated 'It rains,' 'It snows,' all right, but when I said 'Missed it,' he not only failed to repeat 'Missed it,' but he said 'I did not miss it,' a sentence of five words instead of two."

"By Heck, that's so," puffed Colonel Fay, as he handed over to the stranger the big green and orange roll.

"We will now mitigate the drought with the mellowest of your moisture," observed the man in black. "What will
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sing.

THE TARIFF—HELP OR HINDRANCE?

THE NINTH IN THE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON

THE PROBLEMS OF THE PEOPLE

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

TARIFF FOR REVENUE, NOT FOR PROTECTION

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

IT is now one hundred and fifteen years since the tariff question became a subject of debate, and there has scarcely been a year in all that time when there was not more or less discussion of it. In 1791 Alexander Hamilton submitted his report on manufactures; some forty years later Henry Clay became the leading advocate of a tariff system avowedly protective; thirty years afterward the Republican party committed itself to a protective tariff and has since been a strenuous supporter of the doctrine.

Nearly every prominent man in our political history has been identified with one side or the other of the controversy, and a few have been on both sides. Webster, for instance, changed his position out of deference to his manufacturing constituents.

WHAT THE PROTECTIONIST MUST PROVE

Different arguments have been presented from time to time in support of a protective tariff, but none of those which have been most influential can now be urged in defense of a tariff expressly designed for the purpose of shielding American manufacturers from foreign competition. As freedom of trade is the natural condition, and restrictions upon exchange an arbitrary interference with the liberty of the individual, the advocate of a protective tariff

has upon him the burden of proof to show, first, that it is right in principle; second, that it is wise in policy, either generally or under special circumstances; and, third, that it is necessary to the extent that it is asked.

THE STAND OF THE HIGHEST COURT

As a matter of fact, the champion of protection, at least the modern champion, has never attempted to establish any one of the three. The principle involved, namely, the right of the government to tax one man for the benefit of another, is habitually ignored. The doctrine that the government can use the taxing power to take money from one man and turn it over to another man for a private purpose is an indefensible one. The Supreme Court of the United States (20 Wall. 657) has taken what must be accepted as an unassailable position when it says:

"To lay with one hand the power of the government on the property of the citizen, and with the other to bestow it upon favored individuals to aid private enterprises and to build up private fortunes, is none the less a robbery because it is done under the forms of law and is called a taxation. This is not legislation. It is a decree under legislative forms.

"If it be said that a benefit results to

the local public of a town by establishing manufactures, the same may be said of any other business or pursuit which employs capital or labor. The merchant, the mechanic, the innkeeper, the banker, the builder, the steamboat owner, are equally promoters of the public good and equally deserving the aid of the citizens by forced contributions. No line can be drawn in favor of the manufacturer which would not open the coffers of the public treasury to the importunities of two-thirds of the business men of the city or town."

TAX NOT BORNE BY THE FOREIGNER

To avoid the force of this objection, it has been argued, first, that the tariff is not a tax upon the consumer; and, second, that it is laid for a public purpose. Those who insist that it is not a tax upon the consumer claim that the foreigner pays the tax for the privilege of selling his goods in this country, or that while the immediate effect may be to raise the price of the protected article, the ultimate effect is to cheapen production at home through the creation of domestic competition. The theory that the foreigner pays the tax is so unsubstantial that one may well be astonished at its longevity. If it were true, a protective tariff would be impotent to protect, provided it really cost more to manufacture a given article in this country than abroad. If, for instance, the manufacturer of woolen goods asks for a fifty per cent. duty on the ground that it costs him a dollar and a half per yard to manufacture a cloth which can be manufactured abroad for a dollar, he asks it upon the theory that the consumer pays the tariff. If a tariff of fifty per cent. is given for his protection, and the foreigner pays the tariff in order to sell in this market, the foreign cloth can be bought in this country for a dollar, plus the carriage, just as before. How could the domestic producer expect to compete

with him under such conditions? If, on the contrary, the importer buys the foreign cloth at one dollar and then pays the fifty cents duty, he must sell the foreign article for a dollar and fifty cents, and the domestic producer can then charge a dollar and fifty cents for his product. That the consumer pays the tax ought to be accepted as an axiom, and it is assumed to be true by protectionists themselves whenever they defend rebates or attempt to prove that the tariff is a benefit to the farmer.

Leslie M. Shaw, late secretary of the treasury, in a recent speech, used an illustration in which he admitted that the burden of the tariff falls upon the consumer. He was endeavoring to explain why our manufacturers sometimes sell abroad cheaper than at home, and, in the course of his argument, said:

"Perhaps I can make this drawback principle clearer by means of an illustration. The American producer of steel billets has a protection of six dollars and seventy-two cents per ton. The producer of spikes and bolts has a protection of thirteen dollars and forty-four cents and thirty-three dollars and sixty cents, respectively. The American Iron and Steel Manufacturing Company, of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, was paid last year, in round numbers, ten thousand dollars drawback on the exportation of seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of railway spikes and bolts produced from imported steel billets. . . . This drawback enabled this concern to sell seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of spikes and bolts abroad for sixty-five thousand dollars and make the same profit as if it sold at home for seventy-five thousand dollars. It being impossible to protect the American products of spikes and bolts in the foreign market, the law authorizes this refund to him on proof of exportation, with manifest intent that he shall sell his product abroad that much below the American market price."

Here Mr. Shaw assumes that the duty

on raw material was paid by the Lebanon corporation, for on no other theory would it be entitled to the drawback. Not only in this case, but in the case of all raw material does the champion of protection regard a tariff duty as a tax upon the American consumer, for those who draw a law for the benefit of the manufacturer always take it for granted that he must pay the tariff on imported raw material, and they, therefore, give him a compensatory duty on the manufactured article. Why this difference between raw material and the finished product? Why do protectionists confess that a tariff on raw material is a burden to the manufacturer, and then, in the same breath, contend that a tariff upon the manufactured product is not a burden?

INCONSISTENCY OF PROTECTIONISTS

There is but one answer to these questions, viz. : that the protectionist looks at the question from the standpoint of the manufacturer and is trying to placate the consumer. This one-sided view of the subject leads the protectionist into many amusing contradictions. Almost every defense of a high tariff presented to a farmer audience contains two propositions, namely, that a tariff on farm products increases the selling price of those products, and that a tariff on manufactured products decreases the selling price of those products. These opposing statements are not usually found side by side, but they are an indispensable part of every exposition of the advantages of protection intended for the agricultural districts. I have heard eminent men assert that the wool-grower received for his wool the foreign price of wool plus the tariff on wool, and have heard them contend in the same speech that the system which compelled the manufacturer of woollen goods to pay more for his raw material resulted in a reduction of the price of the finished product. Of course, this would look good to the farmer, for

he would first secure a higher price for what he raised, and then his income would go farther when he came to buy; but what of the poor manufacturer? According to that reasoning he would be compelled to pay more for his wool and then suffer an additional loss in the sale of his goods, and yet—strange unselfishness—the manufacturer contributes liberally to the campaign fund to force this double disadvantage upon himself, while the farmer has to be entreated each campaign to accept the two-fold blessing!

TARIFF ON FARM PRODUCTS A MOCKERY

When the protectionist appeals to the farmer he assumes, as a matter of course, that the consumer of the farmer's product not only pays the tariff upon the imported article which enters into competition with that product, but that when he buys the farmer's product he pays the foreign price plus the tariff. This is consistent as a theory, and if it were true in fact the farmer might feel that his pecuniary interest would be advanced by the tariff, but as a matter of fact this argument is deceptive when applied to the farmer. The staple products of agriculture are exported, and the price of the part sold in this country is fixed by the price at which the surplus is sold abroad. There may be exceptional cases in which a tariff on farm products may for a short time help the people in a limited district, but, generally speaking, the farmers of the United States are not in a position to take advantage of the tariff. If they could combine and raise the price of the home product to a point equal to the foreign price, plus the tariff, they might share in the benefits of the present protective system, but, as they are too numerous to combine, the tariff on farm products is a mockery. If it could be shown that in some cases an import duty on farm products gives a little aid to a few farmers, the total benefit re-

ceived by them would be insignificant compared with the enormous tax which all farmers must bear because of the tax placed upon the manufactured products which they buy.

TAX FALLS ON CONSUMERS

The manufacturers, on the other hand, are able to add the tariff to the price of their goods, and they can not make an argument in favor of a tariff without admitting that they do so and that they thus compel the consumer to pay the tax, whether he buys at home or abroad. If he insists that he can not manufacture as cheaply as the foreigner, and asks for a tariff just equal to the difference in the cost of production here and abroad, how can he produce, under the tariff, any better than he could without the tariff, unless he adds the tariff to the price of his goods?

As we import manufactured goods, the manufacturer occupies a position just the reverse of that occupied by the farmer. The farmer finds his competitor in a foreign market; the manufacturer finds his competitor in the home market. As the importer must pay the duty on the foreign article, his interest leads him to buy the home article if it is offered him at a price no greater than the foreign price with the tariff added.

If the home product is equal in amount to the imported product, and the domestic manufacturer collects all that the tariff enables him to collect, then the American consumer pays on account of the tariff twice as much as the government collects. If it is a new industry, and we import ten times as much as we produce at home, then nine-tenths of the tax goes into the treasury under such circumstances; if we produce at home ten times as much as we import, and the tariff is added to the price of the domestic article, then the people pay ten times as much as the treasury receipts from that article show.

The friends of the protective system contend that competition at home will reduce prices to a point where the manufacturer will appropriate only so much of the tariff as is necessary to support his industry, and that the competition created by the new industries will lead to improvements in method which will reduce the cost of production, and thus compensate those who have temporarily borne the burden of protection. This was the argument of Henry Clay. In his speech of 1832 he speaks of the decline in the price of various articles under a protective tariff, and concludes: "Such is the wonderful effects of protection, competition and improvement in skill combined." After quoting other instances of reduction he says: "This brings me to consider what I apprehend to have been the most efficient of all the causes in the reduction of the prices of manufactured articles, and that is competition."

NO REDUCTION NOW-A-DAYS

At present, competition is to a considerable extent stifled by the trusts, and yet, even with this regulator—competition—disabled, there is no disposition among the "friends of the tariff" to inaugurate or consent to a reduction. In many instances the manufacturers sell abroad at a low price in competition with the world, and sell at home at a high price because the tariff wall enables them to do so.

The tariff was at first defended as a patriotic system, calculated to render the country independent in time of war. There is force in the argument when it is presented in behalf of a country just entering upon national existence—at least there is more force in such an argument when applied to a young nation than when applied to our nation to-day. Such an argument always implies that the protection is temporary; it is intended to guard the infant industry until it is

able to stand upon its feet. It is absurd to employ the argument to shield industries which are not only able to stand upon their own feet, but to walk over the feet of others. Even Henry Clay admitted the temporary character of protection. He said in 1833: "The theory of protection supposes, too, that after a certain time the protected arts will have acquired such strength and perfection as will enable them subsequently, unaided, to stand against foreign competition."

Seven years later Mr. Clay said: "No one, Mr. President, in the commencement of the protective policy, ever supposed that it was to be perpetual."

The same doctrine is set forth by Alexander Hamilton in his report. He declares: "The continuance of bounties on manufactures long established must always be a questionable policy, because a presumption would arise in every such case that there were natural and inherent impediments to success."

CLINGING TO EXPIRED FRANCHISES

Although the industries of United States are no longer infants, and although the patriotic argument can no longer be advanced in support of a tariff, the high duties still stand, and the beneficiaries of the tariff refuse to surrender the advantage which they have secured.

After the infant nation argument and the infant industry argument were outgrown, the manufacturers put forward a new defense, namely, that the tariff must be maintained as a permanent policy in order to cover the difference between the cost of labor here and abroad. Mr. McKinley in presenting the bill which bore his name said: "We have recommended no duty above the point of difference between the normal cost of production here, including labor, and the cost of like production in the countries which seek our markets."

This was the basis of the defense for a number of years, and we heard many

protestations of interest in the laboring man from lawmakers, who, instead of voting the aid directly to the wage-earner, voted it to employers, without providing the employes with any means of compelling a division. Men who would not trust their own children to deal fairly with their brothers and sisters in the distribution of an estate have trusted manufacturers whom they never saw to distribute the tariff bounty among the factory hands.

But now, even this argument is no longer available. According to Mr. Shaw, we exported during the last fiscal year "approximately five hundred and seventy million dollars' worth of manufactured products, exclusive of prepared and partially prepared foods." This immense export was sold in a foreign market, where it had no tariff to protect it. It was produced by American labor, and it was produced in factories which are handicapped by a multitude of annoying tariff duties, for, while our manufacturers have, in the home market, protection on their finished product, they are hampered in their export trade by tariff burdens, of which no drawback can relieve them.

COMPETITION POSSIBLE WITHOUT TARIFF

In the case cited by the late secretary of the treasury, the Lebanon corporation was able to export spikes and bolts when relieved of the tax upon raw material. In other words, the labor needed no protection, and the conclusion is an inevitable one that with free raw material the American iron manufacturers can compete with the world, and it necessarily follows that they can compete in the home market without any tariff whatever if they can now compete in the foreign market. It is easier to compete in the home market, because, when the competition is here, the freight across the ocean must be added to the price of the foreign article. If the competition is

in Europe, the freight across the ocean must be subtracted from the price of the American article, and two freights are in themselves some protection.

No attempt is now made by protectionists to show that in any considerable number of industries the actual cost of production is greater than the cost of producing a similar article in competing countries. More than seventy years ago Henry Clay declared that the cost of manufacturing flannel was exactly the same in England and America; twenty-five years ago Mr. Blaine, when secretary of state, declared that in the cotton industries the higher wages paid in America were more than equalized by the greater efficiency and longer hours of labor in this country.

THE WARRANT OF HISTORY

It is possible that the protectionists will still contend that "we always have good times when we have a high tariff and bad times when we have a low tariff," but the contention will have little weight among those who know anything of history. Good times followed the low tariff of 1846, and the panic of 1893 came a year before the McKinley law was repealed. The panic of 1873 came twelve years after the Republican party came into power and twelve years before Mr. Cleveland's first term began.

The only possible argument that can be made in favor of a protective tariff to-day is that if we had no tariff at all the foreign manufacturer might reduce his export price below the price at which he sells at home until he bankrupted our manufacturers. The force of this argument is very much exaggerated, but it is given for what it is worth. Secretary Shaw estimates that the discount made by foreign manufacturers in order to secure American trade ranges from five to twenty-five per cent. According to his own showing a tariff of twenty-five per cent. would cover every possible danger

from this source. But the manufacturers, not content with such a rate, have secured a rate twice as high and obstinately oppose any reduction.

The tariff which we have to-day does not rest upon argument, or logic, or theory; it rests purely upon the power of the protected interests to control congress.

25% DUTY SUFFICIENT

Opposed to the policy of protection for protection's sake stands the policy of a revenue tariff. While a twenty-five per cent. tariff, levied for the purpose of raising revenue, gives the same protection in any particular schedule that a protective tariff of the same rate would give, there is a wide difference between the two systems. Under a revenue tariff the law is so drawn as to raise revenue, and the government stops collecting when it gets enough; under the protective system the schedules are dictated by the beneficiaries of the tariff, and may be so arranged that the people will bear a heavy burden and the treasury receive but little revenue, and those who fix the duties never know when to stop.

That a protective tariff law can be used to raise an industry to any desired height must be admitted, but a lever will not act without a fulcrum, and the masses have served as the fulcrum and borne the pressure while a few have enjoyed the benefits.

The present tariff is not only indefensible in principle, indefensible as a matter of policy and indefensible on the ground of necessity, but it has exerted and still exerts a corrupting influence in politics. The government has been regarded as a private asset in business, and manufacturers have used the elections as a slot machine, putting in campaign contributions and the votes of employes and drawing out larger dividends. Public sentiment has been debauched and the public conscience seared. Tariff reform will not only reduce taxation and lead to

the more equitable distribution of the proceeds of toil, but it will help to purify politics by restricting the government to its legitimate sphere of action, driving the lobbyists from the national capitol and reducing the campaign funds to reasonable proportions.

The substitution of a tariff levied for the purpose of raising revenue for a tariff levied primarily for the purpose of protection seems likely to be one of the important reforms that will come in the near future as a result of the present awakening.

REVISION NECESSARY—BY COMMISSION

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

NO abandonment of the principles of protection—protection is the fixed American fiscal policy. No modern tariff student in this, or foreign countries, now favors a tariff for revenue only. Does Mr. Bryan? If he does, he would put a tariff on coffee, tea, chocolate, tropical fruits and other food necessities of all the people. Those articles, now on the free list, would be the best *revenue* producers of all imports, because they are consumed by all of our people and not produced in this country. If then the Opposition is in favor of a tariff-for-revenue-only they must tax every one of them.

Precisely such a tax was placed on sugar by Mr. Bryan's party. The McKinley tariff put sugar on the free list. Mr. Bryan's party repealed the McKinley tariff and enacted the Wilson tariff, and the Wilson tariff took sugar off the free list, where the McKinley tariff placed it, and put upon sugar a very high tariff indeed. Mr. Bryan's party is responsible, therefore, for the present tariff on sugar. If Mr. Bryan blames us for keeping it there, he blames us for doing what his own party did.

So we see that if revenue is the only thing to be considered in framing a tariff, we necessarily must put the highest possible tariff upon such articles as all our people consume and do not produce themselves; because such a tariff would yield the largest revenue. Of course, no informed voter would tolerate such

a program of taxation—the taxation of those imports which we must have and can not produce ourselves, instead of the taxation of those imports we can produce ourselves, if our labor is not overwhelmed by cheaper foreign labor.

A MOTH-EATEN SYSTEM

So no studious and informed statesman in any country is now advocating a-tariff-for-revenue-only. No nation in the world now has such a tariff, excepting only Great Britain and such countries as Egypt, Abyssinia, China, Turkey and Persia; and as I shall show later on, even Great Britain is now on the eve of abandoning that "antiquated and moth-eaten system," as Mr. Balfour calls it.

No, what we must have is not a-tariff-for-revenue-only, but a tariff which will best accomplish three results—first, raise ✓ as much revenue as possible; second, encourage our home industries; third, open foreign markets to our surplus products. *This last is now the principal problem for the American producer to solve.*

Our tariff is no longer exclusively a question of protecting American industries; it is also a question of opening the markets of the world to the products of American industries. A tariff-for-revenue-only would open our market to the products of foreign countries, but would not open the markets of those foreign countries to our products.

On the other hand, our existing straight-out tariff does keep our home market for the American producer, but it does not sufficiently open foreign markets to the American producer. Our present tariff opens foreign markets only a little—it is a lever with which we have opened the doors of one or two foreign markets until we can get a glimpse of their possibilities. But our tariff can and must be made a key which naturally unlocks the doors of foreign markets and throws them invitingly open for American products to enter easily.

REVISE THE DINGLEY TARIFF

So we must have a revision of our present tariff; but it must not be a political revision—it must be a scientific revision. It must not be a politician's tariff—it must be a business-man's tariff. But it can not be either scientific or business-like if it is a tariff made either by politicians working out the theory of a-tariff-for-revenue-only and nothing else, or by politicians working out the theory of a straight-out tariff-for-protection and nothing else. It must be a tariff based upon the most thorough study and accurate information as to cost of production, prices of commodities, possibilities of production, extent of competition by foreign countries, effect of foreign tariffs upon our own, the condition of foreign markets, and how we can best enlarge the sale of our surplus in those foreign markets. Such a tariff can not be constructed by congressmen and senators, insufficiently informed and crowding through their work in a single session.

THE GERMAN THEORY

In all modern countries the present-day tariff is the most intricate, involved and delicate fiscal problem that any twentieth-century legislative body has to deal with. The present German tariff, which is perhaps the most accurate,

business-like and effective tariff in the world, required six years for its preparation. It was worked out by a commission of thirty-two tariff experts who thoroughly investigated the condition and interests of every possible industry in the empire. Not only this, but the German commission studied with scientific accuracy the tariff schedules of every other nation down to the smallest item. It is a literal fact that the German experts are far and away better informed concerning every item of our tariff than any American senator or congressman.

The German commission also consulted more than two thousand trade and technical experts. The practical success of these thorough German methods is shown in the astounding increase of German exports which puts other exporting nations to shame. If our tariff were revised upon the German theory, and with the care, accuracy and information with which Germany revised her tariff, our exports of American products would respond accordingly.

TIME, FACTS AND NO POLITICS

It is clear then that we can not have any between-night-and-morning revision of our tariff. We must not only take the necessary time to get all the facts, and *the exact facts*, before we revise the tariff, but those facts must be uncovered by men specially qualified for the work, whose exclusive business it is to do the work, and who will, and must, give all of their time, thought and energy to the work. With all the facts thus gathered, and every fact verified, congress can legislate with the intelligence and precision of the German legislature.

No hurriedly built tariff, based on ignorance, but a patiently built tariff, based on information—is this not the business-like, common-sense, and therefore patriotic view for all Americans to take? I say the view for *all* Americans

to take, because the tariff is a business question and not a political question. The Republican or Democrat who manufactures shoes, the Democrat or Republican who raises wheat and corn, the Republican or Democrat who makes implements or hardware, the Democrat or Republican who produces anything, are affected in precisely the same way by any tariff.

The tariff should not be taken out of politics in the sense that different tariff theories shall not contend for the mastery at the American ballot box; but the tariff must be taken out of politics in the sense that it must not be the football of politicians to be kicked hither and yon as their temporary and selfish interests may dictate.

A TARIFF COMMISSION

The time has come for a permanent tariff commission of experts with the sole duty of studying our own and foreign tariffs, not in the interest of any political party, but in the interest of all American producers. Congress should authorize such a commission immediately, and the president should appoint it as quickly as he can find men with skill, training and ability for this difficult and complicated work. Men with the necessary qualifications are rare, but still they can be had. Mr. Stone, one of the American commissioners who negotiated our present reciprocity treaty with Germany, and whose careful information and accurate mastery of the details of our tariff problem, foreign and domestic, has made him conspicuous among tariff students, is an example. Others like him can be found.

Above all, the members of this commission should not be politicians; they should be as independent of parties as our naval board or the general staff of our army. They should have power to summon witnesses, to produce books and papers, or do anything necessary to get

the exact facts as to the cost of production, state of the market and all the other elements that enter into the making of every tariff schedule.

This commission should immediately get to work and continue its work every day until the assembling of the new congress that meets after the next presidential election. The data so gathered should be laid before congress, and the commission itself should then sit every day of that session with the Ways and Means Committee of the House and the Finance Committee of the Senate in framing the revision of the tariff, which must and will be made at that time.

TREASURY CLASSIFICATIONS

That this time is not too short is shown by the experience of Germany, and by the hundreds of schedules of our tariff—all of which are now at least ten years old, *and most of which are more than a generation old*; by the maze of "classifications" which the treasury department has been compelled to prescribe in order to make the present tariff cover new articles that have been put on the market since the Dingley law was enacted, and for which that law does not now specifically provide.

This last consideration is vitally important. A large number of new articles have been put on the market in the last ten years; the present tariff does not, could not provide for these; and the treasury department has been compelled to make artificial "classifications." Thus the treasury department has actually legislated—it has been compelled to legislate—and that, too, practically without responsibility.

Necessarily congress is ignorant of this whole subject of treasury "classifications" and "rulings." There is not a senator or congressman to-day who knows the "classifications" the treasury department has made and is making. Not only is congress not informed on

this vital subject of the treasury "classifications," but as a practical matter, congress can not deal with it. Nothing but a commission, such as I have described, can deal with it. Such a commission, sitting continuously, would place before congress its report as to these new articles so that congress at each session could provide for them.

Those who insist that congress, unaided, shall deal with the tariff, are impaled on one of two horns of this dilemma—either the treasury must continue to enact tariff legislation by "classification" of new articles, and by "rulings" as to the tariff on old articles, or those articles must not be included in our tariff at all, which would be a grave injustice to every other producer, as well as a continuous and increasing source of business disturbance. There is only one way out of this impossible condition and that is through the work of a permanent tariff commission of experts acting as the servant and adviser of congress.

HOW SCHEDULES ARE MADE

Another illustration of the time required to get the facts, and the necessity of an expert commission to get them: Chief of the many questions to be considered in fixing the tariff on any article is the price of producing that article. In any tariff constructed by congress, unaided by an expert commission, the manufacturer of this article is asked how much it costs to produce it. His answer is accepted as the basis of a tariff. Sometimes these answers are accurate; sometimes they are seriously inaccurate—unintentionally inaccurate, perhaps, but still inaccurate. Very well. A rate fixed upon an article whose cost of production is overestimated is, of course, an unjust rate—a rate which congress itself did not intend to fix. For example, if the cost of producing any article is given at one dollar and a duty of twenty-five cents placed on that article, so as to

make it equivalent to twenty-five per cent ad valorem, when, in fact, its cost is fifty cents, the duty on that article is exactly twice as high as congress intended it to be.

Reflect now, that the House Ways and Means Committee works three or four months in hearing the representatives of the hundreds and indeed thousands of American industries (and they ought to hear them all); in arranging many hundreds of schedules based on such hearings; in studying the relations of these new rates upon foreign markets and in various other necessary considerations; then passing a tariff bill, thus constructed, over to the Senate Finance Committee, which hurriedly reviews it; and, finally, the rushing through of such a law during the steaming days of a torrid Washington summer, and you will see how imperfect such a tariff must be.

Such a method has served us in the past merely because, generally speaking, we have adopted the protective theory; and no matter how inaccurate the tariff might be, it still protected our home industries and preserved for those industries our home market. But such a method will no longer serve, because our tariff from now on must not only protect our industries and preserve our home market, but also open foreign markets to American products.

MAXIMUM AND MINIMUM TARIFFS

We must keep abreast of the times. A straight-out tariff, even when inaccurate, answered our purpose in a commercial world of similar straight-out tariffs, similarly inaccurate; but such a tariff can not serve our purpose in a commercial world that has passed the straight-out tariff period and entered upon the double or trading tariff period.

Every great industrial nation of the twentieth century, except Great Britain, having adopted the American protective theory, has now gone one step further

and adopted the double tariff theory—that is, one tariff, called a “minimum tariff,” which will protect that nation’s home industries, and another higher tariff, called a “maximum tariff,” with which that nation can open, by concessions, the markets of other nations. And not only have nations like France and Germany thus adopted our American protective system and logically developed it, but they are devising their present double tariffs with scientific accuracy of adjustment and absolute thoroughness of information.

So the necessity for a permanent expert tariff commission is plain. Such a commission will do the detailed drudgery which congress can not do—get the facts, which congress, for want of time, can not get. As well expect the president and directors of a bank to do the work of cashiers, tellers, bookkeepers and clerks, as to expect congress to unearth and verify all of the facts concerning the multitude of industries which our tariff affects. As well expect the president and managers of a manufacturing company to do the work of its purchasing agents, salesmen and operatives, as to expect congress properly to do the work which an expert tariff commission alone can adequately do. Every senator and congressman has a secretary, without whose aid he would be crippled. Why should not congress have a secretary to do the detail work necessary for its intelligent legislation, and which, plainly, congress can not do?

We can not then have a fire-alarm revision of the tariff; nor can we have any revision of the tariff (no matter how long postponed) which will fit present-day conditions in our own and other countries, if such a tariff is enacted by congress without precise and thorough information. (And Germany, having enacted such a tariff, did not put it in force for a year, *so that the country might get ready for it.*) So the sooner we have such a commission, and the sooner it gets to

work, the better. For the time to revise our tariff is when it needs revision, *and when business is so good that the country will not be too greatly disturbed by tariff changes.* Such is the state of business at present; and revision should be made now if the necessary preparation had been made and if we were not now *on the eve of a presidential campaign.*

NO PRE-ELECTION TINKERING

Mr. Bryan knows that if the Opposition were in power it could not and would not revise the tariff on the eve of a presidential campaign. It ought not to do so, even if it adopted the ancient and discarded tariff-for-revenue-only theory. Why? Because the business of the country slows down while any tariff is being enacted. No industry, either manufacturing or agricultural, knows just what is going to be done with any schedule. This is true no matter what party revises the tariff or upon what theory it is revised.

But if a tariff revision, causing such business stagnation, occurs on the eve of a presidential campaign, that business stagnation is increased and prolonged because the whole commercial world would wait until after the election to see which party had won. The party that enacted the tariff on the eve of a presidential campaign might win in that campaign, and if so, the tariff it enacted would remain unchanged; but the Opposition might win, and if so, the tariff just enacted would be revised by the very next congress and a new tariff substituted.

So, no matter what kind of revision was made by any party on the eve of a presidential campaign, the business of the whole country would be held up for many months. Anybody can see how ruinous that would be to every American producer, farmer as well as manufacturer, miner as well as transporter, laborer as well as employer—

yes, laborer more than all put together, *for upon the shoulders of labor fall the first burdens of business stagnation.*

THE KIND OF TARIFF DESIRED

The next question is, what kind of a revision should be made? I answer that we must adopt a maximum and minimum tariff—one set of tariff rates which will apply to all countries that do not open their markets to us (the "maximum tariff"), and a set of lower tariff rates which we will grant to foreign countries that do open their markets to us (the "minimum tariff"). These latter rates should carefully protect all American industries, but they should not be prohibitive.

With this modern "maximum and minimum tariff" we could say to any foreign country: "We will grant you our low rates on certain of your products if you will grant us your low rates on certain of our products; but if you will not give concession to American exporters to your country you must pay the highest rates of our American tariff before we will let your exporters into our country."

This is the theory of Germany, France and every other great commercial nation, excepting only Great Britain and the United States. And it can not be too often repeated that Germany and France have merely taken our American protective tariff *and logically developed it*. With our straight-out tariff we have nothing to give to other countries as an inducement to them to open their markets to us. With Great Britain's free-trade-and-revenue-only tariff she has nothing to give other countries in exchange for what she asks other countries to give her.

ENGLAND DONE WITH FREE TRADE

Great Britain is beginning to understand this and is on the eve of abandon-

ing her revenue-tariff theory for a tariff system that will "free her hands," to use the words of Mr. Chamberlain—to "make Great Britain commercially free," to use the words of Mr. Balfour. A tariff revolution as great as that when England abandoned protection for free trade is now occurring; and it is led by the ablest and most experienced of British statesmen. Earnestly protesting against the helplessness of Great Britain in commercial treaties, Mr. Balfour, then prime minister, said in Westminster Hall, May 15, 1903:

"There is in the whole world not one civilized free trade community except ourselves"; and Mr. Balfour, direct descendant of the House of Cecil, that since the days of Elizabeth has furnished England its most conservative advisers, is the most careful and over-cautious of living British statesmen.

Speaking in Bristol in November, 1903, he said—referring to the English free traders:

"Do they really mean to tell us that we are to see market after market taken from our exporters; one neutral country after another absorbed in the general stream of protection while we are not to lift a finger to prevent it, content to expend our energies in pious aspirations after free trade?"

And consider this from the British prime minister's speech on the first motion for adjournment in 1903:

"Are we * * * content with the position which leaves us absolutely helpless in the face of all foreign countries in regard to tariff negotiations?"

Or this, from his Constitutional Club speech:

"This country has been like the aeronauts who have kept up their balloon by their own sand bags. This is a very proper method as long as you have sand bags [laughter and cheers], but when you have no more sand bags you ought to consider your position. [Laughter and cheers.]"

Again, in the House of Commons in 1904, Mr. Balfour said:

"Protectionist countries obtain an unfair advantage over a non-protection country."

And at Leeds, December 18, 1905, he asked:

"Do you not think that if tariffs are to be settled by negotiation we had better have something to say of the negotiation? [Cries, 'hear, hear.'] Are Italy and Germany—to take the random illustrations I have selected—the best guardians of our own interests? [Cries of 'no.'] * * * It is folly. What man is there who is not besotted by an imperfect knowledge of political economy [laughter]—what man is there who would regard for a moment such a position as a reasonable or rational one for any great commercial country, let alone the greatest commercial country in the world, to take up in the face of civilized humanity."

Such are the latest words of the recent prime minister of Great Britain, a man of greater experience than any living British statesman. Mr. Chamberlain, the most aggressive of British public men, whose devotion to the empire has earned him a world-wide fame, actually resigned from the British cabinet in order that he might more freely champion a tariff policy by which England might have something to concede to other nations when she asked other nations to concede something to her.

Yet at the very moment when England is about to abandon the free trade and tariff for revenue only theory, Mr. Bryan and the Opposition actually propose that America shall adopt it. This first British campaign for a modern tariff system was defeated, of course—it encountered two generations of custom and prejudice; it collided with what Mr. Balfour described as "moth-eaten catchwords." But nothing in governmental policy is surer than the adoption by Great Britain of a tariff system by which

she can make reciprocal commercial treaties. This she can not do with free trade or a tariff for revenue only.

WHAT IT AMOUNTS TO

Neither can this be done under a straight-out protective tariff, simply because such a tariff permits us to concede nothing. Under section three of our present tariff, the president is permitted to give to foreign countries concessions down to a minimum rate upon wines, spirits, argols, and one or two other unimportant products, in exchange for concessions by those foreign countries of minimum rates on any American product. This is a very weak weapon with which the president can hardly be expected to force open any foreign market. And yet, even under this, President Roosevelt has recently concluded a commercial agreement with Germany by which the German market is opened to more than fifty important agricultural and manufactured American products. If section three of the present law were extended so that the president could give other countries a minimum tariff rate on any of their products in exchange for a minimum rate by foreign countries upon any of our products, every dollar's worth of the surplus produced by any American industry would find an immediate market abroad.

For our maximum tariff the Dingley or higher rates might very well stand, to be lowered in the case of any article to the new minimum rate which the next congress must enact. Such is the tariff we must make when it is revised, and the sooner it is thus revised, the better. It amounts to extending section three of the present law to all schedules at minimum rates.

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM ABROAD

That the "maximum and minimum tariff" is our present American neces-

sity is proved by a brief review of tariff policies at home and abroad. Indeed, the French "maximum and minimum tariff" and the German "autonomous and conventional tariff" is the logical development of the American protective theory which those countries took from us. The American protective system, as every student knows, was founded by Washington and Hamilton. It had its great development under Henry Clay, who gave to the protective tariff the accurate and famous title of "The American System."

We then had few manufacturing industries and bought our manufactured goods from abroad, chiefly from England. Those common-sense statesmen saw that we should not remain an agricultural country only, but should also become a manufacturing country as well—a country with industries as various as its needs, and as nearly self-sustaining as our resources and the genius of our people could make it. They saw that this could not occur if our people were compelled to purchase goods made abroad by labor which was paid less than American workingmen could live upon. They saw, too, that the easiest way to raise revenue was by a tariff. So they adopted the simple plan of encouraging the development of American industries and protecting American workingmen engaged in those industries at the same time that they were raising the revenue by a tariff.

Such was the genesis of the American protective system. It did well its work. The development of American industry of every kind was so great that one foreign nation after another adopted the American protective tariff theory. Germany adopted it; France adopted it—one country after another adopted it until all the nations of the world became protective-tariff nations, excepting only Great Britain and such backward nations as Turkey, China and Persia (and, as we have seen, Great Britain is now on the eve of abandoning a revenue tariff.)

In Germany, France and other modern nations the protective tariff worked the same industrial results that it worked here in America. But when the industries of those other nations were thus thoroughly developed under the American protective system, they began to produce a surplus, and the new problem then arose of how best to dispose of this surplus. It was found that this could best be done by having a tariff which would still protect their home industries, but which would not too greatly discourage foreign imports; and another higher tariff which they could lower to their minimum tariff in exchange for commercial favors of other countries. Therefore, they took the logical step in the development of the protective system of the maximum and minimum tariff.

WOOD-PULP AND LUMBER

For the same reasons the time has arrived when we must do the same thing. That is precisely what President McKinley meant when, in his last speech, he said: "The period of exclusiveness is past." He did not mean by that that we Americans should throw down all of our tariff barriers and make ourselves the dumping ground of all the surplus products of other nations made by labor cheaper than ours, especially as those nations were making their own tariff barriers higher and higher. But he did mean that, where we could induce those foreign nations to grant us tariff concessions upon our surplus products by granting reasonable tariff concessions to them, we should do so.

There are several schedules which need reduction and several others that need to be put on the free list; but why should we reduce them or put them on the free list for nothing? Why should we not get from other countries tariff reductions upon American products, or have them put upon the free list of those foreign countries in exchange for reduc-

ing our tariffs on their products, or putting them on the free list?

Take, for example, wood pulp: This ought to be put upon the free list; but when we put it upon the free list ought we not to require that Canada shall put on her free list several American products in exchange for putting Canadian wood pulp on our free list? Canada would eagerly do this. She is the greatest producer of wood pulp in the world; she is one of our largest customers; and she has a high tariff upon nearly everything that we produce. Why should we not say to Canada: "We will let in Canadian wood pulp free *if* you will let in American implements and other articles free"? Thus we would reduce the price of every newspaper in our own country, save our forests from extermination, and at the same time open the Canadian market to the free admission of many American products. More important still, we would stop the forced establishment of American industries in Canada. It is the plainest kind of business sense.

In the congress that revises the tariff we will find powerful Canadian interests trying to get Canadian wood pulp and lumber on the free list because it would open our markets to her greatest industry, and *would not open her markets to any of our industries*. On the other hand, we shall find the American Paper Trust and the American Lumber Trust trying to keep the present tariff on wood pulp and lumber and trying to defeat a law giving the president the power to admit Canadian wood pulp free in exchange for Canada's admitting American products free.

WHAT THE WILSON TAX ON SUGAR IS

Another example is sugar. Sugar ought to be admitted free just as the McKinley tariff provided. But why should we not, in admitting Cuban, German and South American sugar free of duty, get in exchange from Germany,

Cuba and South American countries—and those countries will do this readily—the admission of American products free of duty? It is plain, is it not, that our present tariff on sugar should be retained until sugar-producing countries will admit other American products for which there is a market in those countries, free of duty, or at a reduced tariff rate; in exchange for such concessions by sugar-producing countries, we should grant similar concessions on their sugar.

These are only examples of several other articles. We propose to get something in exchange for reducing our tariff; the Opposition proposes to reduce our tariff without getting anything in exchange.

This, then, is the rational and inevitable American tariff policy:

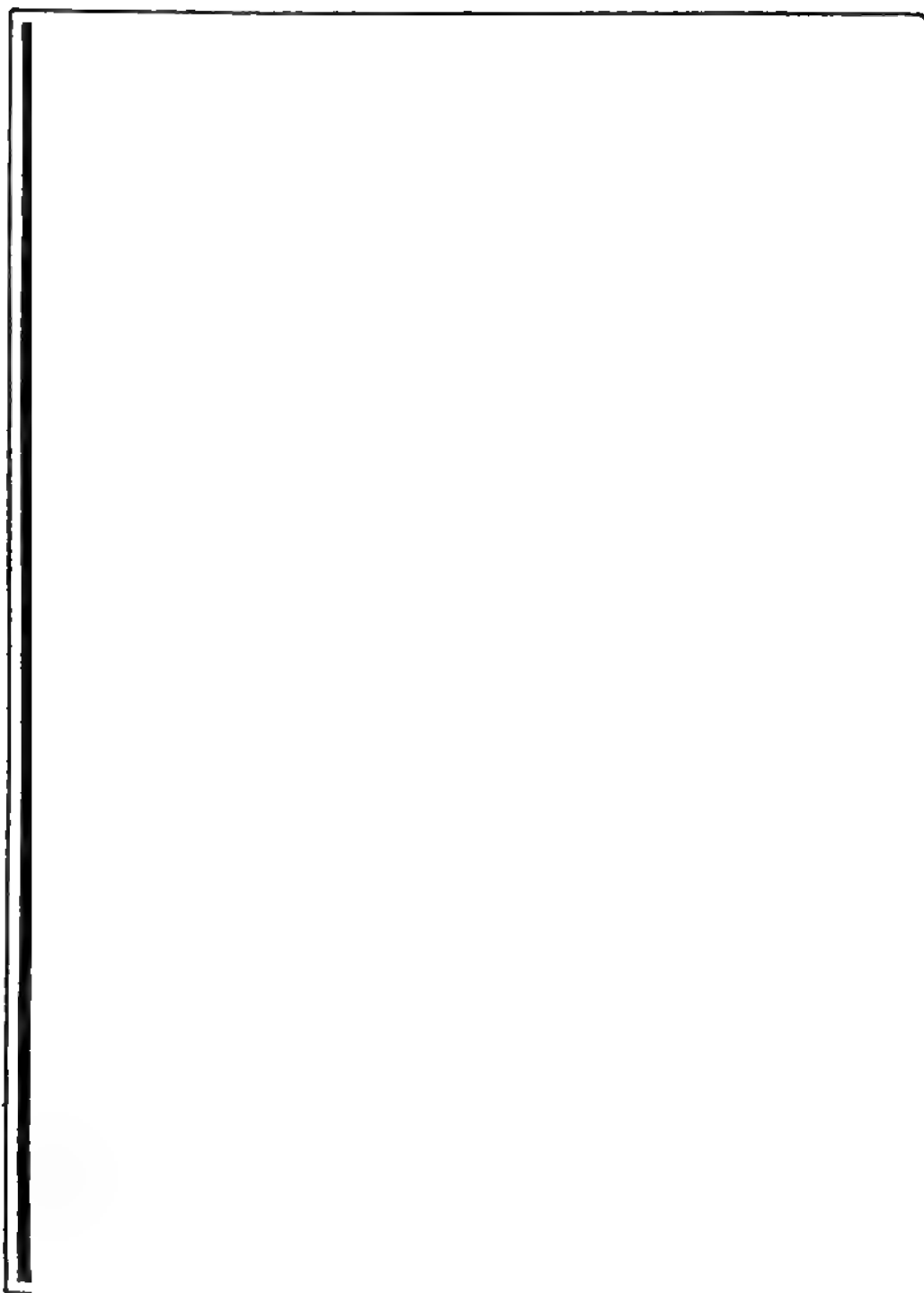
First, a revision of the tariff only upon full, thorough and accurate information.

Second, a permanent commission of tariff experts who shall gather this information and thus act as the assistant to congress, so that congress can legislate intelligently.

Third, a maximum and minimum tariff with the present Dingley rates, or higher rates, as the maximum; and lower rates which still shall carefully protect all American industries as the minimum, together with the power in the hands of the president to apply these minimum rates to imports coming from foreign countries in exchange for a like favor from such countries toward American exports to their markets.

Thus our home industries will be protected; our exporters will be aided; our surplus more easily disposed of; our industries continuously and naturally strengthened, and our whole tariff system made business-like, scientific and modern.

Thus, in short, will we keep abreast of the times; thus will we retain our American protective system and strengthen it by adopting these natural and logical improvements.



BLACKBERRY

By MARY MAC MILLAN

I MET the man in my lawyer's office. My lawyer introduced him as his cousin—rather distant I fancy—and indicated the whereabouts of his farm, some eighteen miles away. And I instantly got the impression of the early morning drive and successive spiders' webs covered with dew along the roadside; I don't remember whether the man mentioned his drive or whether it was in me just one of those visualizations which are the compensation for a troublesome imagination. The novel attraction I felt to him on this sultry summer noon in a high building above hot streets was perhaps not wholly due to his unpretentious civility and gentleness: in the experience of an expected sensation one doesn't stop to analyze. I offered him a cigar, but he did not smoke. I lighted up and lingered, and we finally drifted into the outer office and sat down by a window where there was no breeze. Perhaps the contenting odor of the dry sweetness of a wheat-bin was not carried in his clothes, but that was the impression wrought in my senses as I gazed at the sky-scraper opposite, bared in stolid patience to the hot sun. I believe I knew from the beginning that I should go home with him, but the invitation came without consciousness in either of us of the process by which I extracted it. I wanted to buy a riding horse and had expected to have to make a trip down into Kentucky to get a good one; this man—this gentleman, I ought to say—farmer, Mr. Ward, had, according to his description, the horse to suit me. I think I should have gone home with him, any how, on some other pretext of manifested interest, but it is quite true I did want to buy a horse.

He inquired if I could be ready to start by four, explaining that though he was through his business he put off

starting till later for his horse's sake, because of the heat. I got the wheat-bin scent again and said that it would not inconvenience me to start at once, but he replied that it wasn't necessary to fag the horse. So I told him I would go up to my boarding-house on the hill and get my grip, and we arranged to meet at a stable in Knowlton—in the outskirts of the city—where he had left his buggy; I noticed that he did not say "rig," and I should not have expected him to. I was there before four, and he laughed quietly and said I was more punctual than his girls in meeting him, but that he himself was generally late, and they knew it. He said he liked to put up at this stable because he was sure they fed his horse here; that he could get a traction car a good deal nearer home, but the toll and car fare were about equal, so it was a mere matter of choice.

The sun was in our faces driving out, and still too high for the woods to give us much shade. In fact, we passed a woods only occasionally, though there appeared to be many on the far-away hills and in the valleys between these and us, for most of the way we seemed to be on a hilly crest which dipped down irregularly on both sides and showed green hills in the distance and blue hills in the farther distance and gray hills in the remoter background—the scheme of three which one sees so often in hills, as well as in hepaticas and in theology. It was still hot, but on these hills the air had life in it, and after we had climbed the first long one and got past the dairies we entered tranquillity, and I took off my hat. The afternoon heat in the country is depressing to one's physical energy, but not to one's soul; the broad land all seems to lie peacefully waiting—perhaps it is *that*, waiting—for the



WE ENTERED TRANQUILLITY, AND I TOOK OFF MY HAT

passing of the hot day and entrance of the cool night which never comes to the heat-sodden bricks and stones of the city.

It was good again to get one's view of life from the horizontal instead of the perpendicular plane.

Mr. Ward assented whenever I noted an especially beautiful view. He knew all the trees, at hand by their leaves and bark, far away by their shape. He knew the birds by their calls as well as by sight. He knew how many bushels of wheat a given field ought to produce. And he knew so much about horses that

I assumed he would think me a likely enough fellow to be deceived, although I knew he would not cheat me; I rather imagined he would like a check from me before I took the horse away. He remarked that farmers on this side of the river do not expect for blooded stock the prices that are demanded in Kentucky—the people had not advanced to that point, he said regretfully. He rather hoped I would like the horse and buy him, he was in just a little bit awkward situation about it; then, before telling me, he requested me not to men-

tion my knowledge of the circumstances to his family.

It seemed there was a would-be purchaser, a young fellow in the neighborhood, who was also a suitor for the hand of Mr. Ward's elder daughter. "I've nothing against him, but I think he only wants the horse because Elizabeth has ridden him and always called him hers," he said in his low quiet way. "The young man is a nice fellow, good-looking, of an old family, but he's high-strung, reckless, sowing his wild oats—I think it's nothing worse; my girl is sensible and won't marry him. And I don't much like to let him have the horse, because I don't think he could pay. His name is Randolph Harding."

My browsing mind had been taking in, with immense satisfaction, a broad field where the thrifty green was already almost hiding the stubble left from the wheat gleaned and garnered some time ago; it now became divided between a contemplation of the pleasingly aristocratic name of the young man and the accumulating evidence in Mr. Ward of prudence in pecuniary matters.

"I'm sorry you don't smoke," I said as I lighted a cigar, "but you save a good deal of money by abstaining." He agreed, but without giving sign of ever having calculated this particular saving, and probably never had. It struck me that he was not one to indulge in even the least harmful of bad habits. The morality of the famous little Robert Reed drifted into my memory and I found myself silently going over the stanza,

"I'll never use tobacco, no,
It is a filthy weed,
I'll never put it in my mouth,
Said little Robert Reed."

"I should think," I hazarded, returning to Randolph Harding, "that such a young fellow would attract a romantic girl."

"He would some girls," he answered discriminately, "but Elizabeth is very sensible."

We were driving through one of the villages which seemed to grow at every cross-roads as inevitably, but with the reverse charm, as the blossoms between the leaves of a May-apple. A saloon, as usual, dominated the place, and on the door was a German name.

I began to ponder in a desultory way upon what people call the laws of heredity; are they simple or are they infinitely complicated?—are they direct forces or are they modified by everything under the sun? I asked Mr. Ward if there was a church in his village and learned that it was a Presbyterian church, and he an elder, and that it was very hard to keep it up and raise the minister's salary. When virtues are too evident and vices not at all so, one begins to hunt for more subtle signs of human frailty. And when once on the track of a thing one is apt to see traces of it everywhere. With no intentional rudeness, but a mere tendency to amuse myself, I had got to looking for some exponent of worldly wisdom, generally the dollar sign, in all of my gentle farmer's remarks.

It was getting on toward the country supper time. We met children driving home cows and the savory odor of frying potatoes came from a house we passed. Aristocracy seemed to be gaged by the use or disuse of the front door; if the house was large enough the opulence of its owner was invariably proved by the complete disuse of its front rooms.

We came to a great curve in the road at the top of a hill and there, lying before us, was the quiet happy valley with the sleepy river flowing through it. Mr. Ward pointed out to me his place in the distance, and I noticed that our horse began to quicken his speed—if it could ever have been called speed. It had been evident that the master providently did not use his blooded horses always.

We drove down the hill, across the river, up through the village, and for a half-mile beyond. Then we turned into the semi-circular drive that made a great bow arching up to the square, pillared porch of a big colonial house. My host—for he took on that added interest as we came into his domains—stopped before the porch, saying we would just "leave the things for the girls to take in" and then go on around to the stable, where he would unhitch and show me my horse; it amused him to call my prospective purchase so. A tall, fair, athletic-looking young person in a fresh pink gown came out and became known

to me as Elizabeth; she took charge of the bundles and my small grip, and we drove on past the house and then far back and through a wide swinging gate into the stable-yard.

"This is Blackberry," said my host as he led me to a stall, where stood a beautiful young black horse who looked at me and whinnied, so that I knew he would be mine, even if I had to go without vacations. I stayed and became acquainted with Blackberry while Mr. Ward unhitched and fed the animal that had brought us out, and then we walked up to the house.

It was still only early twilight and

"ELIZABETH IS A SENSIBLE GIRL"

would be light for another hour—the bewitching hour of all the twenty-four. It was good to stretch one's legs after the long drive. It was also good to eat the supper Mrs. Ward had waiting for us. Her rather fussy but very effectual hospitality made of me a most comfortable recipient. The daughters were both good-looking, quiet girls; the elder, Elizabeth, owing her complexion and hair to her mother, her character to her father, I judged.

Mrs. Ward and I did most of the talking, though I noticed that her husband or the girls could always fill up a gap. She narrated the events of the day and announced significantly that Randolph Harding had been there that morning. "He offered twenty-five dollars more for Blackberry," she said. "He might as well offer that much more; he's as likely to pay a thousand as anything. I thought things might as well be settled, so I told him on my own hook

that you had sold him to somebody else, and he went away in a huff."

"Now he's seen Blackberry the gentleman thinks he won't take him," said Mr. Ward, with that little twinkle in his eyes that always accompanied his mild joking. It devolving upon me to play my part, I beat him with recrimination and announced my utter prostration before the feet of Blackberry, an attitude that was not much exaggerated and brought benignity into the aspects of the entire family.

I asked if I might go out on the porch and smoke. "You smoke a good deal, don't you?" asked Mr. Ward as he ac-

companied me out. I settled myself in a big rocking-chair and lighted my cigar and thanked my stars—they were just beginning to emerge from their rich unguessed background—that I was not as other men are.

"I wish my life had not told Harding that," said my host. "Why?" I asked. "Well, he's been trying hard to get Elizabeth. She wouldn't think of him; she has too much common sense. It's made him pretty crazy; he told her once he'd run away; another time he said he'd shoot himself. They're a passionate lot, his family. I don't want him to suffer more than is necessary. Maybe I ought

to have let him have the horse; maybe he could pay some time—the Hardings have always paid their debts. But you'll pay cash." I noticed that he liked the odor of my cigar, though he didn't smoke.

The darkness seemed first to distil in the trees and then dissolve abroad, tingling the air into deeper and deeper gloom. Lightning-bugs were everywhere, and the tall elms and the hickory trees were forced to permit the monotonously insane crying of the katydids. There was no moon, but the sky seemed more brilliant for that. If one were not nervously disposed toward the katydids the serenity was perfect. I asked to be allowed to stay out a little even after the family retired—a wish they seemed politely to regard as eccentric. And I had the night with its stars and trees to myself for an hour, an hour sweet with the breath of honeysuckle.

Then I went up to my bedroom, but not to the sleep I had so soundly expected. The honeysuckle odor came in at my window and the katydids became more numerous and persistently melancholy. I heard one whip-poor-will away off somewhere in the woods, and, finally, a little owl came and cried suddenly in a near-by tree. A breeze had risen, and that moving life in the branches of the trees which begins in April and lasts till fall crept into the soul of me. Those swaying branches out there, that towered away above the house and into the answering mystery of the sky, seemed sentient with a mystery that made them bend and brood and threaten. I lay and looked up at them and felt an awe of them that was near to fear.

Then it seemed that I had been thinking of the young fellow whose fate it was to fall in love with a girl whose nature was the other side of heaven from his own. I felt that it was not my right to deprive him of his one consolation, Blackberry.

I heard the horses tramping in the stable and soon some one was up in a room adjoining mine and there was a whispered conversation. I waited, listening, but the tramping in the stable had stopped, and, after a while, the murmuring in the next room ceased and it seemed that all human and domestic life must be asleep. However, all my five senses seemed to be crowded into the one of hearing, and, at last, I got up and sat by a window. I sat there and wished, as the prolonged unhuman silence wore on, that I could give some balm to the whip-poor-will and the katydids; I was expecting the little screech-owl to come and light on the window-sill. A dog far off on some neighboring farm barked and below my window another answered with heart-breaking suddenness and then gradually relapsed into menacing growls. A rooster gave an untimely crow two or three times and then subsided. Once I thought I heard horses' hoof-beats, but it was now far too late even for stray travelers. The stars seemed very evenly brilliant; I wished I had some knowledge of astronomy and could name the constellations—perhaps that would tame them a little. But it seemed here to be so far away from any information, so near to the disturbing heart of things. Would the young fellow carry out any of his threats? Would he find another sweetheart who would understand him and make a man of him? Could a man be made of one who did not make himself one? But might he not? Again the distant dog barked. The breeze seemed to be subsiding. Was there a storm coming up? I went back to bed and lay still. Again there was that far-off barking and then nearer a dog's howl—not long, not loud. I got up on my elbow to listen, but the whip-poor-will and the katydid went on unperturbed.

I must finally have fallen almost asleep when I heard the crunching of gravel under horse's hoofs. The house-

hold was up in an instant, while I was yet listening to the hoof-beats receding in the curved drive, and Elizabeth had got to the telephone when I heard a splitting sound that I thought must mean the upper gates were burst open by a horse's strong breast, running full against them. Though still a little beclouded with sleep, I knew a horse must be running away, for no thief would be so foolhardy as to come through the very dooryard. I scrambled to a window and could see nothing; I heard the wild galloping of a horse up the pike at the same time that I heard Elizabeth's mild voice at the telephone. She was calling up the constable who lived a half-mile up the road, telling him she thought a horse had been stolen and if the thief went by to stop him. She was right and in time—too dreadfully in time.

The constable told me afterward that he had not meant to shoot, but, of course, ran out with his pistol to threaten with, but Randolph Harding seemed desperate. (That he was crazy the Wards all believed in quiet commiseration.) He was riding Blackberry on a full run, the constable said. "He told me to go where—no gentleman wants to go—and then he fired at me. I fired back, meaning to go above his head, but as he came up the line of the bullet went lower, I guess; anyhow it was all so quick I couldn't have aimed. I shouldn't have fired at all, but I didn't know it was him. And how was I to know it would hit his neck and that particular vein in it? I wouldn't have killed the boy for all the horses in the country."

They hitched Blackberry to a farm wagon and took Randolph Harding down to Mr. Ward's. The Wards of-

fered their righteous hospitality, gratefully appreciated by the constable who had gone to pieces more than a constable ought to; I remembered they had not stolen a horse or shot a man.

We carried him in and laid him on a narrow hair-cloth sofa in the rear of the two large parlors, with their broad white wood-work and old-fashioned flowered velvet carpet. I opened a window and let in the light western breeze coming to meet the dawn, and looked down into the pale face of the lad who tried to run away with my horse. The odor of honeysuckle came in on the fresh air and there was the preoccupied, sadly sweet melody of a robin. Perhaps death gives nobility to all faces, even to a thief caught in the act—it certainly must have to that one thief on a cross. It did to this handsome tall young fellow, not tall ever again, only long. I sat with him a while and had an odd sensation of jealousy when the Wards came in. They faced it admirably, and I saw that Mr. Ward had been quite right about his daughter's common sense. In this time of trial—one could not call it stress or emotion—her likeness to her father was wonderfully evident. Mr. Ward was calm and gave way to no vain regrets, regarding the accident as most unfortunate, but apparently unavoidable; he had the same air of blameless rectitude that he had worn from the first.

I stayed till after they had taken Randolph Harding away and then I left with Blackberry. I shall own the horse as long as he lives, and I have an odd, stubborn, illogical conviction that I bought him from Randolph Harding and with him came his master's good will.



Drawing by F. M. Ache

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"MAKE IT GOOD AND STRONG; GIVE ME TIME TO SAY SOMETHING TO MERCER AND WINTER"

THE LION'S SHARE

By OCTAVE THANET

Author of "The Man of the Hour," etc.

CHAPTER XVI

IN WHICH THE PUZZLE FALLS INTO PLACE

WHILE the colonel was trying to decipher his tragical puzzle, while Edwin Keatcham was busied with plans that affected empires and incidentally were to save and to extinguish some human lives, while Janet Smith had her own troubles, while Mrs. Rebecca Winter enjoyed a game more exciting and deadly than Penelope's Web, Mrs. Millicent Winter and the younger people found the days full of joyous business. The household had fallen into normal ways of living. To all outward seeming a pleasant house party was enjoying the lavish Californian hospitality of Casa Fuerte, and Black Care was bundled off to the closet with the family skeleton, according to the traditions of mannerly people.

Even Millicent was in high good humor with her world. Janet Smith was no longer politely obliterated as "the nurse," but became "our dear Miss Janet," and was presented with two of Mrs. Melville's last year's Christmas gifts which she could not contrive to use, therefore carried about for general decorative generosity. Indeed, Mrs. Melville was so pleased that she remarked to her brother-in-law, shortly after, that she believed Cousin Angela's sisters hadn't been just to Miss Smith; she was a nice girl, and, if she came to the university, she meant to give a tea in her honor.

"Now, that's right decent of you, Millie," cried the colonel, and he smiled gratefully after Mrs. Melville's beautifully fitted back.

Yet a scant five minutes before he had been pursuing that same charming back

through the garden terraces in no brotherly frame, resolved to give his sister-in-law a "warning with a fog horn." The cause of said warning was his discovery of her acquaintance with Atkins. For days a bit of information had been blistering his mind. It came from the girl at the telegraph office at the Palace, not in a bee-line, but indirectly, through her chum, the girl who booked the theater tickets. It could not be analyzed properly, because the telegraph girl was gone to Southern California. But before she went she told the theater girl that the lady who received Mr. Makers' wires was one of Mrs. Winter's party. This bit of information was like a live coal under foot in the colonel's mind; whenever he trod on it in his mental excursions he jumped. "Who else but Janet?" he demanded. But by degrees he became first doubtful, then daring. He had Birdsall fetch the telegraph girl back to San Francisco. Ten minutes' interview assured him that it was his brother's wife who had called for Mr. Makers' messages, armed with Mr. Makers' order.

Aunt Rebecca was not nearly so vehement as he when he told her. She listened to his angry criticism with a lurking smile and a little shrug of her shoulders. "Of course she has butted in, as you tersely express it, in the language of this mannerless generation; Millicent always butts in. How did she get acquainted with this unpleasant, assassinating poor white trash? My dear child, *she* didn't, probably; he made an acquaintance with *her*. He pumped her and lied to her. We know he wanted to

find out Mr. Keatcham's abode; he may have got his clue from her; she knew young Arnold had been to see him. There's no telling. I only know that in the interest of keeping a roof over our heads and having our heads whole instead of in pieces from explosives, I butted in a few days ago when somebody wanted Mrs. Melville Winter on the telephone. I answered it. The person said, was I Mrs. Melville Winter? It was a strange man's voice. I don't believe in Christian Science or theosophy or psychics, but I do believe in my bones. I felt in my bones that here was an occasion to be canny rather than conscientious. You know I can talk like Millicent—or anybody else—so I intoned through the telephone in her silken Anglican accents: 'Do you want Mrs. Melville Winter or Aunt Rebecca, Madam Winter?' I hate to be called Madam Winter, and she knows it; but Millicent is catty, you know, and she always calls me Madam Winter behind my back. The fellow fell into the trap at once—recognized the voice, I daresay, and announced that it was Mr. Makers. Mr. Atkins, who had left for Japan, had not been able to pay his respects and say good-by, but he had left with him an embroidered Chinese kimono for Professor Winter, whom he admired so much; and if it wouldn't be too much trouble for her to pay a visit to her friend at the Palace he would like to show her several left by Mr. Atkins, and ask her to select one. Then in the most casual way he asked after Mr. Keatcham's health. I believed he was improving; had had a very good night. I fancy it didn't please him, but he made a good pretense. Then he went off into remarks about it being such a pity Mr. Atkins had left Mr. Keatcham; but he was so conscientious; yet he really thought a great deal still of Mr. Keatcham, and he was anxious to hear, but not for the world would he have any one know that he had inquired, so would she be very careful not to let any one know he had asked. Of course I would

be; I promised effusively, and said I quite understood. I think I *do*, too."

"They are keeping tab on us through Millicent," fumed the colonel. "I daresay she gave it away Arnold was visiting Keatcham at the hotel, and it wouldn't take Atkins long to piece out a good deal more, especially if his spy overheard Tracy's 'phone. Well, I shall warn Millicent—with a fog horn!"

The way he warned Millicent has been related. But from Millicent he deflected to another subject, the impulse of confession being strong upon him. He freed his mind about the stains on Cary Mercer's cuffs, and when at last he sought Millicent, he was praising his aunt for a wise old woman in his soul. After justice was disarmed by his miscomprehension of Millicent's words, he took out his cigarette case and began pacing the garden walks, smoking and humming a little Spanish love song, far older than the statehood of California.

The words belonged to the air which he had whistled a weary week ago. Young Tracy came along and caught up the air, although he was innocent of Spanish; he had his mandolin on his arm, which he proffered to the colonel.

They stood drinking in the beauty of the April night. The air was wonderfully hushed and clear, and the play of the moonlight on the great heliotrope bushes and the rose trees which dangled their clusters of pinkish yellow and white over the stone parapets of the balconies, tinted the leafage and flickered delicately over the tracery of shadow on the gray walls.

Tracy's gay eyes sought the other's gaze, to find it turn somber. Winter couldn't have told why, but a sudden realization of the hideous peril dogging the warm, lighted, tenanted house submerged him and suffocated him like a foul gas. Let their guards be vigilant as fear; let their wonderful new searchlight flood rock and slope and dusky chaparral bush, and peer as it might

through the forest aisles beyond; yet—yet—who could tell?

But he forced an equal smile in a second for the college boy, and chatted easily enough as they climbed up the stepped arches to the balcony and the little group looking seaward.

Aunt Rebecca, in black lace and jewels, was tilting with the world in general and Millicent Winter in particular; she displayed her most cynical mood.

Just as Winter modestly entered the arena, no less a personage than Henry James was under the wheels. Janet Smith had modestly confessed to believing him a consummate artist, and Millicent, in a rotund voice, declared that he went deep, deep down into the mysteries of life.

"I don't deny it; he *ought* to get down deep," returned Aunt Rebecca, in her gentlest, softest utterance. "He's always boring."

"I beg pardon," Winter interposed, with masculine pusillanimity evading taking sides in the question at issue, "I thought we were going to have some music."

Aunt Rebecca's still luminous eyes went from the speaker to Janet Smith in the corner. She said something about hearing the music better from the other side of the balcony. Now (as Mrs. Millicent very truly explained), there was not a ha'pennyworth's difference in favor of one side over the other, but she followed the others in the wake of her imperious aunt.

The colonel drew nearer to Janet Smith. To sink his voice below disturbing the music lovers, he found it necessary to sit on a pile of cushions at her feet. "Did you know Mercer will be back to-night?" he began, a long way from his ultimate object. He noticed that, leaning back in the shadow, her ready smile had dropped from her face, which looked tired. "I want to tell you a little story about Mercer," he continued. "May I? It won't take long."

He was aware—and it gave him a twinge of pain to see it—that she sat up a little straighter, like one on guard; and, oh, how tired her face was, and how sweet! He told her of all his suspicions of her brother-in-law; of the blood stains and the changing of clothes. She did not interrupt him by a question, hardly by a motion, until he told of the conversation with Keatcham and the note signed "The Black Hand." At this her eyes lighted. She exclaimed impetuously: "Cary Mercer never *did* send that letter!" She drew a deep intake of breath. "I don't believe he touched Mr. Keatcham!"

"Neither do I," said the colonel, "but wait!" He went on to the theater girl's report of the receiver of the telegrams. Her hands, which clasped her knee, fell apart; her lips parted and closed firmly.

"Did I think it was you?" said he. "Why, yes, I confess I did fear it might be, and that you might be trying to shield Atkins."

"I!" she exclaimed; "that detestable villain!"

"*Isn't* he?" cried the colonel, "but—well, I couldn't tell how he might strike a lady," he ended lamely.

"I reckon he *would* strike a lady if she were silly enough to marry him and he got tired of her. He is the kind of man who will persecute a girl to marry him, follow her around and importune her and flatter her, and then, if he should prevail, never forgive her for the bother she has given him. Oh, I never *did* like him; I'm afraid of him."

"Not you!" The colonel's voice was cheerful, as if he had not shivered over his own foreboding visions. "I've seen you in action already, you know."

"Not fighting bombs. I hate bombs. There are so many pieces to hit you, you can't run away."

"Well, you'll find them not so bad; besides, you *did* fight one this very morning, and you were cool as peppermint!"

"That was quite different. I had time to think, and the danger was more to me than any one else; but to think of Mrs. Winter and Archie and y—all of you; it is that scares me."

"Now, don't let it get on your nerves," he soothed—of course, it is necessary to take a girl's hand to soothe her when she is frightened. But Miss Smith calmly released her hand, only reddening a little, and she laughed. "Where—where were we at?" she asked in her unconscious Southern phraseology.

"Somewhere around Atkins, I think," said the colonel. He laughed in his turn—he found it easy to laugh, now that he knew how she felt toward Atkins. "You see, after I talked with Keatcham, I couldn't make anything but Atkins out of the whole business. But there were those stained cuffs and his changing his clothes—"

"Yes," said she.

"How explain? There was only one explanation; that was that perhaps Mercer had discovered Keatcham before we did, and unconsciously spotted his cuffs, been alarmed by our approach, and hidden lest it should be the murderers returning; he might have wanted a chance to draw his revolver. Say he did that way; he might foolishly pretend to enter for the first time. If he made that mistake and then discovered the condition of his cuffs and the spots on his knee, what would be his natural first impulse? Why, to change them, trusting that they hadn't been noticed. Maybe, then, he would wash them out—"

"No," murmured Miss Smith meekly, with a little twinkle of her eyes, "I did that. He hid them. How ridiculous of me to get in such a fright, but you know how Cary hated Mr. Keatcham, and you—no, you don't know the lengths that such a temperament as his will go. I did another silly thing; I found a dagger, one of those Moorish stilettos that hang in the library; it was lying in the doorway. When none of you were looking, I

hid it and carried it off. I stuck it in one of the flower beds; I stuck it in the ferns; I have stuck that wretched thing all over this yard. I didn't dare carry it back and put it in the empty place with the others, because some one might have noticed the place. And I didn't dare say anything to Cary. I was right miserable."

"So was I," said the colonel, "thinking you were trying to protect the murderer. But do you know what I had sense to do?"

"Go to Mrs. Winter? Oh, I *wanted* to!"

"Exactly; and do you know what that dead game sport said to me? She said she found those washed and ironed cuffs and the trousers neatly cleaned with milka, and the milka cleaned the spots so much cleaner than the rest that she had her own suspicions started. But, says she, 'Not being a plumb idiot, I went straight to Cary, and he told me the whole story'—"

"Which was like *your* story?"

"Very near. And, you see, it would be *like* Atkins to leave incriminating testimony round loose. That is, incriminating testimony against Mercer and Tracy. The dagger, Tracy remembers, was not in the library; it was in the *patio*, right to hand. Atkins must have got in and found Mr. Keatcham on the floor in a faint. Whether he meant to make a bargain with him, or to kill him, perhaps we shall never know; but when he saw him helpless before him, he believed his chance was come to kill him and get the cipher key, removing his enemy and making his fortune at a blow, as the French say. *Voilà tout!*"

"Do you think?"—her voice sank lower; she glanced over her shoulder—"do you reckon *Atkins* had anything to do with that train robbery? Was it a mere pretext to give a chance to murder Mr. Keatcham, fixing the blame on ordinary bandits?"

"By Jove! it might be."

"I don't suppose we shall ever know. But, Colonel Winter, do you mind explaining to me just what Brother Cary's scheme with Mr. Keatcham was? Mrs. Winter told me you would."

"She told *me*," mused the colonel, "that you didn't know anything about this big game which has netted them millions. They've closed out their deals and have the cash. No paper profits for Auntie! She said that she would not risk your being mixed up in it, so kept you absolutely in the dark. I'm there, too. Didn't you know Mercer had kidnapped Archie?"

"No; I didn't know he was with Mr. Keatcham at the hotel. It would have saved me a heap of suffering; but she didn't dare to let me know, for fear if anything should happen I would be mixed up in it. It was out of kindness, Colonel Winter, truly it was. Afterward, when she saw that I was worried, she would give me hints I need not worry; Archie was quite safe."

"And the note paper?"

"I suppose she gave it to them."

"And the voice I heard in the telephone?" He explained how firmly she had halted the conversation the time Archie would have reassured him. "You weren't there, of course?" said he.

"No, I was downstairs in the ladies' entrance of the court in the hotel. I had just come in, having carried an advertisement to the paper. I wonder why she—maybe it was to communicate with them without risking a letter."

"But how did *your* voice get into my 'phone?"

She looked puzzled only a second, then laughed as he had not heard her laugh in San Francisco—a natural, musical, merry peal, a girlish laugh that made his heart bound.

"Why, of course," said she, "it is so easy! There was a reporter who insisted on interviewing Mrs. Winter about her jewelry, and I was shooing him away. Somehow the wires must have crossed."

"Do you remember—this is very, very pretty, don't you think?—just like a puzzle falling into place—do you remember coming here on the day Archie was returned?"

"I surely do; my head was swimming, for Mrs. Winter sent me, and I began then to suspect. She told me Brother Cary was in danger. Of course, I wanted to do anything to help him, and I carried a note to him. I didn't go in—merely gave the note and saw him."

"I saw you there."

"You? How?"

"Birdsall and I. We were there, in the *patio*; we, my dear Miss Janet, were the danger! You had on a brown checked silk dress, and you were holding a wire-clipper in your hand."

"Yes, sir. I saw it on the grass and picked it up."

She laughed a little, but directly her cheek reddened. "What must you have thought of me!" she murmured under her breath, and bit the lip that would have quivered.

"I should like to tell you—*dear*," he answered, "if you will—oh, Lord, forgive young men for living! If they are not all coming back to ask me to sing! But, Janet, dear, let me say it in Spanish—yes, *yes*, if you really won't be bored. Throw me that mandolin."

Aunt Rebecca leaned back in the arm-chair, faintly smiling, while the old, old words that thousands of lovers have thrilled with pain and hopes and dreams beyond their own power of speech and offered to their sweethearts, rose winged by the eternal longing:

Y si te mueve á lastima mi eterno padecer,

—Como te amo, amame, bellísima mujer!

—Como te amo, amame, bellísima mujer!

"And what does it mean in English, Bertie?" said Mrs. Melville. "Can't you translate it?"

"Shall I?" said the colonel. His voice was careless enough, but not so the eyes which looked up at Janet Smith.

"Not to-night, please," said she. "I—I think Mr. Keatcham is expecting me, to read to him a little. Good night. Thank you, Colonel Winter."

She was on her feet as she spoke, and Winter did not try to detain her. He had held her hand, and he had felt its shy pressure, and caught a fleeting, frightened, very beautiful glance. His dark face paled with the intensity of his emotion.

Janet moved away, quietly and lightly, with no break in her composure, but as she passed Mrs. Winter she bent and kissed her. And when Archie would have run after her, a delicate jeweled hand was laid on his arm. "Not to-night, laddie. I want you to help me down the steps."

With her hand on the boy's shoulder she came up to Bertie and inclined her handsome head in Janet's direction. "I think, by rights, that kiss belonged to *you, mon enfant*," said she.

CHAPTER XVII

CASA FUERTE

Winter would have said that he was too old a man to stay awake all night, when he had a normal temperature; yet he saw the stars come out and the stars fade on that fateful April night. He entered his room at the hour when midnight brushes the pale skirts of dawn and misguided cocks are vociferating their existence to an indifferent world. Before he came there had been a long council with Mercer and his aunt. Mercer, who had been successful in his mission, had barely seen his chief for a moment before a gentle but imperious nurse ordered him away. Winter caught a queer, abrupt laugh from the financier. The latter beckoned to him. "See you are as obedient as I am when your time comes," he chuckled; and he chuckled

again when both the soldier and Miss Smith blushed over his awkward jocoseness. Yet, the next moment he extended his hand with his formal, other-generation courtesy and took Miss Janet's shapely, firm fingers in his own lean and nervous grasp. "Allow me to offer you both my sincere congratulations," began he, and halted; his eyes, which seemed so incurious, but were so keen, traveling from the woman's confusion to the man's. "I beg your pardon; I understood—Archie who was here, gave me to understand—and I heard you singing; you will hardly believe it, but years ago *I sang that to my wife*."

"So far as I am concerned, it *is* settled," said the colonel, steadily.

"We are all," Keatcham continued, no longer with any trace of embarrassment, as he touched the hand which he still held with his own other hand, "we are all, as you know, my dear young lady, in considerable personal peril; I regret that it should be on my account; but it really is not my fault; it is because I will not relax my pursuit of a great scoundrel who is dangerous to all decent people. But being in such danger, I think you will be glad afterward if you are generously frank, and give up something of the sex's prerogative to keep a lover on the anxious seat. Excuse me if—if I presume on my age and my privileges as a patient."

Janet lifted her sweet eyes and sent one glance as fleeting and light as the flash of a bird's wing. "I—I—reckon it is settled," murmured she; but immediately she was the nurse again. "Mr. Keatcham, you are staying awake much too late. Here is Colvin, who will see to anything you want. Good night."

It was then that Mr. Keatcham had taken the colonel's breath away by kissing Janet's hand; after which he shook hands with the colonel and watched them both go away together with a look on his gaunt face unlike any known to Colvin.

Only three minutes, in the hall, with the moon through the arched windows, and his arm about her and the fragrance of her loosened hair against his cheek and her voice stirring his heart-strings with an exquisite pang. Only time for the immemorial questions of love: "Are you sure, dear, it is really I?" and "When did you first—" To this last she had answered with her half-humorous, adorable little lilt of a laugh. "Oh, I reckon it was—a little—all along, ever since I read about you saving that poor little Filipino boy, like Archie; the one who was your servant in Manila, and going hungry for him on the march and jumping into the rapids to save him—when you were lame, too—"

Here the colonel burst in with a groan: "Oh, that monstrous newspaper liar! The 'dear little Filipino boy' was a married man, and I didn't go hungry for him, and I didn't jump into the river to save him. It wasn't more than wading depth—I only swore at him for an idiot and told him to *walk* out when he tipped over his boat and was floundering about. And he *did*! He was the limit as a liar—"

To his relief, the most sensible as well as the most lovable woman in the world had burst into a delicious fit of laughter, and returned: "Oh, well, you *would* have jumped in and saved him if the water had been deep; it wasn't *your* fault it was shallow!" and just at this point Mercer and Aunt Rebecca must needs come with a most unusual premonitory racket, and Janet had fled.

Afterward had come the council. All the coil had been unraveled. Birdsall appeared in person, as sleek, smiling and complacent over his blunders as ever. One of his first sentences was a declaration of trust in Miss Smith.

"I certainly went off at half-cock there," says he, amiably; "and just because she was so awful nice I felt obliged to suspect her; but I've got the

real dog that killed the sheep, this time; it's sure the real Red Wull!" It appeared that he had, of a verity, been usefully busy. He had secured the mechanic who had given Atkins a plan of the secret passages of Casa Fuerte. He had found the policeman who had arrested Tracy (he swore because he was going too fast) and the magistrate who had fined him; and not only that, he had captured the policeman, a genuine officer, not a criminal in disguise, who had been Atkins' instrument in kidnapping Archie. This man, whom Birdsall knew how to terrify completely, had confessed that it was purely by chance that Atkins had seen the boy left outside in the motor car. Atkins, so he said, had pretended that the boy was a tool of some enemies of Keatcham's, whose secretary he was, trading, not for the only time, on his past position. In reality, Birdsall had come to believe Atkins knew that Keatcham was employing Mercer in his place.

"Why, he knew the old gentleman was just off quietly with Mr. Mercer and some friends; knew they were all friendly, just as well as you or me," declared Birdsall. He had seen Archie on the train several times, for, as the colonel remembered, he had been in the Winters' car on the night of the robbery. Somehow, also, Atkins had found out about Archie's disappearance from the hotel.

"I can't absolutely put my finger on his information," says Birdsall; "but I *suspect* Mrs. Melville Winter; I know she was talking to him, for one of my men saw her. The lady meant no harm, but she's one of the kind that is always slamming the detectives and being took in by the rascals."

He argued that Mrs. Winter and Miss Smith knew where the boy was; for some reason they had let him go and were pretending not to know where he was. "Ain't that so?" the detective appealed to Aunt Rebecca, who merely

smiled, saying: "You're a wonder, Mr. Birdsall!" According to Birdsall's theory, Atkins was puzzled by Archie's part in the affair. But he believed could he find the boy's present hosts he would find Edwin Keatcham. It would not be the first time Keatcham had hidden himself, the better to spin his web for the trapping of his rivals. That Mercer was with his employer, the ex-secretary had no manner of doubt, any more than he doubted that Mercer's scheme had been to oust him and to build his own fortunes on Atkins' ruin. He knew both Tracy and young Arnold very well by sight. When he couldn't frighten Archie into telling anything, probably he went back to his first plan of shadowing the Winter party at the Palace. He must have seen Tracy here. He penetrated his disguise. ("He's as sharp as the devil, I tell you, Colonel"); he either followed him, himself, or had him followed; and he heard about the telephone. Knowing Tracy's intimacy with Arnold it was not hard for so clever and subtle a mind as his to jump to the conclusion and test it in the nearest telephone book. ("At least, that is how I figure it out, Colonel.") Birdsall had traced the clever mechanic who was interrogated by the Eastern gentleman about to build; this man had given the lavish and inquisitive Easterner a plan of the secret passages—to use in his own future residence. Whether Atkins went alone or in company to the Casa Fuerte, the detective could only surmise. He couldn't tell whether his object would be mere blackmail, or robbery of the cipher, or assassination. Perhaps, he found the insensible man in the *patio* and was tempted by the grisly opportunity; victim and weapon both absolutely to his hand; for it was established that the dagger had been shown Tracy by Mercer as a curio, and left on the stone bench.

Perhaps he had not found the dagger, but had his own means to make an end

of his enemy and his own terror. Birdsall believed that he had accomplices, or at least one accomplice, with him. He conceived that they had lain in ambush watching until they saw Kito go away. Then an entry had been made. "Most like," Birdsall concluded, "he jest flung that dagger away for you folks to find, and suspect the domestics, say Kito, 'cause he was away." But this was not all that Birdsall had to report. He had traced Atkins to the haunts of certain unsavory Italians; he had struck the trail, in fine. To be sure it ran underground, and was lost in the brick-walled and slimy-timbered cellars of Chinatown where were harbored every sin and crime known to civilization or to savagery. What matter?

By grace of his aunt's powerful friend they could track the wolves even through those noisome burrows.

"Yes," sighed the colonel, stretching out his arms, with a resonant breath of relief, "we're out of the maze; all we have to do now, is to keep from being killed. Which isn't such a plain proposition in 'Frisco as in Massachusetts! But I reckon we can tackle it! And then—then, my darling, I shall dare be happy!"

He found himself leaning on his window-sill and staring like a boy on the landscape, lost in the lovely hallucinations of moonlight. It was no scene that he knew; it was a beautiful vision of old Spain; and by and by from yonder turret the princess with violets in her loosened hair and the soft cheek like satin and snow would lean and look.

*Y si mueve à lastima mi eterno padecer
Como te amo, amame, bellissima mujer.*

"Ah, no, little girl," he muttered with a shake of the head, "I like it better to have you a plain, American gentlewoman, as Aunt Becky would say, who could sent me to battle with a nice little quivery smile—*sweetheart!* Oh, I'm not

good enough for you, my dear, my dear." He felt an immense humility as he contrasted his own lot with the loneliness of Keatcham and Mercer and the multitude of solitaries in the world, who had lost, or sadder still, had never possessed, the divine dream that is the only reality of the soul. As such thoughts moved his heart, suddenly, in the full tide of hope and thankfulness, it stood still, chilled, as if by the glimpse of an iceberg in summer seas. He tried vainly to shake off this distempered mood. Although he might succeed for a moment in a lover's absorption, it would come again, insidiously, seeping through his happiness like a fume. After futile attempts to sleep he rose, and still at the bidding of his uncanny and tormenting impulse he took his bath and dressed himself for the day. By this time the ashen tints of dawn were in his chamber and on the fields outside. He stood looking at the unloveliest aspect of nature, a landscape on the sunless side, before the east is red. The air felt lifeless; there were no depths in the pale sky; the azure was a flat tint, opaque and thin like a poor water-color. While he gazed, the motionless trees, live-oaks and olives and palms, were shaken as by a mighty wind; the pepper plumes tossed and streamed and tangled like a banner; the great elms along the avenue bent over in a breaking strain. Yet the silken cord of the Holland window-shade did not so much as swing. There was not a wing's breath of air. But gradually the earth and cloud vibrated with a strange grinding noise which has been described a hundred times, but never adequately; a sickening crepitation, as of the rocks in the hills scraping and splintering. Before the mind could question the sound, there succeeded an anarchy of uproar. In it was jumbled the crash of trees and buildings, the splintering crackle of glass, the boom of huge chimneys falling and of vast explosions, the hiss of escaping steam,

the hurling of timbers and bricks and masses of stone or sand, and the awful rush of frantic water escaping from engine or main.

"Quake, sure's you're born!" said the colonel, softly.

Now that his invisible peril was real, was upon him, his spirits leaped up to meet it. He looked coolly about him, noting in his single glance that the house was standing absolutely stanch, neither reeling nor shivering; and that the chimney just opposite his eye had not misplaced a brick. In the same instant he caught up his revolver and ran at his best pace from the room. The hall was firm under his hurrying feet. As he passed the great arched opening on the western balcony he saw an awful sight. Diagonally across from Casa Fuerte was the great house of the California magnate who did not worry his contractor with demands for Colonial honesty of workmanship as well as Colonial architecture. The stately mansion with its beautiful piazzas and the delicate harmony of the pillars and pediment shone white and placid on the eye for a second; then rocked in ghastly wise and collapsed like a house of cards. Simultaneously a torch-like flame streamed into air. A woeful din of human anguish pierced the inanimate tumult of wreck and crash.

"Bully for Casa Fuerte!" cried the soldier, who now was making a frenzied speed to the other side of the house. He cast a single glance toward the door which he knew belonged to Janet's room; and he thought of the boy; but ran first to his old aunt. He didn't need to go the whole way. She came out of her door, Janet and Archie at her side. They were all perfectly calm, although in very light and semi-Oriental attire. Archie plainly had just plunged out of bed. His eyes were dancing with excitement.

"This house is a dandy; ain't it, Uncle Bertie?" he exclaimed. "Mr. Arnold

told me all about the way his father built it; he said it wouldn't bat its eye for an earthquake. It didn't either; but that house opposite is just kindling-wood! Say! here's Cousin Cary; and—look, Uncle Bertie, Mr. Keatcham has got up and he's all dressed. Hullo, Colvin! Don't be scared. It's only a quake!" Colvin grinned a sickly grin and stammered, "Yes, sir; quite so, sir." Not an earthquake could shake Colvin out of his manners.

"Are you able to do this, Mr. Keatcham," young Arnold called breathlessly, plunging into the *patio* to which they had all instinctively gravitated. Keatcham laughed a short, grunting laugh. "Don't you understand? This is no little every-day quake. Look out; is there a way you can look and not see a spout of flame? I've got to go downtown. Are the machines all right?"

"We must find Randall; the poor soul has a mortal terror of quakes"—Aunt Rebecca's well-bred accents were unruffled; she appeared a thought stimulated, nothing more; danger always acted as a tonic on Winter nerves. "Archie, you go put your clothes on this minute, honey. And I suppose we ought to look up Millicent."

The colonel, however, had barely set foot on the threshold when Mrs. Melville appeared, propelling Randall, whom she had rescued from the lady's maid's closet where she was cowering behind her neat frocks, momentarily expecting death, but decently ready for it in gown and shoes. Mrs. Melville herself, in the disorder of the shock, had merely added her best Paris hat and a skeleton bustle to her dainty night-gear. She had not forgotten her kimono; she had only forgotten to don it, and it dragged over her free arm. But her dignity was intact. The instant she beheld her kindred she demanded of them, as if they were responsible, whether *this* was a sample of the Californian climate. Keatcham blushed and fled with Colvin,

and the giggling Arnold, and Archie, who was too polite to giggle.

Mrs. Winter put on her eye-glasses. "Millicent," said she, in the gentlest of tones, "your bustle is on crooked."

One wild glance at the merciless mirror on the carved pier-glass did Mrs. Melville give; and, then, without a word, she fled.

"Randall," said Mrs. Winter, "you look very nice; come and help me dress. There will likely be more shocks."

Randall, trembling in every limb, but instinctively assuming a composed mien, followed the undaunted old lady.

The colonel was going in another direction, having heard a telephone bell. He was most anxious to put himself into communication with Birdsall; because, not even during the earthquake had he forgotten an uglier peril; and it had occurred to him that Atkins was of a temper not to be frightened by the convulsions of order, but rather to make his account of it. Nor did the message through the telephone tend to reassure him.

The man at the other end of the telephone was Birdsall. No telling how long the telephone service would keep up, he reported; wires were down around the corner; worse, the water mains were spouting; and from where he stood since he felt the first shock he had counted thirty-six fires. Ten of them were down in the quarter where some of his men had homes; and a field-glass had shown that the houses were all tossed about there; he couldn't keep his men steady; it seemed inhuman to ask them to stay when their wives and children might be dying; of course, it was his damn luck to have all married men from down there.

"Well, I reckon you will have to let them go; but watch out," begged the colonel, "for you know the men we are after will take advantage of the general disorder to get in their dirty work. Now is the most dangerous time."

Birdsall knew it; he had had intimations that some men were trying to sneak up the hill; they had been turned back. They pretended to be some wandering railway workers, but Birdsall distrusted them. He—no use to ring! Vain to tap the carriage of the receiver! The telephone was dead, jarred out of existence somewhere beyond their ken.

By this time the cold sunlight of the woofullest day that San Francisco had ever seen was spread over the earth. The city was spotted with blood-red spots of flames. The ruin of the earthquake had hardly been visible from their distance, although it was ugly enough and of real importance; but, even in the brief space which they in Casa Fuerte had waited before they should set forth, fires had enkindled in all directions, most dreadful to see; nor did there seem to be any check upon them.

Tracy had waked the domestic staff; and dazed but stoical they were getting breakfast. But Keatcham could not wait; he was in a cold fury of haste to get to the town.

He had consented to wait for his breakfast under Miss Smith's representation that it would be ready at once and her assurance that he couldn't work through the day without it.

The colonel had despatched a small party to their neighbors' aid. Haley and Kito were not among them; they were to guard the garage, which was too vital a point in their household economy to leave unprotected. Nevertheless, Haley and Kito did both run away, leaving a Mexican helper to watch; and when they returned they were breathless and Haley's face was covered with blood. He was carefully carrying something, covered with a carriage-robe, in his hand.

"I've the honor to report, sor," Haley mumbled, stiff and straight in his military posture, a very grimy and blood-stained hand at salute, "I've the honor to report, sor, that Private Kito and me discovered two sushpicious charac-

ters making up the hillside by the sekrut road. We purshooed thim, sor, and whin they wouldn't halt we fired on thim, sor, ixploding this here bum, which wint off whin the hindmost man tumbled."

Kito smilingly flung aside the carriage-robe, disclosing the still smoking shell of an ingenious round bomb, very similar to those used in fire-works.

The colonel examined it closely; it was an ugly bit of dynamite craft.

"Any casualties, Sergeant?"

"Yes, sor. The man wid the bum was kilt be the ixpllosion; the other man was hit by Private Kito and wounded in the shoulder, but escaped. I, mesilf, have a confusion on me right arrum, me ankle is sprained; and ivery tooth in me head is in me pockit! That's all."

"Report to Miss Smith at the hospital, Sergeant. Any further report?"

"I wu'd like to riccommind Private Kito for honorable minshun for gal-lanthry."

"I shall certainly remember him; and you, also, Sergeant, in any report that I may make. Look after the garage, Kito."

Kito bowed and retired, beaming, while Haley hobbled into the house. The consequences of the attack made on the garage did not appear at once. One was that young Arnold had already brought the touring car into the *patio* in the absence of Haley and Kito. He and Tracy and Kito all repaired to the scene of the explosion to examine the dead man's body. They returned almost immediately, but for a few moments there was no one of the house in the court. The colonel went to Keatcham in a final effort to dissuade him from going into the city until after he, himself, had gone to the Presidio and returned with a guard. He represented as forcibly as he could the danger of Keatcham's appearance during a time of such tumult and lawlessness.

"We are down to the primeval pas-

sions, now," he pleaded. "Do you suppose if it had been Haley instead of that dago out there who was killed that we could have punished the murderer? Not unless we did it with our own hands. They may be lying in wait at the first street-corner now. If you will only wait—"

Keatcham chopped off his sentence, not irritably, but with the *brusquerie* of one whose time is too precious for dilatory amenities.

"Will the *fire* wait?" he demanded. "Will the thieves and toughs and ruffians whom we have to crush before they realize their strength, will *they* wait? This is *my* town, Winter; the only town I care a rap for, and I propose to help save it. I can. Danger? Of course there is danger; there is danger in every battle; but do you keep out of battles where you belong because you may get killed? This is my affair; if I get killed it is in the way of business; and I can't help it! No, Arnold, I won't have your father's son mixed up in my fights; you can't go."

"Somebody has to run the machine, sir," insinuated young Arnold with a coaxing smile; "and I fancy I shouldn't be my father's son if I didn't look after my guest—not very long; he'd cut me out. Tracy is going, too; he's armed—"

"You are not both going," said the colonel; "somebody with a head on him must stay here to guard the ladies."

He would have detailed both Tracy and Mercer, but Mercer could really help Keatcham better than any one in any business arrangements which might need to be made. And Keatcham plainly wished his company. Had not the situation been so grimly serious Winter could have laughed at the grotesque reversal of their conditions; Tracy and Arnold did laugh; they were all taking their orders from the man who had been their defeated prisoner a little while back. Mercer, alone, kept his melancholy poise; he had obtained the aim of

years; he was not sure but his revenge was subtler and completer than he had dared to hope. Being a zealot, his dreams possessed him. Suppose he had converted this relentless and tremendous power to his own way of faith; what mightn't he hope to accomplish? Meanwhile, so far as the business in hand was concerned, he believed in Keatcham and in Keatcham's methods of help; and he was as simply obedient and loyal as Kito would have been to his feudal lord.

In a very brief time, all the arrangements were made; the four men went into the *patio* to enter the touring-car. They walked up to the empty machine. The colonel stepped into the front seat of the machine. Something in the noise of the engine which was panting and straining against its leash, some tiny sibilant undertone which any other ear would have missed warned him; he bent quickly. A dark object gyrated above the heads of the other two just mounting the long step; it landed with a prodigious splash in the fountain, flying into a multitude of sputtering atoms and hurling a great column of water high up in air. Unheeding its shrieking clamor, the soldier sprang over the side of the car, darted through the great arched doorway out upon the terrace toward a clump of rubber-trees. He fired; again he fired.

In every catastrophe the spectators' minds lose some parts of the action. There are blanks to be supplied by no one. Every one of the men and women present on that fatal morning had a different story. Colvin was packing; he could only remember the deafening roar and the shouting; and when he got downstairs and saw, he turned deadly sick; his chief impression is the backs of people and the way their hands would shake. Janet Smith, inside, dressing Haley's wounds, was first warned by the tumult and cries; she, as well as Archie and Haley, who were with her, could

see nothing until they got outside. All Mrs. Melville saw was the glistening back of the car and Mercer stepping into the car and instantly lurching backward. The explosion seemed to her simultaneous with Mercer's entering the car. But Mrs. Rebecca Winter, who, perhaps, had the coolest head of all, and who was standing on the dais of the arcade exactly opposite the car, distinctly saw Keatcham with an amazing exertion of vigor for a man just risen from a sick-bed, and with a kind of whirling motion, literally hurl Mercer out of the car. She is sure of this because of one homely little detail, sickening in its very homeliness. As he clutched Mercer, Keatcham's soft gray hat dropped off and the light burnished the bald dome of his head. In the space of that glance she heard a crackle and a roar, and Kito screamed in Japanese, running in from the carriage side. She can not tell whether Tracy or Arnold reached the mangled creature on the pavement first. Arnold only remembers how the carriage-robe flapped in Tracy's shaking hands before he flung it over the man. Tracy's fair skin was a streaky, bluish white, and his jaw kept moving up and down like a fish's while he gasped, never uttering a sound.

Young Arnold was trembling so that his hands shook when he would have raised the wounded man. Mercer, alone, was composed, although deathly pale. He had the presence of mind to throw the harmless fragments of the bomb into the fountain and to examine the interior of the car lest there should be more of destruction hidden therein. Then he approached the heap on the flags, but Keatcham was able to motion him away, saying in his old voice, not softened in the least: "Don't you do that! I'm all in. No use. They got me. But it won't do them any good; you boys know that will you witnessed; it gives fifty thousand for the arrest and conviction or the killing of Atkins; his own cutthroats will

betray him for that. But—where's Winter? You damn, careless fools didn't let *him* get hurt?"

"Shure, sor, he didn't let himsilf git hurted," Haley blurted out; he had run in with Miss Smith, a brandy bottle in his hand; "'tis the murdering dagoes is gittin' hurted off there behind the big rubber-trees; I kin see the dead legs of thim, this minnit. 'Tis a grand, cool shot the colonel is, sor."

"Bring him in; let them go; they were only tools," panted Keatcham, weakly; but the brandy revived him, and his lips curled in a faint smile as Janet struck a match to heat the teaspoonful of water for her hypodermic. "Make it good and strong; give me time to say something to Mercer and Winter—there he comes; good runners, those boys are!"

Tracy and Arnold, acting on a common unspoken impulse, had dashed after Winter and were pushing him forward between them. Keatcham was nearly spent, but he rallied to say the words in his mind. He kept death at bay by the sheer force of his will. When Winter knelt down beside him, with a poignant memory of another time in the same place when he had knelt beside a seemingly dying man, and gently touched the unmarred right hand lying on the carriage-robe, he could still form a smile with his stiff lips and mutter: "Only thing about me isn't in tatters; of course, you touched it and didn't try to lift me where I'm all in pieces. You always understood. Listen! You, too, Mercer. Winter knows the things I'm bound to have go through. I've explained them to him. You'll be my executors and trustees? A hundred thousand a year; not too big a salary for the work—you can do it. It's a bigger job than the army one, Winter. Warnebold will look after the other end. He's narrow, but he is straight. I've made it worth his while. Some loose ends—it can't be helped now. Maybe you'll find out there are more difficulties in administer-

ing a big fortune than you fancied; and that it isn't the easiest thing in the world helping fools who can't—help themselves. There are all those Tidewater idiots—made me read about—you'll have to attend to them, Mercer—old woman in the queer clothes—chorus girl—those old ladies who had one egg between them for breakfast—you'll see to them all?"

"Yes," said Mercer, looking down on the shrunken features with a look of pain and bewilderment. "Yes, suh, I'll do my best."

"And—we're even?"

"I reckon I am obliged to call it so, suh," returned Mercer with a long, gasping sigh, "but—my Lord! you'd better have let *me* go!"

"Very likely," said Keatcham, dryly, "the city needs me. Well, Winter, you must look after that. I've been thinking why a man throws his life away as I did; he *has* to, unless he's a poltroon. He can't count whether he's more useful than the one he saves—he has simply got to save him—you were a good deal right, Winter, about not doing the evil thing to get the good. No, it's a bad time for me to be taken; but it's an honorable discharge—Helen will be glad—you know I'm not a pig, Winter—do what I tried to do. Where's my kind nurse?" Janet was trying by almost imperceptible movements to edge a pillow under his shoulders; he was past turning his head, but his eyes moved toward her. "I've left you—a wedding gift—if I lived—given to you; but made it safe, anyhow. Mercer!"

His voice had grown so feeble and came in such gasps from his torn and laboring chest that Mercer bent close to his lips to hear the struggling sentences. "Mercer," he whispered, "I want—just—to—tell you—you *didn't convert me!*"

Thus, having made amends himself to his own will, having, also, let us humbly hope, made amends to that greater and wiser Will which is of more merciful

and wider vision than our weakness can comprehend, Edwin Keatcham very willingly closed his eyes on earth.

CHAPTER XVIII

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

From Mrs. Rebecca Winter to Mrs. John S. G. Winslow, Fairport, Iowa:

* * * * *

And it was delightful to discover that you were so distressed about me. I must be getting a trifle maudlin in my old age, for I have had a lump in my throat every time I have thought of Johnny and you actually starting out to find me; I am thankful my telegram (Please, Peggy, do not call it a *wire* again—to me! I loathe these verbal indolences) reached you at Omaha in time to stop you.

Really, we have not had hardships. Thanks to Israel Putnam Arnold! I have a very admiring gratitude for that man! In these days of degeneracy he builded a stanch enduring house. With union labor, too! I don't see how he contrived to do it. Generally, when they build houses here, they scamp the underpinning and weaken the joists and paint over the dirt instead of washing it off, and otherwise deserve to be killed. The unfortunate man opposite had just that kind of house, which tumbled down and burned up, at once; but, alas! it killed the people in it, not the guilty masons and carpenters.

Our chimneys have been inspected and we are now legally as well as actually sound; but we did not suffer. We cooked out on the sidewalk, and supplemented our cooking with young Tracy's stove.

I told you of Janet's engagement. Confidentially, my dear Peggy, I am a bit responsible. They met by chance on the train; and I assure you, although chance might have parted us, I did not let it. I clung to Nephew Bertie. I'm sure he wondered why. I knew better than to

let him suspect. But a success you can't share is like a rose without a smell. So I confess to you, *I* have made this match. But when you see Millicent she will tell you that she helped things along. She has abused Janet like a pickpocket; but now, since she has discovered Janet didn't draw the Daughters' caricature of her, she regards her as one of the gems of the century.

We are recovering from the terrible events of which we wrote. It is certainly a relief that Atkins is killed. He was one of the two scoundrels who sneaked into the *patio* and put the bombs into the automobile. Bertie shot him. You have no doubt heard all about Mr. Keatcham's death. He was killed by the man whose wickedness he had unconsciously fostered. He did not know it, but his swollen fortune and the unscrupulous daring of its acquiring had a great influence in corrupting his secretary.

And his corruption was his master's undoing. I must say I sympathize with young Tracy, who said, last night: "I feel as if I had been put to soak in crime! That bomb was the limit. In future, me for common or garden virtue; it may be tame, but I prefer tameness to delirium tremens!"

I used to think that I should like to match my wits against a first-class criminal intellect; God forgive me for the wish! I have been matching wits for the last month; and never putting on my shoes without looking in them for a baby bomblet or feeling a twinge of indigestion without darkly suspecting the cook—who is really the best creature in the world, sent Mr. Arnold by a good Chinese friend of mine. (I had a chance to do a good turn to my friend, by the way, during the earthquake and thus repay some of his to me.)

Archie is well and cheerful. Isn't it like the Winter temperament to lose its melancholy in such horrors as we have seen? Archie is distinctly happier since

he came to California. As for Janet and Rupert—oh, well, my dear, you and Johnny *know!* The house has been full of people, and we have had several friends of our own for a day or two. I got a recipe for a delicious tea-cake from Mrs. Wigglesworth, of Boston. She didn't save anything but her furs and her kimono and a bridge set, besides what she had on; she packed her trunk with great care and nobody would take it downstairs. Of course, she saved her bag of jewels, which reminds me that poor Mr. Keatcham left Janet some pearls—that is, the money for them. He was very much attached to her.

We buried him on the crest of the hill; later, when more settled times shall come, he may take another and a last journey to that huge mausoleum where his wife and mother are buried. Poor things! Is it to be hoped they had no taste living or else that they can't see now how hideous and flamboyant is their last costly resting-place. But if Keatcham hadn't a taste for the fine arts, he had compensating qualities. I shall never forget the night of his burial. It was a "wonderful great night of stars," as Stevenson says. A poor little tired-out clergyman, in a bedraggled surplice, who had been reading prayers over people for the last ten hours and was fit to drop, hurried through the service; and the town the dead man loved was flaming miles beyond miles. About the grave was none of his blood, none of his ancient friends, but the men I believe he would have chosen—men who had fought him and then had fought for him faithfully. They were haggard and spent with fighting the fire; and they went from his burial back to days and nights of desperate effort. He had fought and lost and yet did not lose at the last, but won, snatching victory out of defeat, as he was wont to do all his life. The heavy burdens which have dropped from his shoulders these others whom he chose will carry, maybe more hum-

bly, perhaps not so capably, but quite so courageously. And it is singular how his influence persists, how it touches Kito and Haley, as well as the others.

"Shure," says honest Haley (whose wit you are likely to sample in the near future, for he has elected to be the Rupert Winters' chauffeur; they don't know it yet, but they *will* when it is time); "shure," says he, "whin thot man so mashed up there ye cu'dn't move him for fear ye'd lose the main part of him, whin *he* was thinkin' of the town and nothin' else, I hadn't the heart to be complainin' for the loss of a few teeth and

a few limps about me! An' I fair wurrked like the divil. So did Kito, who's a dacint Jap gintleman and no haythin at all."

Poor Keatcham! he had no childhood and his wife died too soon to revive the fragrance of his youth; but I can't help but think he had a reticent, awkward, shy sort of heart somewhere about him. Well, he was what Millicent would call "a compelling personality." I use plain language, and I call him a great man. He won the lion's share because he was the lion. And yet, poor Lion, his share was a lonely life and a tragic death.

THE END

"THE LATE"—

By S. H. KEMPER

I never saw his face in life,
But knew his work and heard his name
At times across the noise and rush
Of things, for he was winning fame.

Man of the Hour he had been called,
And, looking from the printed page,
His pictured face bears not a sign
Of solemn doom, of high presage.

So intimately of this time
The practical, keen features seem,
And in the eyes, alert and brave,
There is no shadow of a dream.

And I am sorry suddenly,
Cold, touched with loss, I want to cry
Across the inexorable hush:
"God keep you, brother!" and "Good-by!"

A BELATED STUDY IN WILD LIFE

By EMERSON TAYLOR

Author of "Letters from School," etc.

TWO or three years ago, when it was the fashion for every other woman that knew about wild flowers, and for every man who said he knew all about wild animals, to put his or her knowledge into book form for our benefit, why did not some specialist seize the opportunity to inform us concerning the varieties, habits and loveliness of wild boys? Of course I read with avidity the revelations of the intimate daily life of the shy hepatica or gentian, brute that I am; I enjoy stories of the wolf, panther or buffalo, because I know that they are true; but, after all, what are even these in point of interest compared with what ought to be written about those boys of ours whom we call "troublesome" or "different" or "difficult problems," according to our variously imperfect tempers? An opportunity still exists, some of us think, for a book by a distracted parent or a level-headed schoolmaster to broaden our sympathy and to enlarge our knowledge of a most important kind of wild life, which we could read, moreover, not only with wonder, but with alternate laughter and tears.

While we wait, here are some notes of an amateur naturalist toward a chapter on one of the shyer and rarer varieties of the finest wild thing that we know. The chapter might be headed *The Budding Genius*, or *The Aspiring Artist*, though many observers have named this

kind of boy *The Time Waster*, and have dismissed him with a very brief and uncomplimentary notice.

Suppose that boy of yours announces some fine day that he wants to be an artist. What answer will you give him?

Instinct will direct you not to discourage, but to refuse him point blank. In the first place, every artist you ever heard of either starves or sponges on his relations, or so tradition goes, and you can afford neither to support the boy nor to let him perish. Then, too, since painting and sculpture are not yet naturalized citizens of the United States, they seem to you vastly inferior to the professions of good old native stock like law or medicine, and so not the thing for *your* boy. If he succeeds, why not along the lines where success is appreciated at its full worth by your friends and his, instead of in one of the obscurer or less understood vocations? Even if you tried, which is not the case, you could not resist the feeling that to be a good doctor or lawyer is better than to be a good artist. One's standing in the community counts for something. It counts for a good deal. All these considerations, which have their root deep in your love, give weight to your refusal to let the boy spend his life as he says he wants to—a spending which to your practical mind is merely a pleasant but profitless wasting.

But say that you are ever so conscientious. And of course you are conscientious—are you not?—in everything that concerns the boy; never hasty, always patient, always trying to get his point of view. Say that he has exhibited what his dear mother is sure is artistic talent; that you yourself have suffered for a long time the feeling that somehow the youngster is different from the ordinary run of boys—a feeling which chills your heart now and then, since it results in imperfect sympathies between you and him, even while it imparts a kind of vague pleasure and sense of satisfaction. “If I insist on his going to college and then into the firm, as I ought,” you say, “will he outgrow all this artistic nonsense? Will he do well? Will he be happy? Suppose, since I’m supposing, that he has the stuff in him to make a name for himself in art! Suppose my very love and fear for him should keep him from the work he is cut out to do!” And you pass through many unhappy hours.

Now, to such a parent the nature book that I have in mind would be of inestimable value. He turns to the proper chapter, and on finding there the certain marks by which the genuine Budding Genius may be distinguished from the counterfeit, he will be helped to decide whether his next hundred dollars shall be spent on a kit of painter’s tools and a first year’s tuition in the art school, or on a set of calf-bound books and a first year’s tuition in the law school.

What are some of these distinctive marks?

Imprimis, as the old books used to say, if the boy is distinguished from his fellows merely by his extreme cleverness and facility at drawing, coupled, perhaps, with a more or less sensitive love for and appreciation of what is graceful and pretty and appropriate, thank heaven for it, but don’t let him be persuaded that he is born to be an artist. He wasn’t. He was born to arrange

—in the intervals of business—tableaux after pictures by Mr. Gibson, to dispute intelligently with the wall-paper man as to the proper color for the dining-room, to amuse his children—in the course of time—with sketches of funny animals almost as good as those in the Sunday supplements. He is not an artist; he is merely artistic. Which means, briefly and baldly, that he has rather less in common with Michelangelo than our First Selectman has in common with Machiavelli or Prince Bismarck. Deceptive, misleading, fatal word, that “clever”! Cleverness, and that alone, though it may suffice to set your boy apart from his uninspired, rough-and-tumble schoolmates, is the very quality which will keep him forever from the company of real painters. For to be an artist a man must be endowed above all else with the gift that the clever man entirely lacks—with the gift of splendid intellectual vigor.

The comic draughtsmen have evolved no type sillier or more utterly unreal than that which represents the artist as a blond and bearded mountebank who runs to floppy ties and lackadaisical attitudes. Look at the faces of the big fellows, from mighty Rembrandt and the elegant Italians down to the vigorous Frenchmen and thoughtful Englishmen of our own day—down to patient Millet, gentle old Corot, brilliant, nervous Degas, poetic Watts, mystic Rossetti, to our own Whistler and Sargent. Are these men the sentimental, empty, super-refined creatures, devoid of common sense or common propriety, who, we are told, make up the artists’ brotherhood? Do they look like fools? I don’t think so. They are thinkers—hard-headed, acute, ready and able to philosophize. There is not an artist of the first rank living to-day but, more closely than most men, has come near that ideal of Matthew Arnold’s, who prayed to “see life steadily, and see it whole”—not one, I venture to assert, who does not “feel deep, think

clearly, bear fruit well." Better that your boy should be notable among his fellows for a leaping idealism and a ballast of brains than for merely dextrous fingers and refined taste, if he as-

pires to paint a will want to see—achievement will no sir, will it? Hear of the masters on picture, on the picture lineates some part of obvious humor portant grief, on ture which tells and blush for y pleasure in any which does not h a suggestion of t mystery, the tragic the vastness of t through which gro men and sorrow- ful women know that they are groping their way, while nature, serene and solemn, looks on, nor gives a clue. To arrest for a moment and reveal the spirit of some aspect of life—battle, prayer, free laughter, motherhood; to understand, to interpret, some mood of nature, whether the blinding desert, the sunny woods of Fontaine-

ONE OF THE SHYER AND RARER WILD THINGS

bleau, the rock-bound coast, the sweet English meadow and vale, is not accomplished merely by the trained hand, not alone by an enthusiasm for beauty, not by the two in combination, without the

added force of an intellect that has at least attempted to grasp the significance of things.

If it be true that art is nature seen through a temperament, and the

reve, you see that ntial for the artist f marked individual if his rendering s is going to be that to which some —nay, scores of n—has or have called our attention isn't going to ntric or a mere from which fate y and sense of will preserve not but what are some, traits to the spirit of their brotherhood, who appear to believe that oddity and impudence are marks of genius. But in a world of sedulous conformity to or easy acquiescence in the ideals of the day, your Budding Genius will feel himself a rebel—to the annoyance and disquiet of his friends. The things which to him are worth while will not be the aims and

the pleasures of the other boys; he will be restless, perhaps mutinous, probably misunderstood. There may be some trying years till he finds himself trying, too, for those who love him. Tendencies will

manifest themselves which will appear like lapses back to barbarism. But to interpret nature the painter must be a part of her; he must draw his nourishment straight from the old mother's breast. He will not thrive on civilization's diet. In the complicated, swiftly driven, noisy machine we call "the life of the day" he will take no part and only a painfully perfunctory interest. A wild flower that withers when transplanted, a creature of the woods and the fields that dies if put behind bars. Truly a troublesome youngster, the Budding Genius! Troublesome, because the standard rules for guiding refractory boys somehow don't apply to him. He isn't vicious, he isn't

base, he isn't idle. There's nothing in him to reform exactly; there's less to chastise; there's nothing he does to which you can honestly object. He simply eludes you, striking off at right angles from the well-worn road which you know will lead him through life in a safe and respectable level, to follow some path along the mountain side, where he says he can feel the clean wind in his face and talk with the sunrise. Let him go, old friend, once you see him started right.

But if he's only clever, keep him on the levels, where, though possibly not without some pulling and prodding, he may learn to make a comfortable living and a respectable name. I have known

boys who drew the illustrations in school and college humorous week-o outgrow their amiable talent and ne pretty keen brokers or pretty lawyers. They continue to draw, t is commissions or deeds instead of ind-ink caricatures. And they help pply the want of citizens in this ry who will vote to keep the safe ane arm of the balance uppermost. e clever boy takes the sacrament of his religion lightly, like a—gentleman. The other, trembling with a joy he can not define, is aware, in his communion with art, of a Presence, real and divine. To him life means only art; for art's sake he will give his life, if need be. The world around him is naught but form and color, ugliness and beauty. To understand its meaning, to express it, and through it himself, is with him not so much a desire and an ambition as the one controlling impulse of his life after he is, say, fifteen years old, however masked or hidden it may be at first, from even his own consciousness.

Ah, he is a rare one, this boy we speak of, though the art schools are crowded with stu-

A BLOND AND BEARDED MOUNTEBANK

dents—which is one of the reasons, by the way, for the skilled trades lacking apprentices! How incomparably better than his fellows' are his pencil and crayon studies, the fruit of that drudging novitiate, when he draws and draws again those dreary casts! How tireless is that pencil; how many the canvas-covered books full of what he calls "notes"! How much firmer his grasp, how much more sweeping his line the second year than the first! Day and night he is at it. The local teacher is outgrown. He has been passed on admiringly from New York to Paris. His Salon picture is hung on the line; the papers make a news item of his medal; his "Portrait of Mrs. A—" is talked of in the studios. It all happened so quickly! He has learned the tricks of the

trade while others are still having first principles hammered into them. And then—? Well, the early success is forgotten; the Academy sends his stuff back; the dealers hold aloof. The lean years come, and with them the test of the boy. Is he patient and courageous, still everlastingly at it, studying, experimenting, daring all things? Is he growing in soul and spirit and manhood all the time? Has he faith? Yes, a thousand times yes—if he is an artist, and not a counterfeit, this boy of yours.

Shy, strong children of the wild, these artists are. Let us never confound them with the domesticated breed. Contrariwise, let us not be so terribly hard on nice little Tom Mouser as to turn him out to forage for himself, just because he flatters himself that he looks like a

mountain lion. They are sons of Hertha, the earth goddess; and, beauty-loving, pious sons, they live to show men the glory and the grayness of the world and all that therein is. They are not to be found on the staffs of the daily papers, nor do they spend their best energies drawing pretty heads of pretty girls to help out the catchiness of an advertisement. Though it pays capitally, "it isn't the kind of thing I care to do," the first-

proportion of the public—and what is more, a small portion of the expensively educated public—is able faintly to distinguish, though our confusion of standards, our instinctive and brave dissent from established opinion, which often leads us to make strange and costly choices in matters of religion or government, still plays havoc with us when we undertake definitely to choose between what is fine and what is meretricious,

"HIS HEART IS WHERE THE HEATHER BLOWS"

class man will say, with a curious obstinacy. Of course, if he is poor, he may have to hire himself out for a while, perhaps sell himself: a man will sacrifice much for the sake of a guaranteed thousand meals a year. But when grinding at the mill, "his heart is where the heather blows"; from his assignment to do sketches at a murder trial he looks up to note the shape of a cloud or the cold color along the horizon line.

Slowly we are beginning to sift out the wheat from the chaff. A very small

between the good and the not quite so good. Education is helping, however; the wider distribution of good models, either in originals or copies, is doing much to show people what is best. The newer generation is splendidly eager to learn; its successor will be able to see beauty where beauty really exists, and will be less patient with ugliness than we are; the next will have in its fiber something like an instinct for form and color and appropriateness. Things will assume their proper relations with one an-

other. If at present art is being vulgarized, as one hears asserted, the time is coming when taste will be refined and ennobled. If at present we are prone to confuse the clever man, so long as he sell his stuff, with the real artist, we can nevertheless discern the dawning of the day when only the work of the highest class will win the esteem not only of the connoisseur, but of the man in the street.

Meanwhile, the boy is waiting your decision as to his future—that boy of yours who aspires to be a painter. And you are trying to make up your mind to indulge him in his ambition. Well, we don't require any more common or gar-

den artists. The annual variety is killed by the first frost; the perennial grows so rankly that it overshadows and crowds to death the really valuable flowers. To grow either is frankly a waste of time. But if your Budding Genius is the genuine article—and when the longed-for book on Wild Boys is written you will know how to distinguish him pretty clearly—thank God for him in reverent wonder, and keep down any weeds that may hinder his growth to perfection. To-day his country has for him a real and pressing need; to-morrow his country will have for him a welcome appreciation.

YOURS IN CONFIDENCE

By JANE CLIFFORD

I

MRS. GARNETT'S DINNER PARTY

A BREATH of May, heavy with the scent of magnolia and honeysuckle, was wafted in at Senator Gilbert Garnett's door as it stood hospitably open to admit the visitors who always called on Mrs. Garnett the moment she returned to the village after her Washington season.

Mrs. Garnett, tall, dark and reserved, rose to greet her guests. First came a fair woman with round, soft eyes, fair hair and a fairer face, suggesting artificiality deeper than the not too evident attempts to repair the inevitable. Then followed two girls, youthful replicas of their mother.

"Good evenin', Mrs. Ga'nett, we certainly ah glad to have you home again, ahn't we, girls?"

Mrs. Jarrod Dowe always said girls as though it was spelled "gyirls," and in a round, soft voice that matched her round, soft eyes. Her final "g's" and all

other harsh sounds were lost in the insinuating southern inflection that softened her speech, just as her large round eyes softened a face that years of anxious struggle had made sharp.

To-day, clothed in her heliotrope silk and crowned with a turban of violets, she felt confident of doing credit to her proud line of distinguished ancestors, and a sweet hope blossomed when she allowed her eyes to rest for one brief satisfying moment on her two oldest daughters. Having no sons, any future ancestors must be acquired by a process of social conquest culminating in a religious ceremony and fortified by legal approval. To-day she felt not unequal to the task.

"I was just sayin' to Sally Potts, on the way over, wasn't I, Sally Potts, 'I am goin' to ask Mrs. Ga'nett to tell us all abaout that fine dinner she gave last winter to that English lord.'"

By this time Mrs. Jarrod Dowe had established herself in a high-back chair near the tea table, while the girls balanced their flowered muslins and picture hats on the edge of the long davenport, as nearly as possible in the attitude of their mother.

"You remember, Kate," continued Mrs. Dowe, "Sally Potts read it to us in a newspaper; didn't you, Sally Potts? Girls! Sally Potts! Isn't Mrs. Ga'nett kind to tell us all about her dinner? You ah goin' to tell us all about it, ahn't you, Mrs. Ga'nett?"

From the safe side of the tea table Mrs. Garnett smiled a gracious, if somewhat bewildered smile, and said:

"Gladly, if I can only remember. You see I—"

"Girls! Sally Potts! Kate! Just think, Mrs. Ga'nett has had so many fine dinners she can't remember about this one, and you know, Sally Potts, we have been talkin' about it ever since you read it to us in the newspaper. Mrs. Ga'nett, you know how interested we ah, don't you, Mrs. Ga'nett? But do tell us some mo'! How many guests did you have, Mrs. Ga'nett?"

"I think fourteen or sixteen. I—"

"Sally Potts! Isn't this interesting, Sally Potts? Just think, Kate, Mrs. Ga'nett had sixteen people to dinner! It reminds me of my dear mother's story about Mr. Lafayette's visit to my grandfather." And a sigh of suppressed pride was stifled by a lace handkerchief. After her eyes had rested for a moment on the objects of her fondest ambition Mrs. Jarrod Dowe turned once more to her hostess. "And you have so many servants you can give a dinner like that, Mrs. Ga'nett? Just think, girls, Mrs. Ga'nett had sixteen people to dinner, and she had so many servants she didn't need any help! Mrs. Ga'nett, you didn't have any *extra* servants, did you, Mrs. Ga'nett?"

The hand that gave her guest a cup of tea shook slightly. The smile still lin-

gered, but bewilderment had given way to embarrassment as she said:

"Oh, yes, I had a caterer."

"Girls! Girls! Kate! Sally Potts!" Mrs. Jarrod Dowe leaned forward with suppressed excitement. "Just think, girls! Mrs. Ga'nett had a caterer! And you know, girls, we never could affo'd to even *talk* to a caterer, and Mrs. Ga'nett really had one for her dinner! Oh, Mrs. Ga'nett, don't let me interrupt you; please don't stop. You certainly ah kind, and we ah so interested. Ahn't we interested, Sally Potts? Mrs. Ga'nett, what *did* you have to eat at your dinner?"

"Truly, I don't think I—"

"Girls! Just listen, girls! Mrs. Ga'nett has had so much to eat all her life she *can't* remember what she had to eat! And you know when Little Bettie came home from Cha'lest'n last winter she told us everything she had had to eat for the whole two weeks she was gone. Oh, Sally Potts, don't you wish Little Bettie was here now to hear Mrs. Ga'nett? Mrs. Ga'nett, how many courses did you have?"

With a smile growing fainter Mrs. Garnett began:

"Eight or ten, I believe. I—"

"Sally Potts! What do you think of ten courses, Sally Potts? Kate, do you wonder that Mrs. Ga'nett can't remember what she has to eat when she has so much? But, Mrs. Ga'nett, don't let me interrupt you. You were goin' to tell us what kind of ice cream you had. Sally Potts, Mrs. Ga'nett is goin' to tell us what kind of ice cream she had. Isn't this interestin', Sally Potts? What kind of ice cream did you say you had, Mrs. Ga'nett?"

"It was Washington's birthday, so we had small busts of George Washington and—"

"Sally Potts! Do you hear that, Sally Potts? Little busts of George Washin'ton! Girls! Did you ever hear of such a thing! Oh, girls, wouldn't it be a

handsome tribute to your dear grandfather if sometime we could afford to have little busts of him for dinner on his birthday? Oh, Mrs. Ga'nett, you ah so kind! Isn't she kind, Kate? You know, of course, Mrs. Ga'nett, we never could affo'd to give a fine dinner like that, but even if we can't, still it would be right much comfort, wouldn't it, Sally Potts, to know how much a dinner like that would cost, and we never would tell, would we Kate? Oh, Mrs. Ga'nett, do tell us how much a dinner like that costs! You will tell us, confidentially, won't you, Mrs. Ga'nett?"

"Truly I would, but so many of the items are included in the general house-keeping account that I never know how much any one function costs," said Mrs. Garnett, the smile now completely lost.

"Oh, Sally Potts! Just think, Sally Potts! Mrs. Ga'nett has so many parties she can't even tell how much that beautiful dinner costs. Come, girls. Good evenin', Mrs. Ga'nett, you ah very kind, and it has been a rare privilege to hear you describe your charmin' party. Now, hasn't it, girls? Come, Sally Potts; come, Kate. Good evenin', Mrs. Ga'nett, good evenin'."

With head proudly erect Mrs. Jarrod Dowe, followed by the flowered and frilled muslins, walked slowly and silently down the long shaded avenue to the street. The great house they were leaving, the social importance of its hostess, the delightful certainty that she, Mrs. Jarrod Dowe, was the first to be granted an audience, the consciousness of her ability to render even so worldly a woman as the senator's wife a helpless infant in her hands, all these made silent envy a joy not to be lightly abandoned. The girls, knowing that when there was anything to say their mother would say it for them, followed demurely in her wake as usual. When the great stone gateway was reached Mrs. Jarrod

Dowe turned suddenly toward her daughters and said:

"Girls, I see Mrs. Southworth at her window. Livin' right next do' to Senator Ga'nett's, she is naturally interested in their visitors. So I *do* think it would be kind for us to stop just a moment. I never gossip, but I do think Sarah Southworth would be offended if we passed by after seein' she was at home."

So the lavender silk and the flowered muslins passed through the iron gateway, up the path between the well-trimmed box-hedge, and were soon waiting on the veranda, now made lovely by the crimson Rambler. The door was opened by Mrs. Southworth herself, who greeted her guests with joyful anticipations, which were soon shattered by Mrs. Jarrod Dowe saying:

"No, Sarah, we can't come in. It is gettin' late, and you know I never stay out after supper time—I am so domestic in my tastes. Sally Potts is just like me; ahn't you, Sally Potts? I only stopped for a moment to tell you, Sarah, about our visit to Mrs. Ga'nett's." And she moved nearer, her voice growing softer and more confidential as she spoke. "She has been tellin' us all about her winter in Washin'ton, and that fine dinner she gave. You remember we read about it in the newspaper? But would you believe, Sarah Southworth! She talked all evenin' about that dinner, didn't she, girls, and told us how many people she had and how many courses, and what they had to eat, and then, girls, do you remember what she said about how much it all cost? No, Sarah, I can't even tell *you* that. I always do respect a confidence, and it was a confidence! Wasn't it a confidence, Sally Potts? It certainly was interestin', and she did enjoy tellin' it, but I do think when people talk like that it does sound a little like braggin', don't you, Sarah?"

O'BRIEN'S KITE

By ANNE STORY ALLEN

Author of "A Modern Miracle," etc.

BLAKE was young when sentence was passed on him—pitifully young. His judge was the gray-haired physician, whose voice trembled as he pronounced the verdict, and the jury, who were young themselves, most of them, had sought long and in vain for mitigating conditions.

Blake took it well—that is, quietly—and he shook hands with each one till only the gray-haired doctor was left. Then he turned his face to the wall.

Blake had no "folks." He was very badly off as to "next of kin." There were a number who might have stood for "best friend," but those could hardly be expected to open their doors in welcome to an invalid.

The cruel part of it seemed that Blake had always lived straight. He drank moderately, he worked diligently, there had been no moral upheavals to leave him cast upon the rocks of disease. But to him had come—insidious, gripping, strength-sapping—a very ghoul, to feed upon his vital energy and to drink the life from his veins. It was the shaking form of age Blake must carry about with him. So said the doctors.

Then friends took him to a pleasant place in the country. They got him a tiny room, and they engaged a portion of the services of a nurse who waited on men like Blake. There had been money enough for this. And then they left him—and Blake awoke.

It had seemed so like a horrible nightmare that not until he was alone in his little room, his few belongings grouped about him in melancholy and unfamiliar order, did the whole truth descend on him.

He, Morton Blake, was an invalid. He had been pronounced "incurable"; some one had found him this little cor-

ner and left him—to die, if he could; to live, if he must. Those were his clothes, his, Blake's, hanging there on those nails in the closet. That was his writing-desk there—his! That was his mother's picture hanging on the wall, and Sister Mollie's in the gilt frame on the dresser there. It seemed as though they must be ashamed of him!

"What are you doing here, Morton Blake?" he asked himself—"you, a man, her son, *her* brother? And they were so proud of you! Where is the book you were writing, where the play half done? Are those half-finished manuscripts in that desk all you have to show for the sacrifice they made to educate you?"

A weakness came over Blake. He shrank under the questions he put to himself.

"Thank God, they're dead!" he whispered. "And curses, a thousand curses, that I can't die, too!"

On Blake's narrow bed that night the glowing, living past met the empty, sickening future, and the conflict left Blake wan and hollow-eyed.

One thought came clear out of the chaos of that night—not so much a thought, perhaps, as a determination: No one must see, no one must know. There must always be a mask over his face to hide the scarred, bruised Blake that had been. It must be a cheerful mask, for the sake of those other men and women who had fought the fight under this same roof, who were facing the same future, in other guises—but the same blank, hopeless future.

And grim and in earnest Blake learned to smile. After that first week, after they had coaxed back a little strength to his body, a little sleep to his eyes of nights—after that first week he went about among the rest, and on his

young, strained face was the smile—that dreadful, pitiful smile.

"I could stand it better," said one of the "best friends" who came to see him—"it wouldn't seem quite so bad if he wasn't so damned cheerful. It's the cheerfulness that hurts. Oh, go up to see him—you'll know what I mean. You'll feel as if you'd have given a couple of years of your health to have tacked on to his, poor chap!"

But Blake did not know that was what was said of him. He thought he was doing it beautifully. And he didn't know that when he wheeled his chair down the length of the sunny porch where the women sat in couples or groups and laughed and chatted that in the wake of his slow progress went a sigh and a tear from those who could have mothered him.

"He's so young," they said to one another, "such a boy!" in apology for the weakness of sighing.

For cheerfulness was the unwritten rule at the "Home." You always said how much better you felt. It cheated and deceived that Specter who stood forever at your elbow and nudged you when you forgot he was there. Sometimes, if you played games, like checkers or parchesi, you got so interested that you entirely forgot for a few minutes the Specter, and that gave you the laugh on him. And if you pretended you were having a pretty good sort of a time, it was much better for those who were likely to be a little blue and depressed now and then.

Oh, it was like a battlefield, was this "Home," with all the soldiers well to the front and dying game. Only even to old soldiers there's something pathetic in a young, raw recruit, suddenly thrown forward on the firing line—and they sighed for Blake.

But Blake smiled and was very courteous to every one. He played checkers (he couldn't manage this till about the second month, though) with Miss Cor-

lear, and he held yarn for that dear old lady, Mrs. Kildare, who knit and knit and told stories to any one who would listen.

Miss Corlear did not knit. Her right hand and arm were always under a shawl, but she could walk a little, and Mrs. Kildare's hands and arms were all right, but she was lifted from her bed to her chair and back again.

Miss Corlear came of an old family, so old that most of it had died, and the few who lived were distant both in connection and in feeling. And Mrs. Kildare's people were all in Ireland, and no one of them had money enough to come over and see her. "Me cousin, the Lady Marjorie Kildare," was often the subject of conversation, and during that second month Blake listened gallantly to the uninspiring history of the titled lady whose ancestry seemed to date back to the original Irishman.

The first time Blake laughed after he came to the "Home"—his first real laugh—was once when he caught himself saying, as he looked from his window and saw Mrs. Kildare in one of three closely-placed wheel-chairs:

"Me cousin, Lady Marjorie Kildare," he mimicked, and his imitation was so good that he laughed aloud.

It hurt him, that laugh. It reminded him of how he used to laugh. Why, it was nothing to laugh—then; a good, hearty roar at almost anything, or a pleased chuckle over something pretty good.

And Blake wheeled his chair abruptly and cleverly out of his little room and down the long bare corridor.

While he waited for the elevator Jimmie rolled toward him. He didn't know Jimmie's other name. Very few did. He had been at the "Home" a long, long time, till it was really home to him. When you first saw Jimmie it was something of a shock. Blake's friends looked the other way, if they could, when he was about, for Jimmie was dreadfully

twisted—it was remarkable that any one could live and get about in that poor, misshapen body. But if you had a good grip on yourself and looked right square at him, you saw a pair of beautiful soft brown eyes that were as tender as a woman's. And when you got acquainted with Jimmie you felt very certain that the Recording Angel was marking down every day a great many good marks that were to stand for Jimmie's clean record. Not a poor unfortunate had a headache but Jimmie was ready to stand off other people to keep them from bothering. Not a man or woman had a friend come to visit him but that Jimmie's brown eyes glowed with a generous delight; not a new-comer was brought to the "Home" but Jimmie hovered about, ready to offer his word of greeting. Blake had looked long and often at the poor, bent, racked frame, had marveled at the sweet note in the harsh voice, had ground his teeth in a rage of pity that such things must be.

"Bully day, Mr. Blake," was Jimmie's greeting.

"A fine one, and mighty welcome."

"Thought 'twas coming—felt the weather freshen last night."

"You're a good weather bureau. Go in first," as the elevator's wide door rolled open.

"I'm going down to the lawn to watch O'Brien fly his kite," volunteered Blake's companion as they wheeled through the sun parlor and down the wooden incline out on the grass. "Here he is now."

Another chair wheeled into sight around the corner. Blake, for want of any other objective point, rolled after the other two, and the odd little procession took its way to a wide, clear, sunny space on the terrace.

They anchored their chairs by blocks of wood that they carried under the foot-rests. Blake pulled his rug closer about him and leaned back, a book in his lap. Jimmie watched with interest the arrangements of O'Brien.

"A picturesque little corner in hell," commented Blake under his breath, as he looked about him.

"A good breeze, Mr. O'Brien." It was Jimmie's voice, cheerful, hoarse, yet vibrating with that strange, sweet note that Blake had often noticed.

"If it ain't too stiff," O'Brien spoke fretfully. "I can't fly her very long if she pulls too much."

"I don't believe it's too stiff, and if it is, maybe I could hold her a little while for you."

"You might let her fall," said O'Brien ungraciously. Then, repenting: "I don't know, though; you held her fine for me before. It wasn't your fault she fell. She's done it on me before now."

"And you mended her."

"Good as ever."

Blake caught their words, and he looked with narrowed eyes at the two beside him.

And he was one of them! His hands clenched on his book.

"They ought to pass us out a neat little pop-off powder with our sentence," he muttered to himself. "'Twould be only decent of them!"

"What did you say?" Jimmie had caught a sound.

Blake shook his head. The cripple's eyes were looking straight at him. Their soft brilliancy was unusually noticeable to-day, he thought. Perhaps it would be a mistaken kindness, after all, to dim their radiance in death.

O'Brien was tugging at his twine.

"I meant to have got this out last time," he complained, "but it started to rain, and I had to hustle in."

Jimmie's hands went swiftly to cover.

"Wish I could help you," he said.

Blake felt a flush come to his face.

"Toss it over here, Mr. O'Brien," he called. "I'm a crackerjack at untying knots."

His slim, long fingers caught the ball of string; they worked a moment at the knot, and the cord ran clear.

"My fingers are stiff to-day," apologized O'Brien.

Jimmie wheeled to Blake, took the untangled cord in his maimed hand, and returned it to the man with the kite. Then he anchored his chair and looked about expectantly.

"Bellows will be along pretty soon," he said. "There he comes now."

An attendant came toward them. He started the kite, good-naturedly waiting a moment to see that all was well.

"I'll be right over here with the old gentleman," he said. "Sing out if you want me again."

"There she tugs!" cried O'Brien.

"There she tugs!" echoed Jimmie. He leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction. He seemed to have a positive genius for entering into the pleasures of others, appropriating thankfully for his own use whatever of those pleasures they did not need.

"I expect she can see a lot of things we can't. Don't you, Mr. O'Brien?"

O'Brien grunted. His eyes were fixed on the white, swaying shape against the blue sky.

"It looks awfully far up there, don't it?" asked Jimmie again. "Awfully far!"

Another grunt from O'Brien was his only response, but Jimmie seemed to expect none. His face had an unutterable sadness. His eyes, dark and glowing in his white face, stared up at the kite.

Blake sighed and tried to read.

O'Brien's stiff, knotted hands held the cord in sensitive readiness.

"She's a-tugging," he said finally.

Jimmie turned quickly.

"Can I—do you want me to hold her?" He looked wistfully at O'Brien.

"No," said O'Brien shortly. Then he looked at Jimmie. "Well, a minute; maybe you'd better, for a spell. Sure you can manage her?"

"Sure," said Jimmie.

A little later there was a breathless moment while the transfer was being

made. O'Brien leaned forward anxiously. He hated to have any one touch his kite. It was the only unselfish thing O'Brien ever did since he came to the "Home"—this occasional permission for Jimmie to hold the cord of his kite.

But Jimmie did not see the anxiety of O'Brien. A faint tinge of color was on his cheeks, his lips were parted. Forgotten were his maimed fingers, forgotten the useless legs that he always kept covered and from which the rug had fallen.

"Just feel her pull," he said.

Then the three sat in silence. Finally Blake moved over to Jimmie. He pulled up the fallen rug and, leaning over, tucked it about him.

"It's a bit cold," he said.

Jimmie brought his eyes back to the level of Blake's.

"Thank you," he said. Then suddenly: "Take it, Mr. Blake; it's fine, oh, it's *great*."

Blake found the cord in his hands. O'Brien started an objection, but Jimmie shook his head at him.

"You haven't ever let him," he said in a whisper, and O'Brien was silent.

The kite tugged. Little by little Blake let out the string. Steadily rose the kite. Blake forgot the others. Then he forgot himself. He rolled in the cord a bit, let it out again. He felt with sensitive fingers the tug of the seemingly sentient thing that kept its poise through this very limitation—his hand upon the cord.

An exhilaration swept over him. Something came into his mind, a fugitive bit of verse. He caught only a word or two. Then O'Brien spoke.

"Maybe I'd better take her now."

Blake came back, as Jimmie had done.

He passed the cord to Jimmie, and Jimmie, with infinite care, transferred it to O'Brien.

"Thanks, Mr. O'Brien. I had a fine time."

But Blake said nothing. He was trying to remember what the words were that tried to come to him.

"Ah!" he breathed suddenly.

"What is it, Mr. Blake?" asked Jimmie.

And Blake, with a dazed look, stared straight at Jimmie's eyes and said slowly:

"I am the Master of my Fate,
I am the Captain of my Soul!"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmie.

From a late visit that night the house physician came down Blake's corridor. He saw a light through a slightly opened door, and stopped and peered in. Then he stepped noiselessly back again. He closed the door softly and proceeded on his way. It was unprofessional, but there are times when rules are honored more in the breach than in the observance.

For in the room where the light was sat Blake. He leaned over his desk, and on it were piled scrawled sheets of paper. On a chair was a box whose dusty cover had been hastily torn off; its contents showed themselves to be manuscripts in various stages of completion.

Blake of the "picturesque little corner in hell" had vanished; Blake of the "pop-off" powder, Blake of the pitiful smile, was gone, and in his stead was Blake the man of promise, Blake the writer, Blake of the ready, graceful pen. And the pen was flying.

Finally he paused and pushed back the paper. Then he leaned back, stretched his arms and smiled.

"I am the Master of my Fate," he whispered. "I am the Captain of my Soul."

IN A FRIEND'S GUIDE-BOOK

By THOMAS WALSH

A flower of Spain—a yellow rose of Seville
That graced of old some gipsy's lustrous hair—
The spoil, I fancy, that the lucky devil
Bore off in memory of his folly there.

A flower of Spain—some gracious señorita
Has thrown at carnival amid the ball—
Or bashful token of some Mariquita
With fan, mantilla and embroidered shawl.

A flower of Spain—perchance its cloister garden
Blooms golden still with others of its kin,
Strewn on procession-days to plead for pardon
By children's hands through streets of pride and sin.

A flower of Spain—ah, not the last memento
Of Moorish gardens seen by honeymoon?—
Left in his guide-book indiscreetly lent to
Another tourist in the month of June?

A flower of Spain—yes, Time contrives to blot it
To rust and ashes—all its fragrance flown!—
'Tis evident the rascal has forgot it—
But I shall add some others of my own.

OUR OWN TIMES

A BEAUTIFUL NATIONAL SENTIMENT—A POSTSCRIPT TO "A STUDY IN WILD LIFE"—THE WHIMSICALLY FRIENDLY LITTLE HOUSE—MASTERPIECES OF LITIGATION—NO COAL AFTER A. D. 2107—THE DEATH OF "THE CHOPIN OF THE NORTH"—THE POWER OF PAUR

THE institution of Home Week appears to be as happy a thought as Thanksgiving Day and Arbor Day. These occasions make a trilogy that reflects credit upon the sentiment and imagination of a homely nation—one day for the public expression of gratitude to the Creator, one for the planting of trees, one for the love of home.

We Americans always have been nomadic. As soon as we have become really settled, we have an impulse to move on and settle somewhere else. It is called restlessness, this impulse, and we are sometimes blamed for it. But it seems, after all, to be an extraneous impulsion. Something drives us on and makes us conquer the wild—something for which we seem not altogether responsible induces us to employ our energies in fresh ventures. But, though we wander far, we like, for old sake's sake, to go back where we had our beginnings.

It is true that while such returns awaken our tenderness, they may also have the effect of making us much more contented with our present circumstances and surroundings. The sentiment that attaches to the home place and the home people envelops them in a fictitious value. And even the most beautiful and peaceful spot loses for us its charm if we are not identified with it in a vital way—in other words, if our own work does not lie there.

Of course, it is more than likely that these home excursions will bring you face to face with certain ghosts—the ghosts of your dead selves. There is the self you were at ten—a vagrant and mischief-loving self; the self you were at sixteen, when you dreamed of fame; the self you were at twenty, when you considered quite perfect happiness obtainable. But they were savorless dreams compared with those you now hold. Conflict and defeat, as well as hope and faith, have enriched you. The battle is on, and you like it, and would not return, if you could, to the innocuous placidity of the old days—the days of youth.

ONE of the ways in which the commercial capability and celebrated "common sense" of the country shows itself is in the distrust of genius and the consequent discouragement of it. The public school is the first thing the American desires for his own town, or for the village of the recently acquired Philippines. Wherever the Stars and Stripes float free education for all men is insured. The least creature is given his chance. Though he be blind or deaf or half-witted, still we see to it that he is not defrauded of his opportunity by any fault of ours, and, so far as possible, we compel him to take his chance whether he wishes to or not. But while we are giving the least of these the opportunity to make as much of himself as possible we are quite passionately keeping the most splendid from realizing their inheritance. It was perhaps a mistake to say that this tendency is unconscious. To an extent it is deliberate, or, at any rate, the objection to what is considered singularity is almost universal. This warfare against the tropic individuality begins with a settled aversion to early talent, which is considered precocity, and therefore spoken of opprobriously; is followed by a distrust of the enthusiasms of adolescence, and is completed by the dislike the "practical business man" feels for what he considers the "one-sided man," and for those forms of inefficiency, as it seems to him, which take refuge in art.

It is not the public schools only that discourage talent by distracting the attention of the child from it. The private schools, and the most painstaking of them, work upon the principle that if a child shows musical genius he must be taught chemistry; that if he has a passion for mechanics he must be deeply grounded in grammar; that if he writes beautiful young verses he must be held down to his mathematics. The educator and the parent unite in a tremulous fear that the youth of quality will go off at a tangent. To make him do the thing that "takes it out of him" the most, that causes

the greatest expenditure of nervous energy, the most tears and headaches, and consumes the most time—in other words, that keeps him successfully away from his favorite pursuit—is to give him the discipline necessary for his all-around development. The result is a social monotony of astounding consistency, a dearth of genius quite out of keeping with the vitality of the nation and the absorption in business of an army of frustrated artists of one sort and another.

"You don't wish your boy to be different from other boys," an educator said recently to a woman with an unusual son, and he was very much at a loss to know what to reply when she asked, point blank, "But why not?"

The florist, the horticulturist, the breeder of stock does not attempt to reduce, but to increase his varieties. He aims to reach a fixed standard, it is true, but each is cultivated after its kind. American ideals of education, however, are to make but one kind. We like "hard-headed men." We speak of "mere imagination." We applaud the man who "seizes the chance." When we say he is far-seeing we refer to his ability to tell what block of stock or what section of suburban property will rise. These things are good to know, and it is not the purpose of these remarks to depreciate their demonstration of intelligence, but merely to urge that the man of business is just as one-sided as the genius, and to beg that the talents and preferences of children be given more consideration.

"A child doesn't know what he wants," is frequently urged. But this may be one of the greatest of mistakes. The child may have an intense inclination for a certain vocation, but children are shy and distrustful, and if those great revered powers above him laugh him down he hides with pain and shame the impulse which would have been his delight and the source of his individualization.

DID you ever really wish to live in a large house? Driving along the boulevards, or skirting the bay lined with the summer cottages of the millionaires, were you ever moved to envy? If you are one of those foolish, happy, dreaming creatures who have waves of emotional remembrance as from a previous existence, and on looking at a house,

or garden, or inland lake, sense it as something with which you were familiar in that all but obliterated past, have you ever found in the grand mansion any such mystic reminders?

If you have, you are an exception to the rule.

Almost universally, the ideals find their habitation in a small house. It may be that you actually dwell in some Romanesque-Franco-American brownstone affair with eleven bath rooms. Very likely you do. Probably you are stealing the joy out of your days and the peace from your nights to live up to it. But this habitation is the one that circumstances have thrust upon you. It is the house that was constructed for you, but not the home of your secret selection.

When you walk by yourself along the city streets it is not the proper mansions that solicit you to enter their doors and find rest by their hearthstones. Not at all.

It is the odd, absurd little houses, the whimsical, friendly little houses, that seem to be awaiting you, and that smile as if they knew the happy secrets that once were yours. "There is a little house hiding shyly behind evergreens where I am sure I could be comfortable," writes E. V. Lucas in "A Wanderer in London." "This house—it is only a cottage, really—has one of London's few wet, bird-haunted lawns. It is so retiring and whispering that the speculative builder has utterly overlooked it all these years."

But though the speculative builder may overlook it, the dreamer has no difficulty whatever in finding it. Myrtle Reed tells in her latest novel of the bachelor who goes a-searching in the country for a vine-covered house at the end of a lane—a house in which one might, on choice occasion, see pies in the pantry window. And the Baroness Von Hutten gives her favorite *Pam* a house of houses at the end of a close, with a little cabinet of a sitting-room, white-paneled, and with precious pottery in its shelves. Almost invariably, in fiction, happiness finds its home in the little house—the curious, retiring little house—with its human history recorded on its walls like music in the cylinders of a phonograph. Nor was there ever such a house without its hearthstone. No steam radiator or hot-air register has ever sufficed to draw the really right people together! Old age may not find its comfort

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
General chairman of the great conference on trusts and railways in Chicago, October 22-23

there, nor young love its romance; children will not gather around it, nor married folk treasure its associations.

It is but seldom that the great house is remembered with tenderness, or that, in far lands, the heart turns toward it. The life in the mansion is not intimate enough to inspire those peculiar feelings of longing and love which are at once the torment and the comfort of the wanderer.

It is all very well to live in a perfectly modern and convenient house if you must; it is, perhaps, not your fault that you possess three salons in different architectural styles, and no living room, or that you have a conservatory and formal gardens instead of a lonesome garden patch, but if you are a D. D. (a Doctor of Dreams) you will house the soul of you in the little friendly house with the "wet, bird-haunted lawn."

WITH two things the average man feels it a duty to find fault—the weather forecast and the prevailing modes of trying legal causes. Especially does he plume himself upon his intelligence when criticizing

the jury system. One might think, from a reading of the average editorial, that somewhere else, where courts are less benighted, trials are better ordered. Yet in the same week juries acquitted in the Loving case in Virginia, and in the Waddington-Balmaceda trial in Belgium, in pursuance of the same sentimental barbarism—"the unwritten law." We are much alike on both sides of the water. We may claim, however, that our English system of marshaling evidence and excluding hearsay and opinion places our trials above those of any foreign peoples except our Anglo-Saxon cousins. We all remember the passionate harangues from the witness box in the Dreyfus case. In the Haywood trial, in which social forces clashed, so vast as to dwarf the puny race prejudice of the trial of the captive of Devil's Island, we heard not a single "*A bas!*" or "*Conspuez!*"—or their English equivalent, nor did any witness dramatically cry out, "On my honor, I believe him guilty!" It is the cold testimony as to known facts that counts in American courts. Tolstoy's "Resurrection" turns on a piece of

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THE *LUSITANIA* APPROACHING THE DOCK ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO NEW YORK

Her second trip was a record-breaking one, the first to be completed in less than five days, being but four days, nineteen hours and fifty-two minutes; eleven hours and thirty-one minutes faster than the previous record. The *Lusitania* is the largest steamship afloat, having a length of 785 feet, a breadth of 88 feet, and a displacement of 38,000 tons. Her turbine engines produce 70,000 horsepower, at a daily consumption of 1000 tons of coal.

MARY MANNERING

Her latest photograph. She is now playing in "Glorious Betsy"

loose work in a criminal trial such as could not possibly take place in an American court—our pert paragraphers to the contrary notwithstanding. It takes a long time to get juries in some cases, and English critics censured us for this when the Thaw trial was on. Yet the bitterly-fought case drags anywhere, even in England. Some reforms in

procedure have come about there since the Tichborne case, yet it is probable that another Tichborne case would take quite as long to try if it came on next year. This great cause was called in April, 1873. The opening statement and evidence for the prosecution lasted until July 21, on which date the solicitor for the claimant began his

THE OLD BRUTON PARISH CHURCH AT WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

The oldest existing place of worship in America. Memorials have recently been presented to it by President Roosevelt and King Edward, commemorative of the three-hundredth anniversary of English civilization in America. Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Randolph, Marshall, Madison and Monroe attended this church.

opening address—and talked just a month. On December 2 the evidence was concluded, and the claimant's lawyer began his address to the jury, which lasted all the remainder of the year 1873, and until January 14, 1874. Sir Henry Hawkins, chief counsel for the prosecution, seems to have acted upon the maxim that brevity is the soul of wit, his few well-chosen words taking only a fortnight in delivery. The case went to the jury on the last day of February, so that the twelve men in the box were able to shake hands and part after an association as jurors in this one case of only a few days less than a year. And no suggestion is made that any time was wasted. Where complex issues are strenuously fought out time must be consumed. A great novelist may take years to produce his masterpiece. The impeachment of Warren Hastings is as great as "Les Misérables."

A THOUGHTFUL person falling from a balloon is not seriously concerned with the matter of his initial speed of descent. It is the fact that his velocity doubles with every sixteen feet that enables him accurately to calculate his eventual comminution. So it is with many facts of modern life. It is not so much the pace that kills as the acceleration of it. Take the coal supply, for instance. Mr. Marius R. Campbell gives us some figures, showing that we have in the United States, including Alaska, coal enough to supply the average consumption of the past forty years, for some sixteen thousand years to come. This looks reassuring—on the surface. But at the rate of consumption in 1905 it would last only four thousand years. This is still far enough off so that we may leave it to posterity with that curious feeling that our children four thousand years removed are not so much entitled to our care

as those of to-morrow. But we have not yet allowed for acceleration. If the rate of consumption keeps on accelerating as it has in the past, the coal will be gone in a hundred years; and the distress and suffering of a diminishing supply will be felt by persons now living. This is bringing it home to us. Mr. Campbell fixes the actual time of exhaustion at two hundred years. He doubtless makes allowance for such economies as the use of producer-gas engines, which may be expected to yield from twice to five times the power of the ordinary engine from the same amount of coal; the use of the culm-piles and lignite beds by the briquetting process, and the like. And even after these allowances are made the prospect is not comforting. Where is the man with the scheme for getting heat, light, power and electricity from coal without combustion? He is needed.

EDWARD Grieg, when he passed from earth the other day, was full of years and honors, and as such was enviable, but

THE FLY-LEAF OF THE BIBLE PRESENTED BY
KING EDWARD TO BRUTON CHURCH

It will rest on the lectern presented by President Roosevelt. A curious division of space is to be noticed—seven lines devoted to King Edward and two to the Saviour

his greatest good fortune was that he was really able to express himself. Perhaps there is, to each soul, a peculiar essence, but it is the fate of most men not to have this distilled in its purity. Though they seem ever upon the verge of expressing themselves, yet, somehow, they fail, and not infrequently are so altered by experience and influences as to lose their individual flavor. But Edward Grieg was more fortunate. He went even further than self-expression, and was able to express his nation. More unmistakably than Chopin voiced Poland, more consistently than Tschaikowsky uttered Russia, more ardently than Dvorak echoed Bohemia, Grieg has sung Norway. He has not sung *of* it, nor—public opinion to the contrary—has he collated her music. He has been, rather, the pipe upon which she played. Her sadness and wildness, her moodiness and mystery, her symbolism and witchery, he has expressed so that all the world has been able to understand.

There are a good many different sorts of patriots in the world, and none, perhaps, performs a greater service than he who makes the world understand his country. To understand is, of course, to like, since it is im-

THE LECTERN PRESENTED BY PRESIDENT
ROOSEVELT TO BRUTON CHURCH

possible for any nation to reach greatness without idealism at its heart. But the statesman, the historian, the orator, have a labor beyond them when they attempt such a thing as this. It is only the artist who is given the privilege of really achieving this glorious feat. It is a Heine who teaches what lies at the core of German thought, a Burns who endears Scotland, a Mark Twain who makes America comprehensible, and it is the musicians of Hungary, of Italy, of Russia, of Poland and of Norway that speak to us, who do not know their tongue, in a language universal and beloved.

Grieg was a man who fed on dreams, and he is a beautiful example of the utility of dreams. Like most dreamers, he loved melancholy, wildness, fairie lore, symbols and visions. The world for him was vibrant with sounds which others did not hear. It may not have been an unusual experience with musicians, but it was certainly a fact of Grieg's experiences that themes and melodies appeared to be conveyed to him from the surrounding atmosphere, as if some invisible Over-musician, some messenger from high Olympus, presented them as gifts to the favored one. It has often been said that he

HIS GRACE THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON

While visiting this country he defeated the President at tennis

employed the folk-songs of his native land, but this is a mistake. He merely wrote in perfect consonance with the national feeling. He did not use the folk-songs; he made them.

It was partly his love of the exquisite, the fitful and the elfish that kept him from undertaking compositions of impressive size, though his persistently poor health had, undoubtedly, much to do with this also. One opera, "Olaf Trygvason," was begun, but was not finished, and, indeed, the libretto which Björnson was to prepare for it was likewise incompleated. He wrote no symphony, but merely cantatas of moderate length, the "Peer Gynt" music—orchestral, of course—a piano concerto, three sonatas for piano and violin, the 'cello sonata, the stringed quartet, and his piano pieces and songs. It may not be a popular prophecy, but it seems to us that it is by his songs he will be best remembered. These have not yet come into their own. They are rarely sung, and then, often, with faulty interpretation. It is not the merely intelligent and

EDWARD GRIEG
(1843-1907)

CELEBRATION OF INLAND WATERWAYS CON-
VENTION AT MEMPHIS

Arch of cotton bales erected on the occasion of President Roosevelt's presence at the first conference of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Waterway Association

facile singer who can interpret them; not the conventional concert or drawing-room artist. There must be something of genius in the one who can make these understandable. The north, with its winds and lamentings, its nights of white fire and its days of blue gloom, its valorous gaiety, its secret pagan dreams, must have touched the heart of her who would sing Grieg as he should be sung. But this comprehension will come in time to be a part of the world's musical heritage, just as the understanding of Schubert has, and not until then will the utmost eloquence of Grieg's harmonics be appreciated.

UNITED labor sleeps neither night nor day, but is ever on the alert to protect the helpless and assist the downtrodden. In spite of all that can be done, however, greed and autocracy sometimes gain the ascendance. A notable case of this has just come to light. Emil Paur, director of the Pittsburgh Orchestra, representing for the moment the relentless powers of capital and oppression, has succeeded in making an agreement with the American Federation of Musicians without relinquishing the right to compel his employes to play faster than *adagio*. This news, spread broadcast by

means of a crippled telegraph service, will chill the heart of each and every musician who has ennobled his art by joining the ranks of organized workmen. He will see stretching before him a vista of gray and bitter years in which he may be called upon at any moment for a movement in *con moto tempo*, or in *allegro*, or even—hideous thought—*presto*! Such exertions of fingers or wrists are in themselves painful to contemplate, but what of the man who disports upon the horn of brass or the pipe of wood? What tragic puffings and blowings are his! What piteous rubification of innocent countenances! It is evident that labor has not yet attained to its capacity for resistance. *Adagio*, indeed!

MADAME ALLA NAZIMOVA
IN IBSEN'S *THE MASTERBUILDER*

SOLID FOOD

An old South Carolina darkey was sent to the city hospital.

Upon his arrival he was placed in the ward and one of the nurses put a thermometer in his mouth to take his temperature. Presently, when the doctor made the rounds, he said:

"Well, my man, how do you feel?"

"I feels right tol'ble, sar."

"Have you had anything to eat?"

"Yassar."

"What did you have?"

"A lady done gimme a piece of glass ter suck, sar."

HER VALUATION

Aunt Fanny took little Mary to the French church and gave her a nickel to put in the alms basin.

Mary looked at the coin with evident satisfaction, and then, nestling close to her aunt, whispered: "How much are you going to give?"

Her aunt, opening her hand, displayed a quarter of a dollar.

"Oh," exclaimed the child excitedly; "don't do it; it isn't worth it."

THOSE UNPLEASANT TRUTHS

Señor Enrique Creel, the new Mexican ambassador, said at a dinner in Washington, apropos of unpleasant truths:

"Why should we ever tell them? They are always unnecessary, and how they wound!"

"I have heard of an American countess or duchess—I forget which—who said to her noble husband fondly:

"'You were embarrassed when you proposed to me, Percival, were you not?'"

"'Yes,' the man answered, 'I owed sixty thousand pounds.'"

EAGER

Little Brother—I am sure that if I were not in the room the lieutenant would kiss you.

Sister—You naughty boy! How can you say such a thing? Run out of the room at once.

A PROOF

Mistress (opening the drawing-room door during a chat with her friends)—You were listening, Johann!

Servant (frightened) — Certainly not, madam!

Mistress (severely)—Do not deny it. Your hair is standing on end!

WAS NOT HUNGRY

"Jane," called the mistress from the foot of the stairs, "how about breakfast?"

"Oh," replied the new servant, who had overslept herself, "ye needn't trouble to bring me none. I ain't very hungry this mornin'."

THE OFF HORSE

Charles P. Neill, the United States Labor Commissioner, tells a story about a small boy whom a charitable association of Philadelphia sent into the country during the hot weather:

"One morning the little fellow took a walk to the village, three miles away, and as he stood in front of the postoffice a farmer got down out of his double team and said:

"'Hey, sonny, ketch hold o' that hoss's head while I go see if thar's any letters.'"

"'Which hoss's head?' said the lad advancing.

"'The orf un,' said the farmer.

"'The orphan?' said the boy. 'How can I tell which of 'em's lost his parunts?'"

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THE READER

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY PUBLISHERS INDIANAPOLIS, USA.

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What's What in This Month's Reader

"**A** BELATED Study in Wild Life" is not a nature article, either real or faked. According to Emerson Taylor the most important, as well as the most interesting, specimen of wild life that ever came into his field of vision is the Boy. Every boy, after his kind, but particularly the boy that is "different," the one that doesn't do as others do, that reads when he should be at play, that draws strange pictures when he should be bringing in the wood. This is the boy that Mr. Taylor has under the microscope; and not only the boy, but the boy's parents as well. If you number a boy among your assets you'll get something from a reading of this essay.

Riley has a new poem in this number! If there was the slightest excuse for adding anything to that statement it should be added, but there isn't. It's like announcing recess to a school-room full of boys. You don't have to tell them the way out, nor suggest that doubtless they will find their games amusing. You will turn to *The Boys of the Old Glee Club* just as eagerly as the boys of the school-room turn to the sunshine of the playground. Riley has a new poem in this number!

From some recent vigorous utterances it seems clear that Democratic leaders are determined that tariff reform shall lead the grand march of the issues in the political pageant of 1908. But it takes two to make a quarrel, and it may be that their friends, the Republican enemy, will decline the first place to the tariff. Whatever comes about, it is a tremendous question that can't be ignored or much longer delayed, and in presenting it to our readers now, only thirty days before the convening of Congress, we feel we are offering them a vital problem at a most timely moment. In his article Mr. Bryan attacks the whole scheme of protection as we know it to-day, showing what to him are its absurdities and inconsistencies and finally declaring that: "The present tariff is not only indefensible in principle, indefensible as a matter of policy and indefensible on the ground of necessity, but it has exerted and still exerts a corrupting influence in politics." Senator Beveridge in a most significant paper—amounting really to a public document—outlines for the first time his party's entire scheme of revision, admitting that the Dingley schedules should be recast, telling how the Republican leaders propose to do the work and how they will, in one stroke, remove for all time the disquieting economic

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

question from party politics. The Senator's article contains a definite and carefully worked out policy. It is certain to arouse the best thought of the nation.

There are three new story-writers in this number of the magazine: Jane Clifford, Mary MacMillan and Perry Hamilton. With *Yours in Confidence*, *A Sharer in Battle* and *Black-berry* they make their first appearance. We offer these specimens of their art to you with pride, not with apology. The stories themselves are their authors' own best press agents; the power and originality of *A Sharer in Battle*; the delicate grace and pathos of *Black-berry*; the humor and gentle satire of *Yours in Confidence* will win you to friendly and enthusiastic support. It is a trying but a happy moment for the new authors, but they may count with confidence, we feel sure, on the approval of all who care for and appreciate fiction of the better sort. In *Mrs. Jarro! Dove*, Miss Clifford has created a new character—one with many humorous possibilities. We have asked her to let us have more of this charming Southerner whose amusing characteristics are by no means peculiar to the South.

What's What in This Month's Reader

IF all the property-owners in Cincinnati, for example, should suddenly realize that their city is simply a joint stock company, in which they are shareholders, and that the city officials are but managing directors acting for and responsible to the shareholders, do you think it would be possible for the citizen shareholder to receive dividends instead of paying taxes? It would take time to get rid of the bad contracts and the unprofitable franchises, but with all the people convinced that they had an interest in a great corporation, which, if rightly managed, would earn them money, something would happen, and happen pretty remarkably quick. In *The Twin Cities of Thunder Bay* Mr. Curwood tells not of one but of two little cities whose shareholders have determined to make their respective corporations at least self-sustaining, if not dividend earning, and he shows how honest and intelligent city management pays in more ways than one, the one being dollars and cents. To the believer in municipal ownership this story of "the city-owned city" will bring new confidence, while to the doubter it will give a jar that may make necessary a readjustment of his opinions. The *Twin Cities of Thunder Bay* are Mr. Curwood's by right of discovery. As far as we know their encouraging biography has never before been set forth in black and white.

OCTAVE THANET

The Lion's Share is allotted, finally, and we hope to your satisfaction, in this number. You will rejoice beyond doubt in the good fortune that comes to that amiable old warrior, Colonel Winter. No one could possibly keep his heart closed when the colonel knocks for admission. The story has run its exciting course through six numbers of the magazine, and in writing "the end" this month we feel as though we were bidding good-by to old and loyal friends.

Friends of Mr. Howard Chandler Christy who knew of his recent illness will be pleased to learn that his health has been regained and his work resumed. *THE READER* is extremely fortunate in presenting as its frontispiece this month the first drawing from Mr. Christy's brush since his recovery—a stunning portrait of his favorite American Girl, limned with a dash and sureness which speaks eloquently of the artist's renewed power, presaging a second and more splendid summer for his art.

The other side of *Both Sides of Wall Street* is stripped of its disguise in this number of *THE READER*, and displayed in all its tempting but terrible aspects. What is a bucketshop, and how is it operated? Have you any show for a square deal? Can the bucketshop influence the market? Are your "trades," made, say, in Omaha, really placed by wire in New York, or does the bucketshop take your bet? All this and much more you will find interestingly set forth and illustrated in *Both Sides of Wall Street*.

THE READER ADVERTISEMENTS

On Time Again

THE BRYAN-BEVERIDGE *presentation*

of the immediate and urgent question

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is in this number of THE READER

Before Congress meets you will have found the spare hour in which to read these great documents. They appear just before the time for action.

Mr. Bryan

attacks the present tariff and the whole theory of protection, declaring his belief that "reform" means a substitution of a tariff levied for the purpose of raising revenue, for a tariff levied permanently for the purpose of protection.

Senator Beveridge

says the Republicans not only concede, but assert that the tariff must be revised, and then he declares the fallacy of a straight revenue tariff, the equal fallacy of a straight protective tariff, and outlines a business-like plan of revision, the most definite policy of revision ever offered by a leader of the party of protection. Is it also Roosevelt's policy?

These two most important and urgent articles are in

THIS NUMBER OF THE READER

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The Man Who Arrives

How he comes into the great northwest searching out a new home. Alien and unformed, he becomes, under expert direction, the "maker of nations." Sara Hamilton Birchall journeyed into the north in order to write this delightful article for the Christmas READER. Howard Giles has drawn the emigrant in his various nationalities. Pictures reproduced in two colors.

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The Outlandish Woman

is the title of a short story which you must not fail to read. It is an unusual story, not in its plot, for the story of the man whose soul is torn between two women is as old as the human heart; but in its unhesitatingly sure handling the work is that of a master. For its author, INEZ THOMPSON, we predict a brilliant future. The illustrations, by HERBERT SUMMERS, are reproduced in color.

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The city that was may never be again, but the same inspiration that helped Mr. Irwin will rise to the aid of writer folk. Earthquake and fire have swept away "Romance in purple letters"; the lights are out along the "Rialto of the desperate"; the music from the dance halls down on the "Barbary Coast" no longer makes hideous the Californian night. The tiny restaurant where Art scribbled its exotic legends on the wall is gone; Chinatown, region where the stanch of heart might follow adventure to the brink of danger—and over—is a myth. In the trail of vanishing charlatan and adventurer, artist and "danseuse," have come the contractor, the carpenter and the mason, and Graft has elbowed Gayety from the scene. But they will find that by no prosaic artisan hand was the old town built; it grew of itself in the Bret Harte days, when

with the golden dust might be purchased love or a meal, a song—ay, life itself. Modern hands will modernize; once highways of romance will be turned by phlegmatic masons into ordinary streets; San Francisco the Impossible, the City of Miracles, will become a bromidic town. The clan of the faithful must ape the cry of Kipling's Cave Man: "Romance is dead."

In the pages of the young writers who have known San Francisco, however, the romance of "the city that was" will live. Many tales of it are still to be told, and they will be entertainingly told, for the spirit of the gay old town would rise to haunt any of its historians who proved a dullard. That the trend is toward stories of the city by the Western Gate is shown by the fact that, among the fall novels, three have to do with San Francisco. They are *The Heart Line*, by Gelett Burgess; *The Apple of Discord*, by Earle Ashley Walcott, and *The Lion's Share*, by Octave Thanet.

The last named, though a story of power and charm, is not so important in this connection as the other two, because, unlike them, its plot and its setting are not inseparable. In any American city could the author of *The Man of the Hour* have woven her entrancing web of mystery; many localities would have risen delighted to furnish her a captain of finance on whom to wreak her scorn. She finds in San Francisco, however, a most appropriate background for stirring adventure, and utilizes as a crashing, stupendous climax, the tragedy of the earthquake itself.

The scenes of Mr. Walcott's novel, on the other hand, could have been laid in but one city—San Francisco. For in *The Apple of Discord* the author leads us through the dark and devious ways of Chinatown; we stand now frightened in dim ante-rooms, now awed amid the Oriental splendor of "Big Sam's" reception room. With the story of the war of the Tongs over a poor little Chinese girl, the author has woven the romantic tale of Dennis Kearney, hack driver, whose oratorical flights, written for him by reporters, moved the San Francisco riff-raff of the seventies to a revolt that ended in bloodshed. We all know Mr. Walcott for a master adventurer; no situation is so involved that he can not extricate his characters with ease. And just when every-

thing is in the most hopeless of tangles—presto, it is all unraveled, and she has fallen into his arms in the old yet pleasing way. Through the winter nights to come this book is going to make many of us, against our calmer judgment, throw another log on the fire.

He who sits down to read *The Heart Line* should have a pile of logs at his elbow, else the Epilogue will find him before a cold and cheerless hearth. There is a vast deal of talk about "the great American novel," but experience has proved that the country is too broad; each story must be the story of a section. Mr. Burgess has written in this book what might be called the "great American novel of San Francisco." It is an epic of "the city that was."

Charlatans and rogues, palmists and fakirs hold the stage; and against the background of spiritualistic trickery the author sets forth a truly great love story—the love of a beautiful girl for a man whom fate has made a trickster, and his conversion to an honorable calling through that love. Over the story broods the spirit of the sophisticated city; it burns with the fever of uncertainty, of chance; through it drift the gay, unhappy folk typical of that famed Bohemia—seeking to read the future—and forget the past. Mr. Burgess has created characters that will live—*Madam Spoll*, in league with spirits, *Gay P. Summer* of the lively tastes and *Mrs. Page* in full accord, the cynical *Cayley*, the art-worshipping members of *Piedra-Pinta*, and—third corner of the eternal triangle—*Fancy Gray*.

Fancy Gray must have a paragraph to herself. She would have demanded it. First she would have asked, "Do you think me pretty?" and then she would have demanded a paragraph to herself. Mr. Irwin compares San Francisco to a gay, frivolous woman; Mr. Burgess has given us in *Fancy Gray* the woman herself. To imagine her grown old borders the impossible. She was all that is young and happy; all that is careless and free; all that is lov-

able. Romance must have stalked San Francisco's streets generations before she could be. Hers was the heritage of all the ages' laughter; but it was the laughter that cloaks a tragedy. She was inconsequential; glorious. She "wore life as a rose in her bosom."

Let us turn the pages of *The Heart Line*; the city that was has become the city that is. It is evening; down the "Barbary Coast," on the old Plaza, along Kearney Street, the lamps burn brightly; hearts—and vows—are light. Through the narrow paths of Chinatown John goes slinking—slinking—his hands hidden in his sleeves. At Fulda's the poets and the artists are gathering; at Carminetti's a few of the more precocious revelers already have their feet upon the tables. It is a mysterious hour in the most mysterious of cities. You whom the old-timers designated by the title of Gentle Reader,

Drawn by LESTER RALPH for The Heart Line.

where shall we go to-night? Shall we attend Flora Flint's Marvelous Materializing Seance on Van Ness Avenue, or shall we run out to the Cliff House to see to-morrow's sunrise? No? Then how about Fulda's, where Art rules supreme—where, you remember, *Fancy Gray* was once crowned queen—ah, you still shudder at thought of the night they sat round the table, telling each other that the waters off Goat Island are cold—so cold. All right, let us visit Francis Granthope's studio and ask him to read our palms. There may be great things in your future and in mine—things it will thrill us to hear in that mysterious, velvet curtained room. You have no desire to know the future? Very well. Perhaps the rheumatism is troubling you again. Why not call on Doctor Masterson, the celebrated "magnetic healer"? Up two flights in the gloomy building on Market Street, among chiropodists, cheap tailors and "painless"

dentists, he is waiting—waiting for his victims. Just for the fun of the thing, shall we be victims, too?

No. Alluring as these proposed adventures are, it is for another that you long. I know what you want, for I want it, too. You want to go down among the warehouses, the factories and the freight stations—down to Carminetti's, where the Italian wine flows fast, red as the flush in the cheek of the diner. It is here that Romance and tawdry Sin drink one another's health across the dirty table. It is here we may join hands with Life. Let us find a rest, in this secluded corner. Timidly the *patron* glides from table to table, pleading for a fictitious order. Now and again the face of a passing wayfarer who has dined too well peers in at us above the soiled curtains. The fun is at its height; life is fast and furious. Suddenly, in the midst of uproar, falls an awed hush. At the table in the center, *Fancy*

FANCY GRAY

Drawn by LESTER RALPH for The Heart Line.

Gray has raised her lips for a stranger to kiss! For a second the spell is unbroken, then the cheap diners rattle their steins on the tables to show their approval of Bohemian ways. The crowd is disgusting, the air nauseating—but *Fancy Gray!* To no avail would she remind us of it—"no fair falling in love!" Fair or not, she has won your heart, and mine. For she and the old San Francisco are one and the same.

The old San Francisco! Perfervid, extravagant, flamboyant, it offered easy refuge to charlatan and rogue; but gained rather than

lost thereby, for to it they brought much of its golden glamour. Its ways were wanton, its charm undefinable; between it and the Commonplace lay a chasm years only served to widen. Even in its dying hour it boasted the guerdon of a new and terrible Romance!

Out by the Western Gate the masons may work forever with cold chisels; there are some cities masonry never made. It was Old Time, master mechanic, who built the Golden City that was. And until he sees fit to lend carpenter and contractor a hand, it must be through enchanted pages that we visit it again.

THE READER ADVERTISEMENTS

THE READER ADVERTISEMENTS

Old Fashioned Girls—By Our Modern Artists

By MARY JANE McCLURE

[If you were to attempt to picture your idea of an old-fashioned girl, how would you depict her? Would you have a curl nestling alongside the curve of her tantalizingly tempting her admirers gently to kiss the soft, pinky-white flesh against which it would she be a Dolly Varden type, daintily? Would she be a sedate Colonial dame in Quaker dress? Would she be a Pompadour beauty?

BY S. ALLAN GILBERT

Perhaps you will be able to find your ideal amongst the collection of "Old Fashioned Girls" issued by Armour & Company in the form of a Calendar as their 1908 contribution to American art. Five prominent American artists have endeavored to picture their ideals. A. B. Wenzell, C. Allan Gilbert, Henry Hutt, Harrison Fisher and F. S. Manning have succeeded in producing a veritable chef d'Oeuvre. Considered either as a collection or singly, the pictures are pronounced by art connoisseurs to be a valuable addition to the artistic achievements of the year. The manner in which they may be obtained is mentioned below. ¶ A gulf wider than time separates the old-fashioned woman from her twentieth century sister. Our grandmothers and their grandmothers before them were taught all the intricacies of brewing and baking. There was nothing about the art culinary they did not know how to do. ¶ Extract of Beef (especially if it is Armour's) is one of the new-fashioned things that help the untrained woman of today to lighten labor and solve domestic problems. The old-fashioned woman was compelled to boil the very life out of the beef-shin in order to secure the extract of beef. The operation required more than hours—it took days—weary days—hanging over a steaming soup pot skimming and stirring until the soul was boiled out of the woman as well as the shin. ¶ The twentieth-century woman dips a spoon into a tiny jar of Armour's Extract of Beef, stirs it about in the pot containing the other ingredients—and the soup is made. ¶ The old-fashioned woman knew nothing about the use of beef for flavoring and coloring purposes. She had recourse to black coffee or caramel when she desired to make a dark-colored gravy. The woman of today knows that Armour's Extract of Beef not only colors the gravy, but adds to the intensity of the browned-meat taste.

¶ Old Fashioned Girl Calendar will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents in stamps, or in exchange for one metal cap from jar of Armour's Extract of Beef, accompanied by four cents for postage. If desired, the "Old Fashioned Girls" may be secured without calendar dates or advertising. These are printed on extra large, special paper, and are suitable for framing or portfolio purposes. The entire set will be sent, express prepaid, for one dollar, or single pictures will be furnished for twenty-five cents.



I-Ron-De-Quoit Port Wine

*The Heart of the Grape — Best
in the World*

Sectional view of vineyard

For seventy-five years its purity, *body* and *flavor*—popularly known as Irondequoit *body* and *flavor*—has secured its place in the home, both for use on the table and in the sick room. It is a rich, mellow wine, highly matured and possessing all tonic properties possible in a perfect wine.

It is made from special grapes grown for this special purpose, and from the first to the last it has the attention that makes it what it is.

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IRONDEQUOIT WINE COMPANY

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THE ANGELUS PIANO
Any One Can Play It

The ANGELUS possesses *all* the desirable features of *any* high-grade piano and gives you *in addition*, through the incorporation of the famous ANGELUS Piano-Player, the means of playing *any music you like at any time you want it*.

The ANGELUS PIANO is *always* ready to be played by *any one*. The pianist can play it from the keyboard in the usual manner, or you can play it by means of the incorporated ANGELUS. The ANGELUS PIANO occupies no more space than the ordinary piano, nor is the musical value of the piano itself in the least impaired by the installation of the ANGELUS mechanism. Rather its musical value is *increased*, in that the piano *need never be idle* except when you wish it so.

The ANGELUS PIANO is the only instrument equipped with the wonderful expression devices, the *Melodant* and *Phrasing Lever*. These patented devices give the ANGELUS PIANO a practical musical value immeasurably greater than any other self-playing instrument in existence, as they provide the performer with the perfect means of transmitting *his own feeling* into the music.

You should not purchase a piano until you have investigated the ANGELUS PIANO. Write us for free descriptive literature and name of nearest representative.

Established 1876 **THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.** Meriden, Conn.

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No matter how cold and long the night, you can beat back the nipping frost and keep every cubic foot of your house freshly ventilated and radiantly warmed by

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IDEAL Boilers steadily and uniformly deliver the Steam or Hot Water to AMERICAN Ventilating Radiators day and night, without recooling for periods of eight, ten or twelve hours, as you wish, in most bitter weather. The fire need not be rekindled during the entire heating season. Anyone can run the outfit—no way to get out of order—absolutely safe. The fuel and labor savings quickly repay the difference in cost over old-fashioned heating methods. The outfit lasts a lifetime—no repairs. Increases value of building for living, renting or selling. The purchaser thus gets his money back.

One small fire in an IDEAL Boiler does better work than a half-dozen grates, stoves, Baltimore heaters, or hot-air furnaces, for it warms the house evenly—no matter how the nights behave or North winds rage.

ADVANTAGE 9: Experience has taught us that no heating outfit should be without a check-draft in smoke-pipe. The special device we supply with all IDEAL Boilers is as sensitive as a pair of fine scales, and does much to insure automatic control of the fire and bring about the marked fuel economy for which IDEAL Boilers are noted.

Our catalogues (free) explain many other advantages and offer a wealth of heating and ventilating information to owners or tenants of cottages, houses, stores, schools, churches, etc.—ALL buildings—OLD or new—FARM or city. Write to-day. Seven months' winter ahead! Sales Branches and Warehouses throughout America and Europe.

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that gives control of fire

DEPT. A29

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CHICAGO



Steadies a Man

All of a man's real power comes from steady nerves and a keen, clear brain.

Grape-Nuts

contains just the food elements Nature has stored up in wheat and barley, including the Phosphate of Potash, which combines, in the blood, with albumen to repair and build up the cells.

It is a concentrated, partially predigested food, and is a wonderful sustainer of the active, progressive, successful man. It's food—not medicine.

10 days' experience will prove.

"There's a Reason" for

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THE READER ADVERTISEMENTS

the new Victor records for the following month are placed on sale. The latest music and the best.

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"The Rule of Three"

Let your **SHOES** look dressy

Do you want your shoes to look as if they just came out of the box until they are actually worn out? Do you want your shoes to be absolutely comfortable and to wear from twenty-five to thirty per cent. longer than they otherwise would?

If you do, it is a very easy matter—just have a pair of **MILLER SHOE TREES** for each pair of shoes you own. See that the trees are always in the shoes when the latter are not on your feet. The result will be a neat dressy appearance, a well-fitting shoe, and a degree of durability that will surprise and please you.

MILLER SHOE TREES pay for themselves in a short time, and give you good service as long as you live.

Note our trade-mark—it appears on every pair of shoe trees we manufacture. It is a guarantee of all the qualities that have brought **MILLER SHOE TREES** into such general use. It is the distinguishing mark of the genuine—no imitation has it.

MILLER SHOE TREE are sold by leading shoe dealers everywhere. If your dealer does not sell them, write us for descriptive booklet entitled "Shoes and Their Care." This book will prove interesting and useful to you and will tell you how to order the trees by mail.

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O. A. MILLER TREEING MACHINE COMPANY, 189 Cherry St., BROCKTON, MASS.

MILLER SHOE TREES

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This Vose style, known as the "Library Model," is cased in a unique art setting that is as distinctive in its beauty as is the Vose Tone in its artistic quality.

WE CHALLENGE COMPARISONS

During fifty-six years the Vose Piano has been purchased for use in nearly 60,000 homes, and its popularity is attested by the continually increasing demand for home use.

By our plan of convenient payments we put the Vose Piano within the reach of those whose refined taste leads them to desire an artistic instrument. We make a liberal allowance for your old instrument, and deliver piano at your home.

*Send for our beautifully
illustrated catalogue.*

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

ALL the tonic properties and virtues which malt extracts are known to contain are found in the highest perfection and most pleasing form in

Evans' Ale

IT is a natural product of high nutritive value; affording both pleasure as a beverage and benefit as a tonic. Appetizing. Nourishing. Delicious.

Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs and Dealers

C. H. EVANS & SONS,

Established 1786

Hudson, N. Y.

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Colors, brushes and all the supplies and tools of the artist may be had of Devoe quality. Send for catalogue to Department K.

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"An' when you eat 'em,—
They're nice enough, I guess,
But,— Gee-*roos*-a-lem!
Aint they just *Awful*
— on your Digestion?"

"Of course wood's cheap
Down on the farm.
"But Human Natur" is too dear
To steep, an' bile, an' bake
Beans everlastin'—

When ———
We can buy 'em *ready* biled,
An' baked (an' fit to serve
To any King or Queen on earth)
By that there 'Snider-Process'
Which, ———
Cuts out their cussed 'Colic,'
Makes 'em porous, mellow, tender,
Digestible an' appetizin' as them
"Pies that Mother used to make"
When we was Girls and Boys.

"Gosh — I 'most forgot
To tell that these here
Snider-Process Pork & Beans
Are soaked plum full of real,
Old-time, Ripe-Tomato Catsup,—
The kind them Snider People made
For more nor 20 years.

"The Grocer, he gives back
Your money quick, if you say
Snider-Process Pork & Beans
Aint *better* than the best
You ever 'et.
That's pooty strong,— I guess."

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.
CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

FILOSOFY OF BEANS

—BY—

Hiram Jones

"WHEN I grewed them
Beans,—
I didn't know
Much about this here
New 'Snider Process'
Fer cookin' Pork & Beans.
"But — By Heck, it's all right!
I've 'et the Beans since,
With an' Without,
An' so, I'd *ought* to know
Because, ———
That's the only *sure* way
To find out.

"When 'Mother' cooks *our* Beans
To home, it's like a Washday.
"So much trouble to —
Steep 'em first all night —
Then bile 'em fer all day,
An' bake 'em fer a week a'most.
"Seems as if them Beans
Were worse nor *Watches*
To use up *time*,— in cookin'!

The WM. BOLLES Self-Filling Non-Leakable Fountain Pen

*Embodies all the good features you have
been hoping to find*

You can't lose the cap, because it screws on. The pen never leaks, and is always ready to write. It is self-filling and self-cleaning, has the fewest parts and the simplest action, and the pen-point is heavier and better than any other sold.

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is a scientific instrument made with great care in a laboratory which knows how to make every part right. Its great success is due to the fact that it reproduces perfectly all sounds. Thus it has become the greatest amusement maker ever produced.

And November Records

will keep your Phonograph interesting and fresh. They will be on sale all over the United States on October 26th.

Hear them at your nearest store and buy them there.

Send your name and address today and we will mail you on the 26th of the month **THE PHONOGRAM**, giving a complete description of each Record, the **SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE**, giving the names of the new November Records, and the **COMPLETE CATALOGUE**, listing all the Edison Records now in existence.

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begs to announce an important reduction in prices of its Rider and Ericsson Engines, due to greatly improved facilities in their new plant. The introduction of special machinery has not only resulted in the absolute standardization of all parts, but also in decreased costs, and we want our customers to share with us in these benefits.

We give below the present as well as the old prices:

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OLD PRICES

Rider Engines -	^{5-inch} \$210.00	^{6-inch} \$300.00	^{8-inch} \$420.00	^{10-inch} \$540.00
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NEW PRICES

Rider Engines -	^{5-inch} \$180.00	^{6-inch} \$240.00	^{8-inch} \$350.00	^{10-inch} \$460.00
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No extra price for deep well attachment.
These prices are f. o. b. New York.

In view of the enormously increased demand, orders should be placed as much in advance of requirements as possible.

For further information apply to our nearest store, asking for catalogue "M. R."

Rider-Ericsson Engine Company

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Just

The first piece out of a box of Lenox Chocolates is all that is needed to give you an idea of the high quality of Necco Sweets—500 different kinds of which are sold under the Necco Seal. Just make a trial purchase of

Lenox chocolates

and learn what this seal means to buyers of confectionery. It is the identification mark that assures wholesomeness.

All dealers who sell high-grade goods have Necco Sweets. If yours does not, send us 25c for an attractive package of Lenox Chocolates; or, better still, order a special \$1.00 package in a handsome art box. Either package sent postpaid.

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For Men, Women, Children

MunsingUnionSuits

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ear Longest

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of the underwear problem ever offered the American people.

For illustrated style book, samples of fabrics, name of dealer in your town
and two dainty doll's vests—one pink, one blue—send 10 cents in stamps to

Suits are made in the best
materials. Daily capacity of the

best dry goods and clothing
stores as the best solution

THE NORTHWESTERN KNITTING CO.

201 Lyndale Avenue, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

NEW, MODERN STEAMSHIPS

Between

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The Luxury of Ocean Travel.

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SUNSET ROUTE

For the Famous

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**The Ideal Route—Water and Rail.
Superior Service all the Way.**

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Send for copy "A Hundred Golden Hours at Sea."

SOUTHERN PACIFIC
STEAMSHIP LINES

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Heating Boiler Talks, No. 1.

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Here's a Heating Boiler for houses, flats and public buildings—built like a locomotive boiler—of riveted steel plates—tested to withstand twenty times the working pressure.

That is the way **KEWANEE** Boilers are built. You run no risk of breakdowns just when you need heat the most.

There is no Heating Boiler built that will compare with the **KEWANEE** Boiler—for safety, durability or fuel economy.

KEWANEE BOILERS

are therefore the only Heating Boilers that will stand every test for residences, stores, apartments, churches, schools and office buildings.

Take a sledge-hammer and hit the **KEWANEE** Boiler with all your might and you can't break it, or strain it or damage it in any way. That proves its perfect construction. You cannot do this to any other heating boiler made.

One talk won't tell all of the good points about **KEWANEE** Boilers, but you will find them all in the book entitled "**KEWANEE** Heating Methods," which will be mailed you free on request. It is actually worth \$10 to any intending boiler buyer.

KEWANEE BOILER COMPANY 136 Franklin Street,
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The Automobile Is Here for Good

People who think they know it all have a way of saying: "The motor car is a fad just as the bicycle was. It won't last any longer than the bicycle did, either."

Well, as a matter of fact, more bicycles are made to-day than ever before and more people are riding them. But that's another story.

This story is about the automobile, which has come and come to stay. It's no more a fad than the horse. It's no more a craze than the locomotive. It's not a nine days' wonder. It's a permanent contribution to the happiness and prosperity of mankind, so important that only a race of fools would let it go. And we're not fools.

The makers of automobiles are not pampering to the luxury of a few. They are great benefactors of the public.

The builders of the high-power machines, those wonderful triumphs of mechanical genius, costing four or five thousand dollars or more, will never lack for customers. They have annihilated space, and given time a solar plexus, and added new zest to life. Their success is certain and for good.

But it is the cheaper car, the ever cheaper car, that is gradually revolutionizing transportation. The day is not far distant when every family of moderate circumstances will own its machine, when every doctor will visit his patients in his, when every farmer will travel to town in his "buggytype motor," and all deliveries will be made by automobiles.

It is the horse that is passing—passing out of the city, where he does not belong, to the country's soft earth, where his feet are at home.

But the automobile is not passing. The automobile is here for good.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Publishers The Reader Magazine

INVITED OUT

To a dandy good feed

We don't blame you

1

1

1

**A dainty Ash or Pin Tray mailed anywhere for two cents
Address Lock Box 250, Harmarville, Allegheny Co., Pa.**

R

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mobiles

For the year 1908 the entire facilities of the Rambler factory will be devoted to the production of two Models, 34 and 31.

Model 34, a five-passenger touring car with four-cylinder vertical motor, 32 horse power, has selective type transmission with shaft drive. The wheel base is 112 in., wheels 36 in., with 4 in. tires. Price, fully equipped, \$2,250. The same chassis, however, with appropriate changes in detail, will be equipped with a roadster body with rumble seat, at the same price.

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Both models have been brought to the highest possible degree of perfection in every detail that insures

Service, Economy and Comfort

A complete line of 1908 Ramblers will be shown at a private exhibit at the salesrooms of the Homan & Schulz Company, 38-40 West 62nd Street, New York City, during both New York Automobile shows.

You cannot afford to miss making a critical inspection of these 1908 models of

The Car of Steady Service.

Advance catalog now ready; write for a copy today.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis.

Branches and Distributing Agencies: Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco
Representatives in all leading cities.

Tailor?

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1906

When you wear a new suit three or four months and find that you still have new, unbroken and shapely garments, you will appreciate the value of quality in fabric, extra hand work, honest interior construction, superior lining and individuality of style and character.

You can't expect to find a suit like this on the counters of the average retail clothing dealer—it may have quality, but never exclusively personal fit, for it was not made for you or any one else in particular.

The average tailor can make such a suit, but will want all the way from \$40 to \$75 for it because his limited business and buying facilities make it necessary for him to secure larger profits.

Our immense buying powers and admirable tailoring organization produce economies which enable us to furnish the best you could ever desire in clothes for \$25 to \$40 the suit or overcoat. You get the benefit of our facilities, together with highest possible quality and the greatest possible satisfaction.

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V. Price & Co.

Have our representative in your town show you our new Fall cloths and wear clothes that are made for you.

Merchant Tailors
Price Building Chicago

Tobey Handmade Furniture

is submitted as the most elegant furniture procurable in America today.

Made of beautifully grained, solid woods, chiefly St. Jago mahogany and Circassian walnut, in several hundred patterns, and to order in special designs.

If you have need for furniture of a higher order than the conventional factory-made, we will be pleased to receive the details of your requirements. With our reply we will send our booklet, "About Tobey Handmade Furniture."

The Tobey Furniture Company

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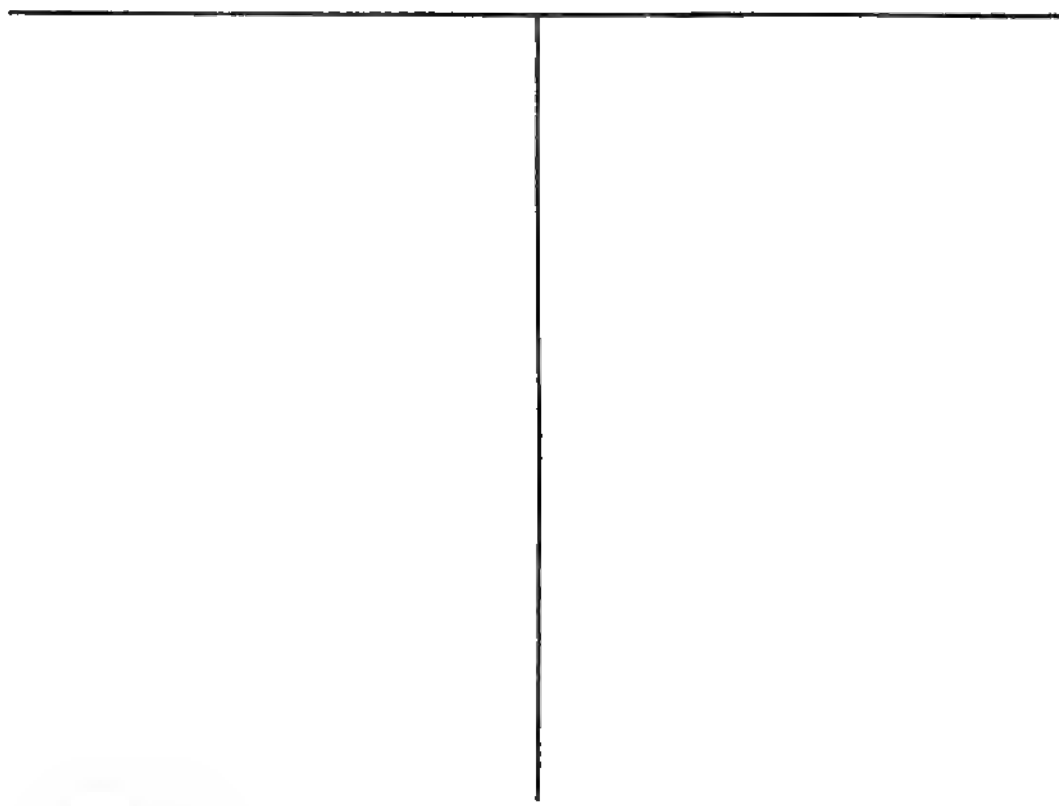
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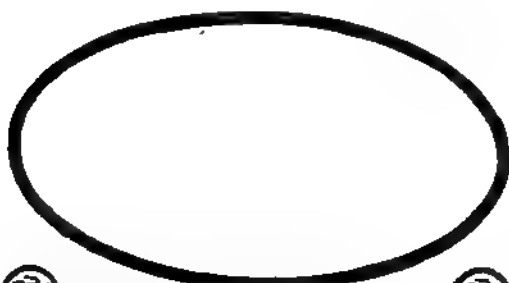
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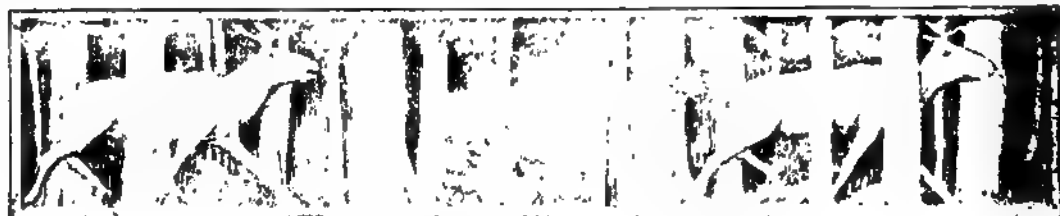
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